THE BOOKMAN

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

"Nil Nisi Bonum"

Hardly had he been laid away beneath the sod before the voice of petty hostility became audible. "Have you noticed," whispers Mr. Snigger, "how insistently his publishers are emphasising a recent decision by the courts about the ownership of letters written by celebrated persons? This decision vests the right of publication of such letters in the man himself when living, and in his heirs when deceased, and explicitly says that all others, even the people to whom the letters are written, are debarred from publishing them, except by consent of the executors. Why should the publishers be iterating and reiterating? I tell you, my dear sir, there are reasons. There are letters that he did not want published, and that his executors don't want published now; letters that would show him in a very different light. Did you ever hear, for example"—and Mr. Snigger goes on to give all the details of the probably apocryphal yarn. With it we have no serious concern. You will hear it very likely. You certainly will if Mr. Snigger buttonholes you. Before you give it credence, take down from the shelf the old, and (we hope) well-thumbed volume, and reread Thackeray's noble paper, written after the deaths of Irving and Macaulay, entitled "Nil Nisi Bonum."

Mark Twain's Estate

The will of the late Samuel Langhorne Clemens was filed for probate in Redding, Connecticut, on May 3d. The home of the writer was valued at thirty thousand dollars, and his other property, exclusive of the literary assets, of which no estimate was made, amounted to about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This, as Anthony Trollope said of his own literary earnings, is respectable, but not magnificent. Charles Dickens, for example, left at his death an estate valued at more than a hundred thousand pounds.

In 1860

The death of King Edward VII has naturally called up a host of memories, some of which relate to his visit to this country in 1860 when he was Prince of Wales, and was only in his nineteenth year. He had first travelled in Canada, but on the invitation of President Buchanan he came to the United States *incognito* under the name of Lord Renfrew. It is most likely that the youth, who was then rather stout and phlegmatic, was most tremendously bored, for we were then at the acme of our national crudity. We had really nothing to show a foreigner—no fine buildings, no works of art, no parks, and not even any theatres that were of much consequence. Therefore, the unlucky Prince was escorted to jails and poor-houses and blind asylums, and in New York it was felt that he must have been very much impressed when he was taken for a drive to Greenwood Cemetery. Peter Cooper and some middle-aged merchants of the town got up a ball and reception for him in the old Academy of Music; and although the scaffoldings broke down and a number of people were pitched into the midst of things, the New York papers of the next morning rather guessed that his Royal Highness had never seen anything quite so magnificent before. Nobody had paid the slightest attention to his *incognito*, and probably

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very few Americans at that time understood what an *incognito* really means. There were some awful moments for the Prince, as, for example, when he was taken to a home for orphans, the superintendent of which gathered his flock in a large hall and then grouped the Prince and his suite on the stage. No one knew exactly what was going to happen until the superintendent leaped on the scaffolding carrying in his hand a long blackboard pointer. "Now, children," said he, "this is Albert Ed'ard, Prince of Wales!" and with his blackboard pointer he was about to poke the Prince very much as he would have poked a woolly horse, or any other curiosity. Lord Grey, who was in charge of "Albert Ed'ard," hastily intervened and averted the indignity.

The Prince happened to be in Philadelphia on election day—the most momentous election day of our history—when Lincoln, Douglas, Breckinridge and Bell were splitting the old parties into slivers. Excitement ran very high from the moment when the polls were opened. As evening came on, the streets around the Continental Hotel afforded a scene which might have been most easily paralleled in Paris during the Reign of Terror. Men, women and children shrieked, yelled and howled. Wild horns were blown. Rude torches flamed and flared as far as the eye could see. A hundred brass bands tortured the ear, while guns and pistols were discharged a dozen times a minute. The Prince had never seen anything like this before. He lost his nerve, and rushing to Lord Grey he cried out: "This is a revolution! Let us get away as fast as possible." He was quieted to some extent; but he sat up until after midnight, and it was later still when he fell asleep. His astonishment was great when morning came and Philadelphia was more than ever the Quaker City—streets empty, and only a few shopmen going about on their ordinary vocations. The Prince had learned just a little concerning the nature of an American election.

In Washington the Prince and his attendants were entertained by President Buchanan at the White House. He was not entirely easy to control. A great display of fireworks was arranged on the White House lawn, but a drizzling rain set in, which spoiled the effect completely. Had he been older and more tactful he would have watched the sputtering "pieces"; but at nineteen he was enough of a boy to refuse to go out upon the balcony at all. He really did enjoy going about with Miss Harriet Lane, the President's niece. With her he visited a boarding-school for young ladies, and there he was innocently diverted by rolling nine-pins with the pretty girls. There are many legends about what he did in Canada, but these legends are best left for Canadians to tell.

"The Truce of God"

Mr. Alfred Austen, the English Poet Laureate, has written "The Truce of God" with the subtitle "A King's Bequest" on the occasion of King Edward's death. "The Truce of God" is quite harmless.

What darkness deep as wintry gloom
O'ershadows joyous spring?
In vain the vernal orchards bloom,
Vainly the woodlands sing.
'Round royal shroud
A mournful crowd
Is all now left of one but yesterday a King.

Thrones have there been of hateful fame,
Reared upon wanton war;
He we have lost still linked his name
With peace at home, afar.
For peace he wrought,
His constant thought
Being how to shield his realm against strife's baleful star.

So let us now all seek to wrest.
From fateful feuds release
And, mindful of his wise bequest,
From factious clamours cease;
Treading the path he trod,
The sacred truths of God,
The path that points and leads to patriotic peace.

We are waiting to hear from Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

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"A Prophet Without Honour"

There has just come to our attention a pamphlet containing the nominations for directors of the Harvard University Alumni Association. Some of the names are very familiar to us, but there are other names of which we have never heard. We have no doubt, however, that they belong to very estimable gentlemen, who move in the very best social circles of the Back Bay and march, no doubt, in the ranks of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery when that august body proceeds to the Parker House. That these gentlemen are highly appreciated in some quarters is evident from the glowing terms in which the pamphlet sets forth their "special qualifications." With one exception every candidate receives from two to five lines of eulogy. The exception is rather curtly dismissed with the words that his special qualifications are "efficient and valuable services as overseer during a previous term." The neglected one is "Theodore Roosevelt, of Oyster Bay, N. Y., Class of 1880." We think we have heard of him before.

Unchanging Years

We wonder how many of our readers are conscious of the comparatively little change in the personnel of the really successful novelists during the past ten, or at least the past six or seven, years. We wonder if the time is not near for a general appearance of new blood such as took place about the year 1900. The decade preceding that time was one of evolution. In the beginning we were clinging sedately to the old names and traditions. Then came the years of enthusiasms for single books, names and schools. First it was George Du Maurier's *Trilby*. That book sold widely, and, moreover, the sale of a single copy of *Trilby* had more significance than the sale of five copies of a book seven years later. Then followed Anthony Hope's *The Prisoner of Zenda;* and the Kailyard School, of which the late Ian Maclaren was the chief ornament; and then the furious vogue, half genuine and half affected, we think, of Rudyard Kipling. The country awoke to the call of fiction, fame and finance, a thousand—nay, a hundred thousand pens leaped to action, and the deluge came.

Now that was a full ten years ago, and yet the names which then sprang into note have endured to an astonishing degree. While these paragraphs are being written we have not yet seen the lists that will go to make up the summary in the last page of this issue, yet we have no hesitation in predicting that Mr. Winston Churchill's *A Modern Chronicle* will be occupying the most conspicuous place. Ten years ago Mr. Churchill had just slipped into the first rank of popularity with *Richard Carvel*. Ten years ago Mr. Stewart Edward White first won the position in his individual field that he holds to-day. Ten years ago Mr. George Barr McCutcheon became a "best seller." Mr. Richard Harding Davis, of a slightly earlier promotion, and Mr. Booth Tarkington, have apparently deserted the novel for the play, but the chances are that they could have their places in the old field for the asking. John Fox Jr., Thomas Nelson Page, Jack London, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Gertrude Atherton, Owen Wister, Ellen Glasgow, Mrs. Burnett, Robert W. Chambers—these remain the undisputed leaders among our popular story-tellers. On the other hand, of the new men and women there are very few who promise more than an ephemeral popularity. From England we have had Mr. De Morgan and William J. Locke. Yet it is the latter's American success only that is of recent date. In the field of the American short story there have been countless innovations. With the novel, methods have in a measure changed, but not the men. It is time for the new school, and we await it curiously.

"Healthy Optimism"

There are five elements in the spirit of America, according to Professor Henry Van Dyke. They are "the instinct of self-reliance, the love of fair play, the energetic will, the desire of order, the ambition of self-development." His lectures on these and on several "temperamental traits," such as our profoundly religious instinct, our sense of humour, and our love of nature, delivered on the Hyde Founda-

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tion at the University of Paris in 1908-9, have been recently published in English under the title of *The Spirit of America,* the French translation, *Le Génie de l'Amérique,* having already appeared. Their purpose is indicated by the following passage in the introduction:

> France and America must know each other better. They must learn to look each into the other's mind to read each the other's heart. They must recognise each other less by their foibles and more by their faiths, less by the factors of national weakness and more by the elements of national strength. Then, indeed, I hope and believe they will be good and faithful friends.

As lectures they must have been admirable. Professor Van Dyke is always admirable on the platform, well-poised, genial, reassuring, full of crowd-sense, never too fast or too slow for the general wits. Those French audiences must surely have left his amiable presence with much better feelings toward America than they had before. But that object having been attained, there the matter should have ended, for while it is desirable that France should feel more pleasantly toward us, it is not desirable that we should feel more pleasantly toward ourselves. It is carrying coals to Newcastle. Of course the country does, as Hannibal Chollop said, like to be "cracked up"; but can any patriot honestly say he does not hear enough of it? Not that Professor Van Dyke is a coarse flatterer of the Chollop type. There is no buncombe in the *Spirit of America,* but only that more elusive kind of humbug which with a show of casting up the good and bad brings out the predetermined balance always in favour of his countrymen. It shows how easily the foreign critic may be dodged. If he condemns the country as young and raw, you point to the antiquity of its European antecedents. If he says its art and literature are meagre, you date the country's birth from the landing at Jamestown.

For example, as against Dickens, Mrs. Trollope and other jaundiced observers who twitted us on our youth, Professor Van Dyke cites Crèvecour on our antiquity—

> "What, then, is the American," he asks, "this new man? He is either a European or the descendant of a European, hence that strange mixture of blood which you will find in no other country. I could point out to you a family whose grandfather was an Englishman, whose wife was Dutch, whose son married a French woman, and whose present four sons have now wives of four different nations. . . . Here individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men whose labours and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world. Americans are the western pilgrims, who are carrying along with them that great mass of arts, sciences, vigour and industry which began long since in the East. They will finish the great circle."

This is the language of compliment, of course. It is the saying of a very polite prophet, and even in prophecy one is inclined to like pleasant manners. Yet that is not the reason why it seems to Americans to come much nearer to the truth than Dr. Johnson's remarks, or Charles Dickens's *American Notes,* or Mrs. Trollope's *Domestic Manners of the Americans.* It is because the Frenchman has been clear-sighted enough to recognise that the Americans started out in life with an inheritance of civilised ideals, manners, aptitudes and powers, and that these did not all come from one stock, but were assembled from several storehouses. This fact, as I have said before, is fundamental to a right understanding of American character and history.

But if anybody says our literature has been of slow growth, let him remember how short a time it was between the savage whoops of the Pilgrim Fathers and the polished writings of Washington Irving.

If you ask me why a native literature has been so slow to begin in America, I answer, first, *that it has not been slow at all.* Compared with other races, the Americans have been rather less slow than the average in seeking literary self-expression in literary form and in producing books which have survived the generation which produced them.

How long was it, for example, before the Hebrews began to create a literature? A definite answer to this question would bring us

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into trouble with the theologians. But at least we may say that from the beginning of the Hebrew Commonwealth to the time of the prophet Samuel there were three centuries and a half without literature.

How long did Rome exist before its literary activities began? Of course we do not know what books may have perished. But the first Romans who have kept a place in literature were Nævius and Ennius, who began to write more than five hundred years after the city was founded.

Compared with these long periods of silence, the two hundred years between the settlement of America and the appearance of Washington Irving and James Fenimore Cooper seems but a short time.

And Rome, when you come to think of it, started with a she-wolf, while we had only a Puritan.

"The Promise of American Life"

The same publishers, the Macmillan Company, who issue Professor Van Dyke's *Spirit of America* have given us another book on America by an American of a totally different type. Mr. Herbert Croly in his *Promise of American Life* is not trying to ingratiate himself with any country or any class. He is merely trying to think out for himself the answers to the many questions of tendency that occur to us even while we drift. It is a most conscientious and thoughtful study of the American social and political characteristics, aims and tendencies, as compared with those of the past and with those of foreign countries. Many years were spent in its preparation and six years were passed in the actual writing. It covers a very wide range and the results of his labours are so tightly packed that it is not easy reading. Hence it will be slow in gaining the recognition it deserves. Many reviewers have been quite nonplussed by it, and not knowing what to say, have taken refuge in those smooth, non-committal formulas which are as applicable to one book as to another. The Chicago *Dial* reviewer found himself in this predicament; so did a commentator for the *North American Review*. Each had to hide his head in the sand. It is cruel to assign a book like this to these feathertops. It simply fells them to the earth. However, the *Promise of American Life* has already found its way to some of the persons for whom it was intended and by them it is generally recognised, despite its manifest faults and eccentricities, as the most remarkable book on this subject that has appeared since Bryce's *American Commonwealth*. If it lacks the foreigner's perspective, it displays an intimacy which the foreigner cannot attain, and it differs from its predecessors in that it has a direct application to the most important questions now under discussion. A critical discussion of the book must be left to the future reviewer, but whatever he may say as to the soundness of its arguments, he can hardly deny that it is an honest, independent and stimulating attempt to find in our chaotic, momentary concerns the forces or principles that give them a meaning.

George Du Maurier

The following anecdote which we heard the other day may or may not be new, but it is worth recording. A year or two before the appearance of *Trilby*, George Du Maurier, then known chiefly by reason of his work in *Punch*, went on a lecturing tour in the north of England. One evening he chaffed the English on the score of British contempt for all who were unlucky enough to be foreigners. After the lecture a young lady present was asked what she thought of Mr. Du Maurier. "Oh," she replied in naïve confirmation, "he is delightful, but what a pity he is a Frenchman."

A Savage Menu

We present the menu drawn by Starr Wood on the recent occasion when E. Phillips Oppenheim occupied the chair at the dinner of the Savage Club of London. The card depicts the Savages endeavouring to pull aboard their frail craft the captive Oppenheim, who is represented as an octopus with his many arms busy writing novels and playing golf, while fishes bearing the names of Mr. Oppenheim's many books are hovering around the net. In

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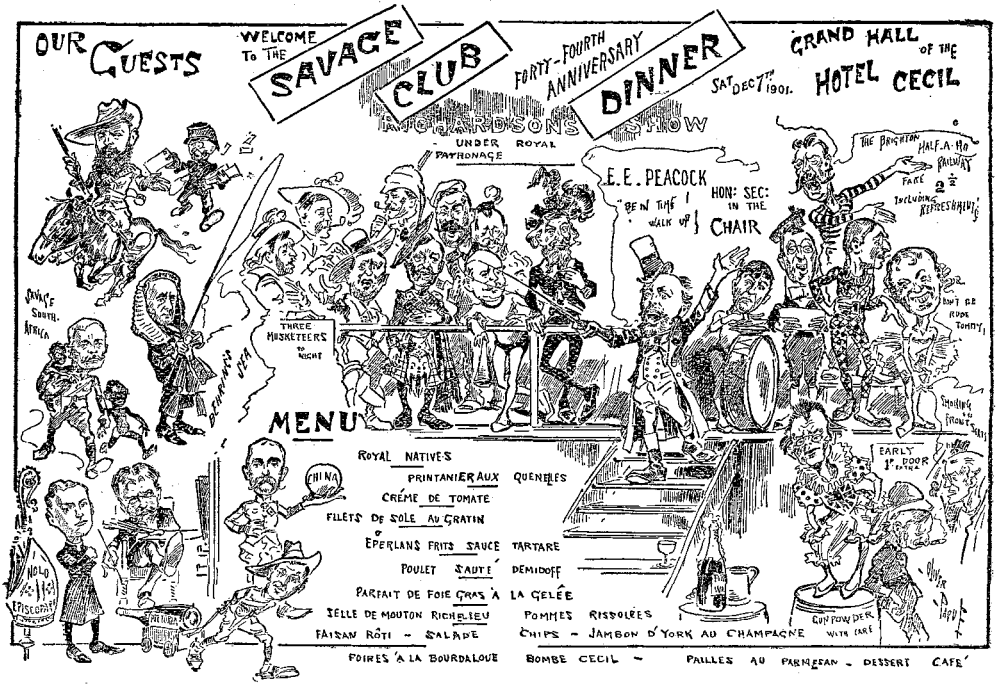

Lisr of Entertainers

Bond Andrews.
W. L. Barrett.
A. H. Bearsend.
Frank. Barclay.
Charles Bertram.
F. M. Cheesewright.
Franklin Clive.
Charles Collette.
W. A. Denny.
G. Fitzgibbon, Junr.
Robert Gantony.
Richard Green.
Bernard Gribble.
Reginald Groome.
Robb Harwood.
Walter Hedgcocke.
Dalgety Henderson
A. M. Imano.
John. W. Ivimey
Lovett King.
Holmes Kingston.
W. Sergeant Lee.
J. J. Nesbitt.
William Nicholl
E. J. Odell.
Arthur Oswald
W. B. Parson
Henry Pisrey
Courtice Pounds.
Douglas Powell.
Neary Pyatt.
John Radcliffe.
Edward Righton
A. Re. Rose.
Templer Saxe.
Walter Slaughter.
Herbert Thorndike
W. H. Vernon
Oswald Yorke

TOASTS.

1. H.M. The Queen — By The Chair
2. T.R.H. The Prince & Princess of Wales & Royal Family — By The Chair
3. H.M. Forces — By The Chair — Responded to by Admiral H. Stewart Sir R.T. Thackeray V.C. K.C.B.
4. The Savage Club — By Lord Monkewell. — Responded to by W.H. Denny Hon. Secretary.
5. The Visitors — By A. Gordon Salamon. — Responded to by Lord Reay
6. The Chairman — By Charles Collette.

OLD MENUS OF THE SAVAGE CLUB

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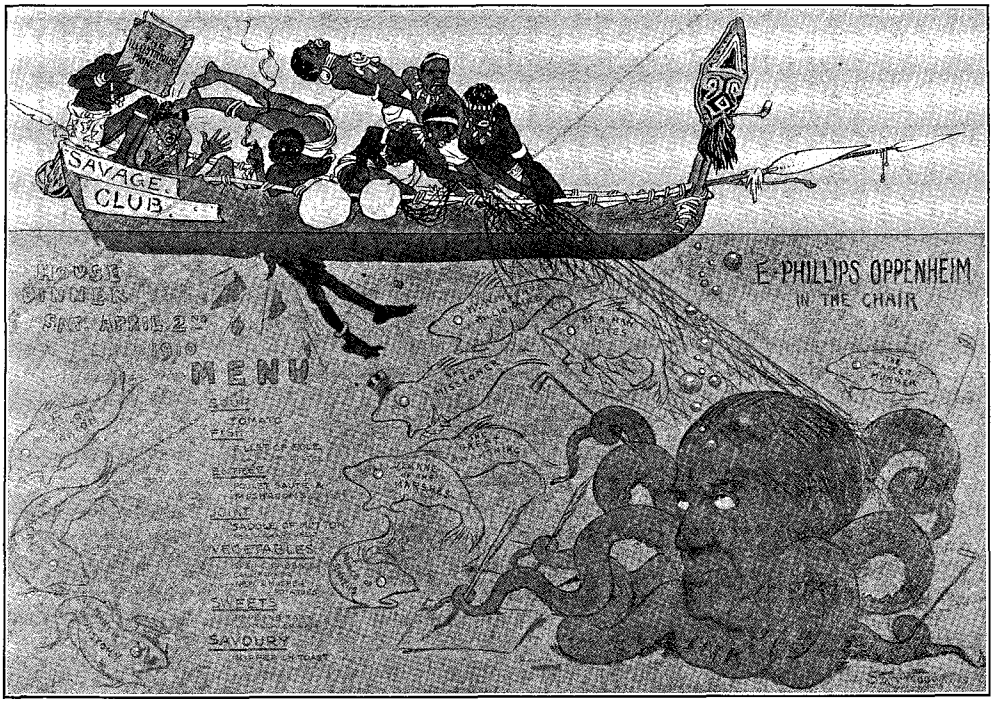
London's Literary Clubland the Savage, occupying a spacious home in Adelphi Terrace, holds a conspicuous place. Like *Punch,* the organisation started in a tavern bar. It was in the fifties; the tavern was the White Hart, in Catherine Street, Strand, and among the early members were the Broughs, the Mayhews, George Augustus Sala, Planché and Andrew Halladay. It was from the Savage that Artemus Ward went out to prove the credulity of the Londoner, and did so by making an astonished waiter and the proprietor and the guests at a restaurant believe that he had eaten the oyster shells as well as the oysters he had ordered. Another famous Savage yarn is the story of how E. A. Sothern attended the wedding of the late king. "Dundreary," finding the crowd between him and the doorway, bribed a policeman to put handcuffs on him and to drag him through the mass. The plan worked perfectly, except that the policeman forgot to take off the handcuffs, much to Sothern's subsequent discomfort.

Oscar Browning's Memories

An interesting light on George Eliot is found in Oscar Browning's *Memories of Sixty Years.* Mr. Browning, it will be remembered, wrote a *Life of George Eliot,* which appeared in 1890. At the novelist's Sunday-at-homes at her London house the company was nearly always the same, consisting of Professor Beesley, Herbert Spencer and Madame Bodichon. George Eliot usually sat in an armchair on the left-hand side of the fireplace, while George Lewes moved about and handed tea. The conversation was seldom general. George Eliot approached her duties as hostess and directress of the salon with a serious feeling of responsibility, and she always gave of her best. She usually conversed with only one person at a time; then that person moved on to make room for some one else.



PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM IN THE CHAIR

Before the writing table in George Eliot's working room was a bust of the Melian Asclepius, a piece of sculpture

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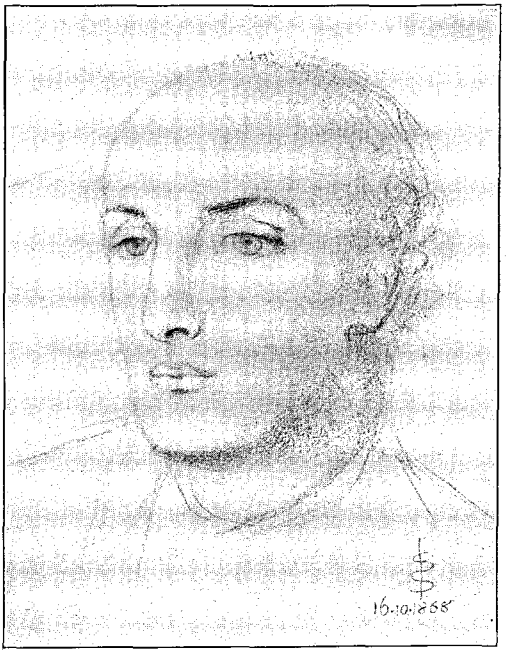
from the same island which produced the Melian Aphrodite. George Eliot told Mr. Browning that before she began to write she always read a portion of Homer in the original Greek to take her away from the spirit of the modern world. Once Mr. Browning was asked to decide the difficult question between the novelist and Lewes as to whether she ought to declare herself a positivist. Lewes urged this course strongly, but George Eliot objected on the ground that it would weaken her influence with many who read and loved her books.

Tennyson on Swinburne

In his memories of Tennyson Mr. Browning speaks of a time when the late Laureate had no admiration for Swinburne, and professed disgust at what he considered to be the immoral character of the latter's work. Tennyson's own poem of "Lucretius" was written to show how an indelicate subject might be treated delicately, and as he was reading it to Mr. Browning he exclaimed: "What a mess little Swinburne would have made of this!"



OSCAR BROWNING AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-EIGHT

E. LAWRENCE DUDLEY, THE AUTHOR OF "THE ISLE OF WHISPERS"

The Origin of the Tip

While the subject of tipping is being discussed very widely nowadays, we think that most of our readers have forgotten the origin of the word. Frederick W. Hackwood recalls it in *Inns, Ales and Drinking Customs of Old England,* which has just come from the press of the Sturgis and Walton Company. The origin of the custom is said to be traceable to the practice in old coaching inns of having a money-box displayed on the sideboard of the chief guest room for customers to drop in their gratuities intended for the servants. This box was labelled "To Insure Promptitude," the initials of these three words being always painted in large capitals and forming the word TIP.

In his chapter on the mediæval inn, Mr. Hackwood recalls that a number of leading incidents in Goldsmith's comedy *She Stoops to Conquer* hinge on the mistaking Squire Hardcastle's country residence for a public inn. Young Marlow,

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ALFRED NOYES, THE AUTHOR OF "DRAKE"

on his way to pay a first visit to his affianced but unknown ladylove, Miss Hardcastle, is purposely and mischievously sent to the house by her clownish half-brother, Tony Lumpkin, under the impression it is an inn, dubbed for the nonce "The Buck's Head." Now, as young Marlow is exceedingly bashful in the presence of ladies, but by no means so with chambermaids, the fun of the play arises when Miss Hardcastle, made aware of her lover's mistake as to the identity of the house, pretends to be a chambermaid, and thus "stoops to conquer."

The inns described by Fielding and Smollett, Mr. Hackwood tells us, passed away very soon after these writers. With the advent of fast coaches, landlords and landladies became more exclusive and despised vulgar company. The traveller on foot was received coldly. Mr. Hackwood speaks of Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* as "that reliable mirror of eighteenth century life." Mr. Henry James has dubbed it "the spoiled child of our literature," and we are inclined to agree with Mr. James. That, however, has nothing whatever to do with the subject. It is enough to point out that in the story we find all the characters who have occasion to travel abroad resorting to inns for rest and refreshment as a matter of course. On one occasion the good vicar does not hesitate to enter an ale house of a troupe of strolling players; while on another he and a brother of the cloth adjourned to an inn, as the most natural thing in the world, to discuss orthodoxy and other high matters over a social drink.

Mainly Anecdotal

A book which, while nothing very astonishing in itself, should have a good and permanent sale and is entitled to a place in the average ready-reference library, is *Stories of Authors,* by Professor Edwin Watts Chubb, of the Ohio University. In his preface

MARIE LOUISE GOETCHIUS, THE AUTHOR OF "ANNE OF TREBOUL"

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Professor Chubb says that he likes Macaulay none the less because his cocksureness and loquacity came dangerously near to making him a bore; nor is his enjoyment of Tennyson's verse in the least spoiled by the fact that the late Laureate acted like a yokel when the newly married Müllers entertained him at breakfast. In this spirit he has turned to the compiling of his book, acknowledging freely his indebtedness to the sources from which he has drawn his material. Some indication of what the volume is may be had from a glance at the table of contents. "Byron as Swimmer and Feaster," "Burns Falls in Love," "Shelley as a Freshman," "Leigh Hunt's Business Ability," "Kipling in India." These are some of the chapter headings. To us the best part of the book deals with the American authors. For example, here is an anecdote about Eugene Field and Carl Schurz which we do not remember having read in Slason Thompson's *Life* of Field:

When Carl Schurz was making his senatorial campaign in Missouri, Field was sent with the party to report the meetings. Field, although greatly admiring Schurz, took great delight in misreporting Schurz, whose only comment would be: "Field, why will you lie so outrageously?" One evening when a group of German serenaders had assembled in front of the hotel to do honour to Schurz, Field rushed out, and pretending to be Schurz, addressed them in broken English. At another time, at a political meeting, Field suddenly stepped out to the front and began:

"Ladies and Shentlemen: I haf such a pad colt dot et vas not bossible for me to make you a speedg to-night, but I haf die bleasure to introduce to you my brilliant chournalistic friendt Euchene Fielt, who will spoke you in my blace."

EDWIN WATTS CHUBB

ELIZABETH DEJEANS, THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEART OF DESIRE"

Professor Chubb tells a good deal about Thoreau's house in the woods by Walden Pond. This house, when finished, was ten feet wide and 15 feet long. The exact cost was twenty-eight dollars twelve and one-half cents. In *Walden,* Thoreau gave an account of what his food cost him during the eight months from July 4, 1845, to March 1, 1846. Here is the list:

Rice	$1.73½
Molasses	1.73
Rye meal	1.04¾

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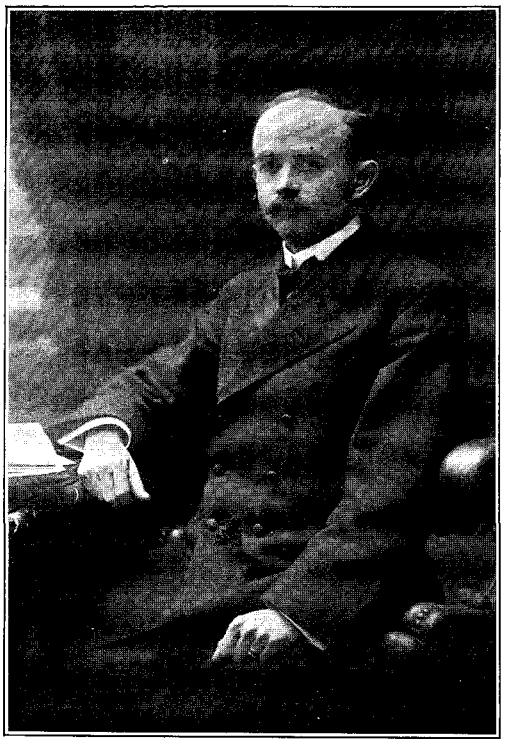

JUDGE BEN LINDSEY, AUTHOR OF "THE BEAST"

Indian meal	.99¾
Pork	.22
Flour	.88
Sugar	.80
Lard	.65
Apples	.25
Dried apple	.22
Sweet potatoes	.10
One pumpkin	.06
One watermelon	.02
Salt	.03

In the chapter "George Eliot Becomes a Writer of Fiction," Professor Chubb quotes from George Eliot's "Journal" about her earnings from her best-known novels. For *Adam Bede* her publishers offered her £800 for the copyright for four years; later they added £400, and still later Blackwoods, finding a ready sale for their numerous editions, proposed to pay £800 above the original price. And for the appearance of *Romola* in the *Cornhill Magazine,* Mr. George Smith offered £10,000, but £7,000 was accepted. For *Middlemarch,* which appeared in separate publication, that is, independent of a magazine, she received a still larger amount.

Conflicting Views

Mrs. Humphry Ward is the subject of an article by M. Firmin Roz in the *Revue des Deux Mondes.* The author places her among the greatest English women novelists, classing her with the Brontés and George Eliot. He finds that she expresses all the best that exists in English society to-day; that there are few novels more thoroughly English, few more lifelike representations of the English aristocracy than are contained in *Lady Rose's Daughter.*

On the other hand, Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale, in his *Essays on Modern Novelists,* is by no means so gracious to the Englishwoman. He has no patience with the roar of approval that greets the publication of every new novel from her active pen, and thinks that it is high time somebody spoke his mind out. He finds Mrs. Ward totally lacking in the

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

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THE LATE PROFESSOR MORGAN

one almost fundamental quality of the great novelist—a keen sense of humour. Her books, he says, are devoid of charm, and are marked by a monotonous sameness. There are no "supreme moments," no "great dramatic situations." Professor Phelps finds the only explanation of the enormous vogue of her novels, in view of their mediocrity, in the fact that she is absolutely respectable and safe.

The Late Professor Morgan

The death of Professor Morris Hicky Morgan, Professor of Classical Philology at Harvard, has removed from American university life a very interesting figure. Professor Morgan was not well known except by those who pursued the study of the classics. He was not intimately known except to the few friends of his own choosing. It must be said that if he had had to select any classical motto as his own, it would have been the well-known line of Horace—

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo,

for this pretty fairly represents Professor Morgan's attitude toward the generality. Once upon a time he was asked: "Why don't you attend the meetings of the American Philological Association oftener?" And he is said to have answered: "Because when I do, I have to meet so many persons who wear black trousers." Nevertheless, though he was known by many for his "superb disdain" rather than for his really sound and suggestive scholarship, his was an admirable influence. He did his best to discourage superficial work, and especially what used to be called "the literary method of studying the classics." This was not to say that the classics should not best be studied according to the standards of literature, or that their chief value is not a literary one. It was rather a well-deserved thrust at those who smattered Greek and Latin without really knowing them and without knowing anything about the literatures which have sprung from them. The American Book Company has just gathered together some of Professor Morgan's talks and lectures, and has published them under the title of *Addresses and Essays*. There are two papers in this book which ought to be read by every one who is interested in education. The first concerns the classical student, and the second the classical teacher of to-day. In the second, Professor Morgan has well hit off the superficial "literary method." He gives it in a sentence: "Some one reads a little Greek, and then everybody else present says 'That is *fine!*'" We fancy that this has an application which extends much further than the classics. It might be pondered by literary societies and Browning clubs all over the English-speaking world. In foreign countries they do things more thoroughly.

A Small Tintype

In response to a number of requests we have arranged for a paper on Kate Douglas Wiggin in the Representative American Story Tellers Series. In connection with this announcement we reproduce the accompanying portrait of Mrs. Riggs taken in childhood. The picture, which has never before been reproduced, might be that of the psychological and literary mother of Rebecca.

There is no indiscretion in publishing the fact that "John Steventon," the

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN IN CHILDHOOD

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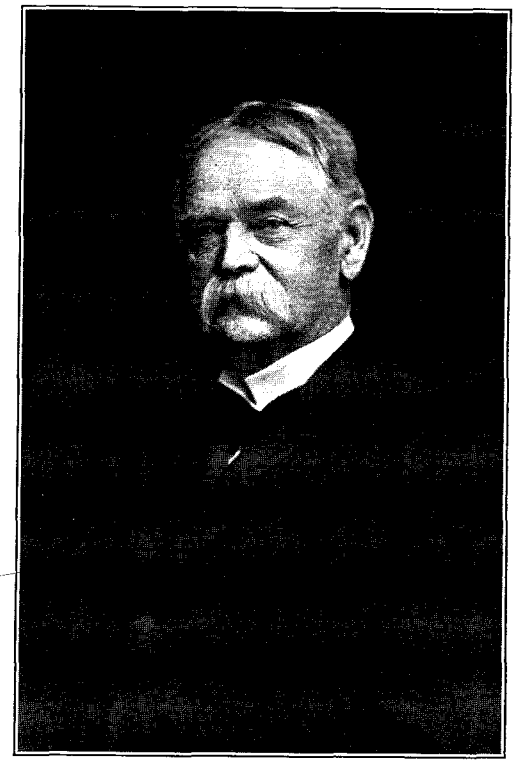
"John Steventon"

author of *The Hermit of Capri,* recently published by the Messrs. Harper, is John S. Tarkington, the father of Newton Booth Tarkington. At first no announcement was made of the relationship by the publishers, but if there ever was any secret in the matter, it was a secret *de Polichinelle.* There has been prevalent, however, an impression that *The Hermit of Capri* represents "John Steventon's" first literary work. In reality he has been a contributor to the magazines for many years.



JOHN STEVENTON

Robert Herrick

In view of the widespread attention which Robert Herrick's forthcoming volume, *A Life for a Life*—his first novel since the appearance of his much discussed *Together*—is bound to attract, it is interesting to know something of what this exceptionally reticent author thinks about his art in general and of his latest work in particular. It is quite true, as he wrote, not many months ago, that he has done as little lecturing and public talking as he could about novel writing—"after all," he added, "it is the performance that counts, absolutely the only thing that really counts, so I shall go on performing in my own way, experimenting and working out the line of growth that is destined for me." That this line of growth has undergone a radical change is not only apparent in Mr. Herrick's later works, but is also frankly acknowledged by him. For his earlier methods, he lays the responsibility upon Harvard College, where he was educated, and upon the atmosphere of Cambridge, in which he lived until he was twenty-six.

DAVID POTTER, U. S. N.

David Potter, whose novel "The Eleventh Hour" has just been published, belongs to what may be called the Princeton school of fiction, which includes James Barnes, '91; Jesse Lynch Williams, '92; Booth Tarkington, '93; and Burton E. Stevenson, '94. Mr. Potter was graduated with the class of 1896. At the university he was Class Historian and the editor of the "Nassau Literary Magazine."

There I acquired my first ideals of literature. Flaubert and De Maupassant were in the air; and when I first began to write, I was dominated by the French ideal of art, re-

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ROBERT HERRICK

enforced possibly by certain Gallic traits in my own temperament—not an uncommon thing in the New England stock. Gradually, during the last ten years, as I have written my novels, I have come to repudiate quite fully those French ideals, at least so far as the novel form is concerned. The restricted scope of the *Madame Bovary* type of art seems to me not at all characteristic of our race, and I now regard the French influence upon American novelists—largely at second hand—as distinctly deplorable.

This change of belief Mr. Herrick rightly believes begins to be apparent in *The Memoirs of an American Citizen*, and becomes still more obvious in *Together*. The distinctive quality of the novel as a literary form is in his opinion its epic and panoramic possibilities and, "the form becomes puerile in the hands of American and English imitators of the French school." It is interesting to know in regard to *Together* that "what the ignorant reviewer calls the formlessness of that crowded canvas is a more or less deliberate attempt to return to the larger, more fluid form of the novel as developed by the great English and Russian writers.

It is always interesting and often enlightening to learn what novelists and more especially those classed among the realists have to say upon the vexed question of realism *vs.* romanticism. The

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late Frank Norris once wrote in a burst of confidence, "I am free to confess that I believe—if I have any beliefs at all as to literature—that naturalism is really romanticism, and that *MacTeague* is after all a romantic story. Mr. Herrick, in somewhat different phrasing, expresses an analogous belief when he says: "I have at last come to feel that there is, philosophically speaking, no such thing as true realism in art." And as for so-called romance, "That of our day seems to me beneath contempt, an insincere imitation of a spirit that was once beautiful and vital, but is no longer ours." And he goes on to formulate in a tentative way a new basis of technique for the modern novel:

Is there not something neither realistic nor romantic—accepting these terms, which are as vague as they are necessary—something which is based upon the facts and phenomena of life as realised by intelligent, full-grown men and women, and yet which look beyond the mere facts and phenomena to the deeper lines of permanent truth and permanent spirit? Something which would use phenomena as the changing symbols of life—and use them accurately—but which would have vitality and beauty and permanency of value? I think so—and I believe this is the literary art for interpretation of American life.

Mr. Herrick thinks that his meaning has been made clear in his new novel, *A Life for a Life*. While in the heat of composition, he could still say of it, "Just how far I can escape from the necessity of place and circumstance, just how far I can make characters convincing and moving without realistic detail I do not know yet—but I shall go far in this new book in the attempt. It will be concerned with the most actual, pressing life of to-day, man's life, men's lives, as lived this last twenty years. But it will have the least possible element of circumstance and journalistic detail."

It becomes an interesting question to learn to what extent Mr. Herrick's readers will agree with him regarding his elimination of place and circumstance in *A Life for a Life*. To be sure, he mentions nowhere in the volume the specific name of his stage setting. It is always merely the City, the "vast resounding gleaming City," the "great City of men." And yet in such a paragraph as that which follows—a paragraph typical of the book's tone and atmosphere, the author might in vain have given his City any name in the Gazetteer, there could be but one name present in the minds of his readers, just as there must have been but one spot on earth present in Mr. Herrick's thoughts as he wrote.

He found himself somehow upon a lofty bridge, swung by spidery threads of steel, above an immense void. Men and women in rough garments, with pale, set faces, with bent heads—not in groups of ones and twos and threes, but in a solid mass—flowed outward from the City, like the tide beneath the bridge, drawn outward to the sea. Beneath was a void, above, where the shadowy strands faded into the dark, a void; beyond, the City, and behind, the City. And steadily, incessantly, here on the great causeway, this tide of human atoms—a black tide flowing outward! It was the tide of labour, ebbing now, the day's work done, seeking repose, to be sucked back, on the morrow, into the City.

And as for Mr. Herrick's success in avoiding realistic details, the following characteristic passage gives some food for thought:

When the shriek sounded, all became confusion in the lighted loft. . . . This loft was crossed with a network of gears and belting that ran to machines clamped upon the benches before the windows. Each one of these machines was a bundle of long, sharp, steel needles fixed to an iron arm. The savage teeth were still, for the power had been shut off. Soft white fabrics were spread on the long table in the centre of the room, and bundles of cloth lay upon the floor. In spite of the confusion, Hugh perceived at once a girl lying on a pile of these cut pieces, her arms and legs twitching convulsively. The shrieks had softened to one moaning cry:

"Don't let 'em cut it off! Don't let 'em cut it off!"

"What's the matter?" Hugh demanded of a large, apathetic girl, who was staring at the moaning figure.

"She's got sewed up," the girl replied, jerking her head toward the figure on the floor.

"In the machine?"

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"Yep; they go awful fast. If you don't look out, you're caught. She's green at it, and it took her hand and arm. So!"

She demonstrated the accident upon her own plump, sleeveless arm. . . . "Awful, ain't it? I hope they'll dope her quick."

The "Atlantic's" Muckrake

The *Atlantic Monthly* has been for years past the only American magazine on which we could surely count for criticism of the American newspaper. A long series of these critical articles, every one of which was worth reading, reached a climax in a slashing paper in the March number by Professor E. A. Ross, the fighting sociologist. Nothing happened in April, but in the May issue a mild-mannered newspaper man comes back at the critics in what seems to us a rather lame reply. Professor Ross had argued for endowment. Having cited many instances to prove that newspapers suppressed or coloured the news and that the private interests of their proprietors were opposed to the interests of the public, he declared that what is needed is "a broad new avenue to the public mind." He admits that under present conditions a really useful, honest and intelligent newspaper would not pay as well as the other kind.

The editor who turns away bad advertising or defies his big patrons cannot lay his copy on the subscriber's doorstep for as little money as the editor who purveys publicity for all it is worth.

* * * * *

To conclude that the people are not able to recognise and pay for the truth about current happenings simply puts the dissemination of news in a class with other momentous social services. Because people fail to recognise and pay for good books, endowed libraries stud the land. Because they fail to recognise and pay for good instruction, education is provided free or at part cost. Just as the moment came when it was seen that private schools, loan libraries, commercial parks, baths, gymnasia, athletic grounds and playgrounds would not answer, so the moment is here for recognising that the commercial news-medium does not adequately meet the needs of democratic citizenship.

So he advocates an endowed newspaper whose control should be perpetuated—

by letting vacancies on the governing board be filled in turn by the local bar association, the medical association, the ministers' union, the degree-granting faculties, the federated teachers, the central labor union, the chamber of commerce, the associated charities, the public libraries, the non-partisan citizens' associations, the improvement leagues and the social settlements.

We confess we do not see why wisdom should flow from this combination of central bodies, unions, associations, and other civic bundles. But the main point seems to be that by this method or by drawing lots or by choosing the seventh son of a seventh son, or by strawberry marks, albinism, thumb-prints, facial angles or other simple signs, as wise men might be chosen as most of those at present in control, and this no thoughtful newspaper reader is likely to deny. And there would be this advantage, that although the endowed editors might in common with mankind generally find it hard to tell the truth, they would at least have no pecuniary object to gain by not telling it. That is the conclusion at which Professor Ross directly drives and toward which all these articles in the *Atlantic* have been tending. They have illustrated the decline of newspapers in political influence. They have shown how corporate interests have swallowed up the individuality of editors and they have traced the influence of the business office in the letters of correspondents, and in every column of the news. They have asked the newspaper man if he could at present be honest, and he has written at length, anonymously, of course, to prove that he could not. They have taken note of the honourable exception among newspapers, but as the jewel in the toad's head. They have piled up instance on instance of lying, hypocrisy, cowardice, brutality, corruption, treachery, and feebleness of mind. Altogether this series of articles, as we look back upon them, have expressed adequately the emotions in which an increasing class of newspaper readers privately indulge.

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The answer of the practical newspaper man in the May number is, like that of the saloon-keeper, that the public is getting what it wants. And "reforms will have to be made from the inside, if they are to be of any use at all"—

These are times when everybody is reforming everybody else; but a newspaper reformed by its readers or by a self-elected committee of college professors is something which my imagination fails to grasp.

* * * * *

There is much to reform and it is hard to see how to go about it. The condition is a moral one, and any improvement, to be effective, must be achieved, not by means of public agitation, or even by legislation, but through the better instincts of those responsible for what is published in the newspapers.

The Charmed Circle

Mr. Howells is surprised that New York fashionable society as described by Mr. Ralph Pulitzer in 1910 so closely resembles that same society as described by George William Curtis in 1852. From this he concludes not that Mr. Pulitzer is true to the literary tradition, but that New York fashionable society remains the same.

It is astonishing how exactly history repeats itself in the facts of the ball of 1910 from the ball of 1852. The motives, the *personnel,* almost the *matériel,* the incidents, are the same. I should think it would amuse Mr. Pulitzer, imitating nature from his actual observation, to find how essentially the same his study is with that of Curtis imitating nature fifty-seven years ago. There is more of nature in bulk, not in variety, to be imitated now, but as Mr. Pulitzer studies it in the glass of fashion, her mean, foolish, selfish face is unchanged. . . . It seems as if we had really gone from bad to worse, not qualitatively—we couldn't—but quantitatively. There is more money, there are more men, more women, but otherwise our proud world is the proud world of 1853.

There is no reason, he says, to doubt Mr. Pulitzer. He has a "neater and lighter touch" than Curtis, and "his book is more compact, more directly and distinctly a study, and it is less alloyed with the hopes of society reform which could be more reasonably indulged fifty-six years ago." Its portrayal is more exact. "It takes, with all the unpitying sincerity of a kodak, the likeness or our best society."

For the most part it is "satire with no pity in it," but there's here and there a touch of compassion, which moves the more because of its rarity. When the author notes that here and there a pretty dear finds herself left out with no one to take her out to supper at the ball, his few words wring the heart. "These poor victims of their sex cannot, like the men, form tables of their own. All that each can do is to disappear as swiftly and as secretly as possible, hurrying home in humiliation for the present and despair for the future."

"Do such cruel things really happen in our best society?" we palpitated, in an anguish of sympathy.

"Such things and worse," our other self responded, "as when in the german the fair débutante sees the leader advancing toward her with a splendid and costly favour, only to have him veer abruptly off to bestow it on some fat elderling who is going to give the next ball."

As a respectable member of the lower middle class we are far removed from the haunts described by Mr. Howells—

Where proud beauty hides its eyes on the shoulders of haughty commercial or financial youth, and moneyed age dips its nose in whatever symbolises the Gascon wine in the paternal library.

But we do know something of American literary habits. It is usual for the "keen observer" of New York to devour the writings of all the "keen observers" who have gone before. They seem never to miss a line of their predecessors. For two generations New York's "best society" has been a literary heirloom. It is not necessary to go to nature for it; indeed, nature might delay the pen and blunt the point of paragraphs. There may be the "kodak likeness" which Mr. Howells observes, but if so, it is an accident. The essential and remarkable likeness is the family likeness between the writers on New York—book-bitten,

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phrase-haunted folk, aflame for clear-cut literary types and neat moral lessons. We do not in the least know how New York's "best society" begets itself, whether viviparously or from golden eggs, but we do know that one successful American literary brain hatches a dozen others. We know that George William Curtis begat Charles Dudley Warner and others, who in turn begat Mrs. Burton Harrison and many more, and that out of these dams and sires we have the New York satirist of to-day and shall have the novelist of to-morrow. That is the really important thing, for it shows why New York's types must go straight on no matter what happens to her people. No writer who knows his business would think of "going to nature" for them now, any more than for a sentimental wolf, a pirate, a cowboy, or a Ruritania. Everybody knows the iron rules of New York satire and fiction. How could that "commercial or financial youth" be other than "haughty"? Fancy a "well-groomed, well-tailored" man who was not a "worldling," or a fashionable person who was not soulless, frivolous and all of a piece. They are under the law of literary saliency and it is written in the Book of Naughty Patterns that they shall not stray from type. It seems unreasonable to call nature to account for what is so plainly the result of American literary inbreeding during many years.

"Maryland, My Maryland!"

In our last issue we spoke of Mr. James Ryder Randall, the author of "Maryland, my Maryland"; but several readers have asked us for further comment. Mr. Randall's poems have been collected and issued by the Tandy-Thomas Company of this city. The only one among them that has any real interest either literary or historical is the one that we best know, and very few persons can repeat the words even of that. As with most patriotic songs it is the music rather than the words that give life to the composition. Mr. Randall was lucky in hitting upon that fine old German student melody, *O Tannenbaum,* but even this was borrowed from an earlier mediæval song which begins:

Lauriger Horatius
Quam dixisti verum.

Mr. Randall's words are sometimes good and sometimes rather crude. The beginning:

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland, my Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland, my Maryland!

is spirited and fine, but somehow this level is not attained by such lines as

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
* * * * *
But lo, there surges forth a shriek, etc.

and the last stanza:

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland, my Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland, my Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! She burns! She'll come! She'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland!

It is interesting to remember that the song which is essentially Southern—"Dixie"—and that which is essentially Northern — "Yankee Doodle" — never really had any serious words to them. Southerners have probably forgotten that "Dixie" was written by an Ohio man, the well-known "minstrel," Dan Emmett, about 1858. It was first sung in New York. "Yankee Doodle" was inherited by New England from the British soldiers, with whom it had been a traditional marching song since the time of Oliver Cromwell. The South was not very fortunate in possessing war songs. "Dixie," "Maryland, my Maryland!" and "The Bonnie Blue Flag" were about all it had. On the other hand, the North retained "The Star-Spangled Banner," though it had been written by a Southerner. Oliver Wendell Holmes composed a new stanza to fit the circumstances of the Civil War, but more popular always were "Yankee Doodle," and "John Brown's Body," and "Marching Through Georgia," and

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"When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." A Confederate officer who had been taken prisoner by an Ohio brigade, listened one evening to the rendering of these spirited songs by the Union troops around their camp fires. When he had heard them all he remarked rather sadly: "I think that you are going to win in the end, because you have such songs as these to inspire you."

A Case of Impertinence

In our April issue we printed a little paper about the resemblance in idea of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's story "The Dancing Men" to a puzzle which appeared in an early number of the *St. Nicholas Magazine*. We called the paper "A Case of Coincidence." Writing to us from Paris, Miss Carolyn Wells takes issue with the author of the article, and wields the cudgels vigorously in defence of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and authors in general who may or may not be misunderstood. Miss Wells gives her letter the heading "A Case of Impertinence."

I am surprised that THE BOOKMAN should print (without comment) the article in the April number called "A Case of Coincidence." And I am even more surprised that I should write concerning it.

But while this is not a defence, for none is needed, I want to protest against that most objectionable attitude of reader to author, where the former, gleefully alert, clutches at any chance to cry, "Now I've caught you!" and rejoices in the author's supposed discomfiture. As a matter of fact, in ten cases out of nine, he hasn't caught the author at all, or, if so, in the most trivial pen lapse.

In the case in point, any reader must comprehend that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle either knew of the similarity between the Dancing Men and the Restless Imps, or he did not.

The latter is proved by his own assertion, but had the former been true, any reader of common sense would know that either Sir Arthur had made arrangement to use the idea, if such were necessary, or had adopted or adapted it with a clear conscience, owing to his perfect cognisance of the ethics of literary etiquette. To assume for a moment that a man who has invented hundreds of original plots for stories would need to appropriate, stealthily and with criminal intent, an idea from a child's magazine, is ludicrous.

Moreover, the coincidence is an exceedingly probable one. All students or makers of cryptograms know that they are often founded on combinations of vertical, horizontal and diagonal lines. What more natural than that these combinations should suggest to more than one mind the elements of the human figure. As to the "curt tone" of Sir Arthur's reply to the "courteous" letter of *warning*(!), if readers knew the number of letters of *warning*, criticism, flattery, advice and request that such eminent authors as Sir A. Conan Doyle receive, they would wonder that they are answered at all. The insufficient postage was of course due to a British postcard being inadvertently used, and for the complainant to "counter" on an American one-cent postcard was witty indeed.

To force an intrusion by post where one could not gain personal admittance is impertinent, for to pilfer a busy man's moments is quite as bad as taking his petty cash.

An author is under no more obligation to curious humanity than any other man, and if he takes time to read and answer his unsolicited correspondence, it is only because he is of a kind and obliging nature not yet exhausted. The apotheosis of this sort of thing is probably found in the words of the gentleman from Indianapolis, also in the April BOOKMAN:

"I have dogged the footsteps of celebrities; I have written odes to them, thus assuring myself of indelibly, ineffaceably linking my name with theirs, and assuming no little share of their popularity. I have written things over the grave of General Lew Wallace, and only deplore his early death, which deprived me of a chance unparalleled, perhaps never possible again, to share with him his popularity and *Ben Hur*."

An author has no more time to give away to strangers than any other working-man, and it is therefore in a spirit of righteous indignation that I object to the eminent surgeon's objection to the curtness of the message he received. His apparent doubt of its truth is uninteresting.

Also, as an anatomist, he should surely see that the Restless Imps and the Dancing Men, though similar, are not identical.

Americans will not be slow in discovering Mr. Allen Upward's *The New Word*.

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A Necessary Book

No doubt many of them have read it already in the English edition. In the author's "Note" for the American edition, which has just appeared, he says the first publisher to whom he showed the manuscript exclaimed, "These things are in the air; unless you bring out the book quickly half the things it says will no longer be new." This, according to Mr. Upward, has come to pass in the few years that have gone by since the publication of the book in Switzerland.

Since then a series of scientific workers, such as Curié, Thomson and Ostwald, have been making discoveries, as it were, in confirmation of the argument: and it is right that I should put that forward as a ground for confidence in what of the prophecy yet remains unfulfilled.

Neither he nor the publisher need have worried about timeliness. It is the sort of book that is new at any time, whether the ideas are in the air or not. To be sure, the fun does not begin till after the first fifty pages, and a number of readers will fall by the wayside, but there is no danger of any lack of appreciation. There is danger rather of an Upward cult. Already a number of gushing papers have been printed betraying the initiate view and pride of secret possession which betoken the cult. Soon there will be little coteries of interpreters such as Mrs. Wharton so admirably hits off in her story of "The Legend" in the March *Scribner's*. That, of course, will be annoying and we wish there were some way of heading off the various papers on Mr. Upward's "Message" that are bound to appear, but after all it does not greatly matter, for many sensible folk will like the book before they know it is a "Message" and will go on liking it after it has ceased to be one. The author's purpose is simple enough. In the first half of the book he has set himself the needful task of exposing the learned and scientific nonsense of the present day. He applies to the modern text-book the same method that the text-book writer would apply to the mediæval schoolmen, but with this difference: he insists on a clear meaning of words and on the unwrapping of the thought from every high-sounding Greek and Latin derivative. His hobby is plain English. His pet aversion is that "large and increasing class of words which I can best characterise by naming them Babu."

The English in India, whether to make the task of government easier, or in the belief that our civilisation must be better for the Hindus than their own, have set up schools to train the natives in our ways, and, to begin with, in our speech. There is a large class of natives called Babus who learn very readily up to a certain point, that is to say, they spell our words correctly, and they have some notion of what the words mean; but English has not replaced their native speech, and hence it fits them like a borrowed garment, and they are betrayed into awkward and laughable mistakes in using it, which have given rise to the term Babu English.

Now that is just the process from which a great part of Europe, and especially England itself, has been suffering for many hundred years. Our speech bewrays us to be the freedmen of Rome. Our schools are Roman schools set up by missionaries from the Mediterranean in whose mind it was the very aim and end of education to tame the young barbarian of the North into an obedient provincial of the great Roman Raj. . . . The folk-words come to us as the wrappings of our earliest thoughts and feelings, and form, as it were, the mind's natural skin. The book words follow after the brain has begun to harden, and are more like clothing which the mind puts on.

* * * * *

Unhappily, the priests of science have shown themselves not less prone than other priesthoods to impose on the mind of man by means of bad language. To the mediæval plague of dog-Latin there has succeeded in these latter days the plague of Babu Greek.

The apologists for this vice of science tell us it is merely a kind of shorthand. I am sorry I do not find that it is really quicker to write *dolichocephal* than longhead, or *ichthyosaurus* than *eft*.

But in any case the number of readers who carry at their tongue's end all the words found in the extant remains of Hellenic literature is very small. So that whatever trouble the specialist may save himself by writing *chaemoprosopic* for broad-faced, he causes to his readers, who have to turn the shorthand into longhand as they go along.

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In this spirit, and calling himself an ontologist, he approaches one after another the sciences and branches of learning:

My gallery is a gallery of judges; by which I mean that I speak in the hearing of those with whom I am called on to quarrel, whose minds are so much fixed on their own study as to be unable to think freely about that or any other. The ontologist claims all the provinces of knowledge as his fatherland, and he is treated as a trespasser on each. On every frontier the specialist with his fixed bayonet keeps watch and ward, as though he dreaded to give or to receive.

Everywhere men are debating idealism, materialism and other like concerns, but are quite unable to explain their meanings. He consults the dictionaries in vain, for their definitions move in circles, or, as he says, in recurring decimals. Thus, he consults Dr. Latham's dictionary for an explanation of idealism. It is defined in terms of mind and thought. He looks up these terms, and by putting the explanations together gets "an equation the like of which perhaps is not in human language—"

"Mind = thoughts.

"Thought = image formed in the mind."

Therefore, Mind = images formed in the images formed in the images formed in the images, and so on—a recurring decimal.

Then there is the Religion of Humanity—

The Religion of Humanity is being preached among us to-day by many well-meaning men and women, who unfortunately have never stopped to ask themselves what they mean by the words Religion and Humanity.

No one, I think, now remembers the meaning of the word religion; and I shall have to look for it hereafter. Humanity, of course, is Babu for Man.

It used to be written man, and old-fashioned writers had some rather plain things to say about it. "All men are liars." "There is none doeth good; no, not one." "The heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." "It repented the Lord that He had made man." No one would dare to say such things as that about Humanity. For Humanity no words can be too good. The difference is as great as that between a little girl being scolded by her teacher in the schoolroom when there is no one by, and the same little girl being praised by the teacher in the parlour when visitors are present.

The reason for the change is not far to seek. Those well-meaning men and women have found out that the language of the theologians is bad language; that the word God has become an Andronican word to them; and so, being too honest to go on using a word they do not understand, they have crossed it out, and looked for another word to write in its place. And obeying a natural law of the mind which the theologians call anthropomorphism, they have written the word Man. . . . All the Andronican words of the theologians have come back again, only this time they are written about Man instead of about God.

Then there is the materialistic explanation of the Universe, by which the Universe, under a Latin and Greek disguise, is pulling itself up by its bootstraps. He notes the common practice of teaching children materialism in one set of books and Christianity in another and trusting to luck. He happens on a text-book called the *Chemical Theory for Beginners* which had passed through the hands of a boy named Cameron—

It is perfectly respectable. It is a book that might have been written by a bishop. Its contents are taught to the sons of bishops in the most conservative schools in England. They are taught alongside of the Catechism of the Church of England. And yet they are not one whit less materialistic than what we have been reading. . . . The schoolmasters have dealt with young Cameron according to their lights. They have treated his mind as if it were a badger's pit. You put in the badger, and you put in the dog, and you wait to see which comes out first. They have thrown in the Catechism and they have thrown in the Chemical Theory, and now they are waiting to see whether Cameron will turn out a Christian or an Atheist.

His naïve analysis of this beginner's book in chemistry is very entertaining. Perhaps it is blasphemous to call a molecule a "crumb" and to insist that kinetic means nothing more than "going." But

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in his hands the Kinetic Molecular Theory, which he translates as the Going Crumb View, assumes an unwontedly interesting form. Another text-book, the *Story of Creation,* yields equally queer results. The following discussion of the hitherto rather formidable subject of Potential Energy illustrates the application of his method:

"Energy is of two kinds, active and passive, or in the terms of science, kinetic and potential." I am bound to say that here I disliked my author's terms less than those of science. Kinetic sounds like Greek, and potential sounds like Latin, and I do not see why science should mix up two Mediterranean languages in order to express such simple meanings as going and still.

At this point, I am glad to say, my teacher passed from words to things, and gave me some examples of the mysterious unpushing Push. They are a stone lying on the roof of a house, or on a mountain; a clock wound up but not going; a bed of coal, and a barrel of gunpowder. "This (he goes on) becomes kinetic when the stone falls, the clock goes, the coal burns, or the gunpowder explodes."

I shall take the first of these examples, because it is the simplest, and because I have met with it elsewhere. Of the others, I will only remark in passing, first, that there can be no such thing as a clock wound up but not going—the hands may not be going, but assuredly the spring is being worn out in its effort to move the hands; secondly, that there is no more energy, going or otherwise, in a bed of coal than in a feather bed, or a flower bed, or any other kind of bed—indeed, the flower bed grows the tree that turns into the coal; and thirdly, that there is a far more mysterious energy in a barrel of beer than in a barrel of gunpowder; for the gunpowder can only blow a man to pieces, whereas the barrel of beer can make him see double; and so we make that "passage from chemistry to consciousness" which the author pretended in his preface we could not make.

I first met the stone lying on the roof of a house in a little book on the *Conservation of Energy,* in which it was credited with Energy of Position. I had never understood what that could be, and I understood it no better when it was called Potential Energy. I understood that such a stone had weight; but that was mere Force, or Pulling strength. What was this Latin energy; and how did the stone get it; and how was a stone lying on the roof of a house or on a mountain different from any other stone?

The answer seemed to be that the stone could fall when its Latin Energy would become Greek. In other words, if you took away the house or the mountain, the stone would fall, not by its own weight, but because it was being pushed downwards, just as if I should pick up a stone and throw it down. . . . Newton would have been surprised, I fancy, to learn that his famous apple fell because of its energy. But perhaps apples on trees have not got Energy of Position; only apples on the roof of a house. . . .

Yet I think it evident that to the trained mind there is something peculiar and fascinating about stones lying on the roof of a house; they have a charm that other stones have not. The magic attribute is called by my authorities "advantage over a Force," namely, the Force of Gravity. But then it seems to the untrained mind that all the tiles of the roof, and the house itself, for that matter, have the same advantage. . . .

It seems to be a scientific case of demon-possession. The demon of Latin Energy enters into some stones but not others. It prefers stones on the roof of a house if it can get them, but if not, it will take stones on mountains, just as the demons in the Gospel, when they were cast out of the man, entered the swine. It is remarkable that those demons behaved very much like Energetic ones, for they drove the swine violently down a steep place into the sea.

I hope it is not irreverent to say that I do not believe in this Gadarene Energy. . . .

The learned men have noticed that if you drop a glass test tube on your laboratory floor it is more likely to break than if it had been on the floor all along. They have been struck by this interesting fact, which even children have noticed in connection with their toys; and they have wanted to account for it. And finding they could not account for it, they have done what science in a difficulty always does, they have lulled their minds to sleep with spells from the Greek lexicon. Hence all this demonology and witchcraft. . . .

Here is the riddle they have got to read. Once upon a time a demon used to enter into the stone while it was falling through the air, and the name of that demon was Momentum, which is to say, being interpreted, Rush. In these days that demon of the air has been

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exorcised, but only to make room for a far more subtle fiend, the Demon of the House-Roof. This demon does not wait till the stone begins to fall; no, he was there all the time lurking inside it, while it was lying there so quietly and peacefully among the Christian tiles. Then *how* did this demon get into the stone?

There stands the riddle, and the learned men think that they have read it, as they think they have read other riddles, by muttering something that sounds uncommonly like *hic, hæc, hoc.*

In the last half of the book the practical-minded reader will be quite at sea, finding little in it except eccentricity and moonshine. It can be read only by those whom Professor William James has classified as "tender-minded." To the hard-headed or the "tough-minded" who will not stand any nonsense it will be evident that the author has gone mad.

An Insular Twist

À propos of the above-quoted passage in Mr. Allen Upward's *New Word* as to the practice in certain English church schools of teaching the schoolboy atheism in a scientific text-book while drilling him in the Cate-

ALLEN UPWARD

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chism, the horror of the London *Saturday Review* over the agnostic teachings of the French schools is worth noting. The school authorities have not only struck out the word God from the French classics which the children read in school, but have placed in their hands elementary ethical manuals from which religious teaching is deliberately excluded. These manuals say in plain words that certain things are matters of scientific knowledge and certain other things matters of faith, that schools are concerned with the former and not with the latter, that men are free to have what religion they choose and to have no religion. These ideas are set forth insistently with the utmost simplicity and clearness. Here are some typical passages:

[From Bayet's *Leçons de Morale* used in the primary course.] The morality taught in this manual is lay and positive, that is to say, independent of every religious confession and every system of metaphysics dealing with the unknowable. . . . We do not know scientifically whether after death there is another life in which the good are rewarded and the bad punished, or whether, on the contrary, there is no other life. We do not know scientifically whether there is a God or whether, on the contrary, there is no God. . . . All religions speak of God and of what happens after death; they tell us therefore of unknowable things, of things that we are free to believe, but that we cannot know scientifically. That is why we have the right to choose from all the religions the one we like best, and if none of them pleases, we have the right to have no religion. . . .

[From Payot's *La Morale à l'Ecole.*] No one belief concerning God, the origin of the world, the origin and destiny of man, is accepted by all thinking men; on these questions we can only offer suppositions. . . . Let each be free to believe or not believe. . . .

[From Aulard et Debidour, *L'Histoire de France.* (Higher Course).] After his [Christ's] death his disciples described his resurrection, represented him as born of a virgin and not only as the son of God, but as God himself.

The *Saturday Review* remarks:

We do not admire the superficial Christianity which finds favour in some of our Board schools; but its teachings are certainly far more positive and definite than those which are inculcated in the manuals which we have quoted. It is certainly a mistake to assert in the face of these facts that only one form of Christianity is assailed in the schools throughout France when we find every one of those fundamental doctrines which are generally regarded as forming part of "simple Bible teaching" treated as equally opposed to the teaching of reason and morality.

It will be seen that the passages quoted as "assailing" Christianity in all its forms merely point out to children the distinction between knowledge and faith and the recognition by the modern state of the principle of religious freedom. It will be seen also that the doctrines which form part of "simple Bible teaching" are not "treated as equally opposed to the teaching of reason and morality." The passages simply say that it is not the province of a lay school to treat them at all. It is very hard for an American to guess the workings of the British journalistic intellect on this subject of religious teaching in the schools, for in this country we have had no such training in evasion and hypocrisy as the long discussions of the two Education Bills have afforded to the British mind. But probably the chief reproach against the French Government is that it does not deal with the matter in the spirit of British compromise and contrive to teach religion and unteach it at the same time and not let its right hand know what its left hand doeth, and thus prepare the young for membership in Carlyle's famous association—the "Society for the Amalgamation of Hell and Heaven," in the British Isles—and perhaps ultimately for a career in British journalism.

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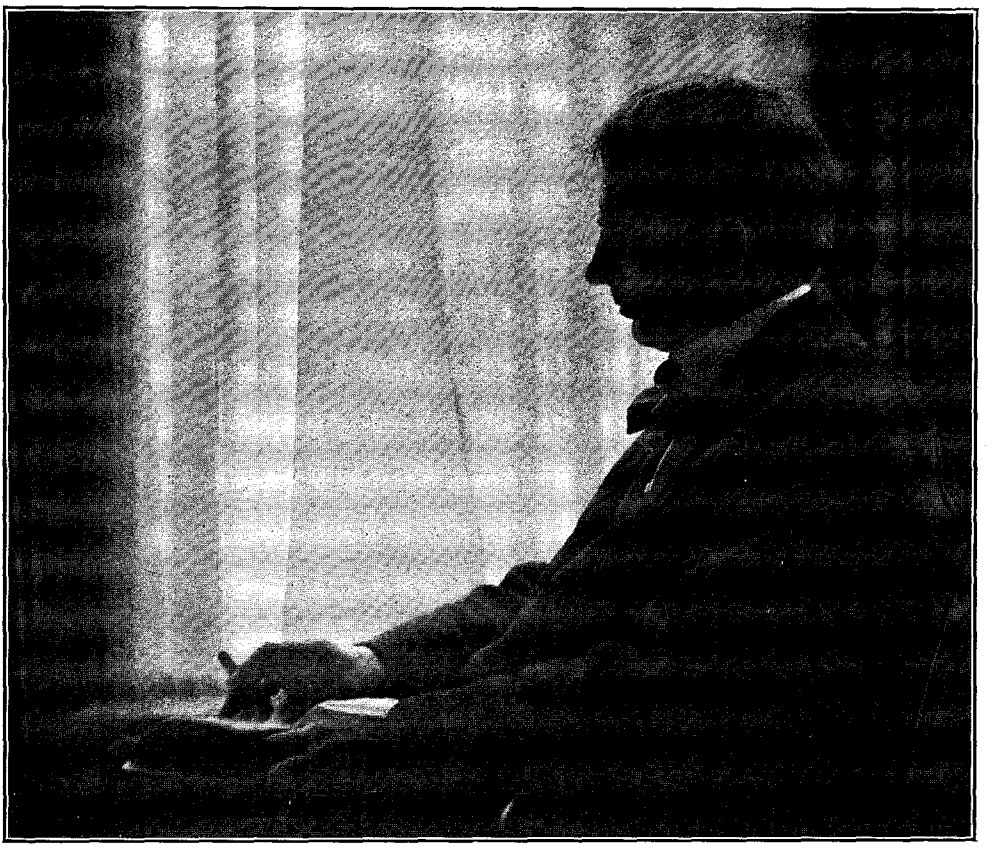

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

MARK TWAIN'S BIOGRAPHER

SOME thirty years ago there was a schoolboy in Xenia, Illinois, who passed many leisure hours poring over certain well-thumbed volumes and studying certain striking prints. The volumes dealt with the doings of Tom Sawyer and Colonel Sellers and the Poet Lariat in his travels through foreign lands. The prints chronicled incessantly and passionately the misdoings of Tweed and the subordinates in his notorious Ring. As Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine has expressed it in later years, "I was literally brought up on the pictures of Thomas Nast and the stories of Mark Twain." He has lived to become the official biographer of both these men.

In the course of a very active business and journalistic life Mr. Paine found his way to New York about fifteen years ago from the West, and settled down to the life of a literary free-lance. In collaboration with William Allen White he had previously written a book of verse and had published a novel or two. After he had been in New York for a little time he became associated with Orson Lowell, Frank Verbeck, and Irving Bacheller in the publication of *Youth and Home,* a paper which lasted through four consecutive issues. When it died Mr. Paine wrote the story of the venture in a novel called *The Breadline.* Remembering his early enthusiasms, he sent one copy of the book to Mr. Nast and one to Mr. Clemens.

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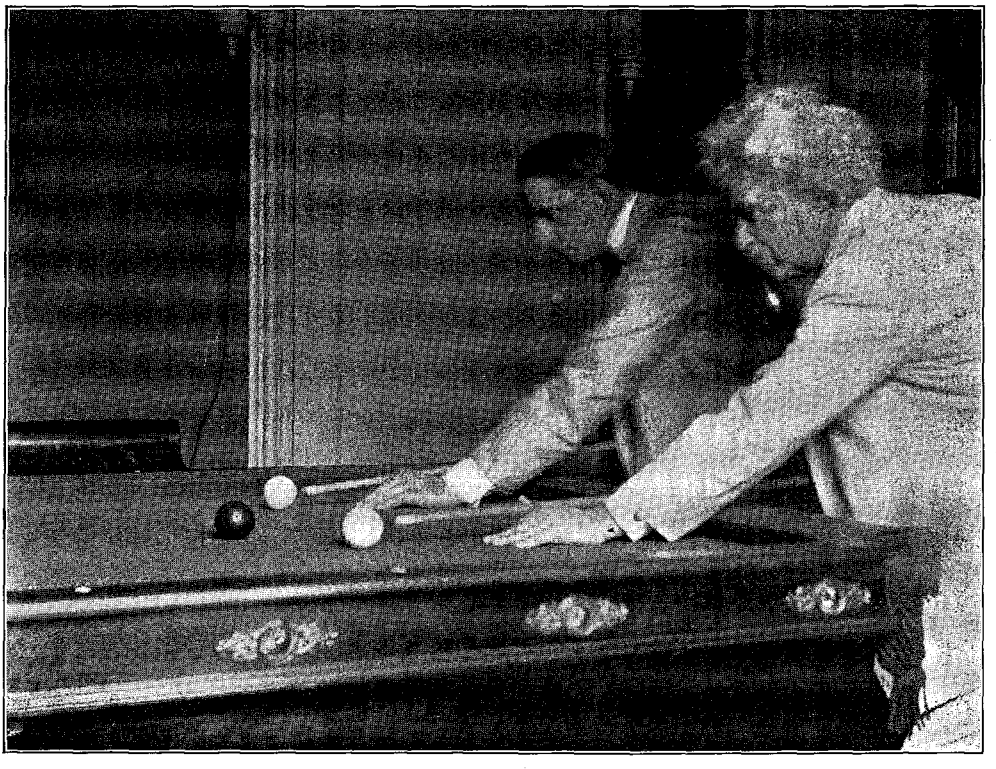
The latter's acknowledgment was a characteristic letter. Mr. Nast looked Mr. Paine up in The Players Club, of which both men (for that matter, all three men) were members, and after several pleasant evenings offered the suggestion that Mr. Paine write his—Mr. Nast's—biography.

In the course of this work Mr. Paine came across certain letters which Mark Twain had written the caricaturist; letters which were of considerable value. The writer's consent to their use was necessary before they could be incorporated in the Nast biography, and this consent was freely and generously given. When *Thomas Nast, His Period and His Pictures* appeared, one of its most appreciative readers was Mark Twain, who, through the late David Munro, editor of the *North American Review,* sent the author a very gratifying message and asked that he be invited to a little dinner that was to be given to Mr. Clemens at The Players Club. That dinner was the beginning of an association that was exceedingly intimate during the last five years of Mark Twain's life. At the table Mr. Paine happened to speak to Mr. Charles Harvey Genung of his life-long admiration of the humourist. Mr. Genung said:

"You are the man to do his biography." At first Mr. Paine did not take the suggestion seriously, replying:

"No doubt that's all been arranged for long ago."

Two days later, however, Mr. Paine was at Mr. Clemens's house at 21 Fifth Avenue, discussing biographies in general, and Mark Twain's in particular. He was there an hour, perhaps, and when he came away the arrangement was completed for beginning the work. The greater part of Mr. Paine's time during the subsequent years has been devoted to the collection and arrangement of the ma-



MARK TWAIN AND ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE AT STORMFIELD

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terial. No trouble or expense has been spared. For example, a year or two ago Mr. Paine made a long pilgrimage, following step by step the Innocents Abroad. How well he is equipped as Mark Twain's biographer is indicated by a remark made to the present writer a few days ago by a magazine editor. Said the latter: "Albert Bigelow Paine has the biggest Boswellian opportunity of modern times."

Firmin Dredd.

OF DEATH

Why should I fear that ultimate thing—
The Great Release of clown and king?

Why should I dread to take my way
Through the same shadowed path as they?

But can it be a shadowy road
Whereon both Youth and Genius strode?

Can it be dark, since Shakespeare trod
Its unknown length, to meet our God;

Since Shelley, with his valiant youth,
Fared forth to learn the final Truth;

Since Milton in his blindness went
With wisdom and a high content;

And Angelo lit with white flame
The pathway when God called his name;

And Dante, seeking Beatrice,
Marched fearless down the deep abyss?

Where Homer went, and Socrates,
Browning and Keats, and such as these,

Lincoln, and Sappho with her song
That echoes still for the vast throng;

Nero and strong Napoleon,
And calm, courageous Washington;

Great Alexander, Plutarch—names
That swept the world with deathless flames—

I need not fear that I shall fall
When the Lord God's great Voice shall call;

For I shall find the roadway bright
When I go forth some quiet night;

Bright with their stars' reflected glow,
Brighter, since Christ too dared to go!

Charles Hanson Towne.

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MARK TWAIN—AN APPRECIATION

HEN it is a matter not of chance but of choice, it is interesting to note what book a great writer turns to in his last hours—what Eminence of that vast company to which he belongs he, about to die, salutes.

Tennyson breathed his last with Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* in his hand, open at the place of that spritely dirge beginning with the stanza:

> Fear not thou the heat o' the sun,
> Nor the furious winter's rages;
> Thou thy worldly task hast done,
> Homer hast gone and ta'en thy wages.
> Golden lads and girls all must,
> As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

It was this, we feel sure, rather than the drama itself, which especially engaged his dying eyes—this lyric, with its strangely playful solemnity and with a touch of quaintness that he, the Master of lyrics, had somehow missed and therefore wistfully regarded, accepting its novel illumination of his final vision. The lighter play of fancy commends itself to the old in their waning days, however seriously they may have taken themselves at their full strength; it gives vivacity and grace, even gaiety, to the lengthening shadows. Isaac, the name Sara gave the child of her barren years, means laughter.

Now Mark Twain, for forty years, personally and in letters, the chief provoker of the world's laughter, when he was about to die, turned to Carlyle's *French Revolution,* not by way of reaction, but straightforwardly following the course of a passion that had ruled his life. He loved to regard men and women in the open, in action prompted by strong impulses. The characters which most strongly appealed to him were developed in this large atmosphere, and Carlyle was a master in the portrayal of such characters—the inside as well as the outside of them. Doubtless, too, Mark admired the master's vivid and picturesque description and narration as well as the complexity of expression which was so foreign to his own.

But my object in alluding to the books selected by authors for reading in their last hours is to call attention to another instance which seems very significant. All my mature readers will easily recall the stories written for boys and girls by Juliana Horatio Ewing, some thirty years ago, showing a rarely delicate sense of humour and pathos. This author, in the face of death, turned to Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* for delight and satisfaction. That is enough, it seems to me, to define Mark Twain's place in our modern humanism. The spiritual kinship which determined this selection is an infallible test, in the case of such a woman and at such a time, as to a certain essential quality in this man's work that is of everlasting value. *Huckleberry Finn* appealed to Mrs. Ewing's sensibility as *Tom Sawyer* and *Life on the Mississippi* would have done, because it was a creative illumination of frank, genuine, red-blooded boyhood. It was a quality as native as Nature, spontaneous, expansive, with Nature's excesses; but it was humanly embodied, mightily self-conscious, imperatively demanding attention, after the haughty manner of buoyant youth. We are reminded of Rabelais's Gargantua entering Paris for his university course, on a mare as big as six elephants, the whisking of whose tail laid low a whole forest.

The effectiveness of this quality of Mark Twain's imagination does not always depend upon external grandeurs and striking surprises. He wrote out of a living experience—that of a boyhood nourished in open spaces and stimulated by rough adventure, and of a manhood which, in all its contacts and world-wide wanderings, kept alive that boyhood. But he had also mental adventure, not subtly or complexly, yet widely, speculative.

There was the same directness and openness here as in his regard of external things. He relished the autobiographies of men who, like Benvenuto Cellini and Montaigne, frankly and boldly disclosed their most intimate dispositions and tempers, and he undertook one himself on so expansive a scheme that it

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could never have been completed, since the longer he lived the less were the chances of any conclusion of the ever-widening vista.

The art which premeditatively determines the scope of its venture so that one sees at every step the curvature of its rounding up—in a word the literary art—was foreign to Mark Twain's nature. Some stories are self-limited and wind up themselves. Mark sometimes told such stories, but generally we note no conscious organisation of the material he has in hand, no literary method. Whatever art of expression was developed in his maturer work was an art which Nature made, not the result of syntactic discipline. In his *Joan of Arc*—the ripest fruit of his genius—the historic sequence gave him a constructive plan not apparent in work of his that was wholly inventive. He could not have written a play depending wholly upon invention, meeting the requirements of the art, to save his life, but he would have contributed to one made by an expert playwright out of his material just those features which would be indispensable to a great popular success.

He always wanted room—the whole open sky—for his action. The requirements of literary and of the specially dramatic art, as generally understood, because of the concentration demanded, imposed a constraint he could not tolerate. But he was master of the eccentric drama, with limitless expansion and projection.

In his early career he drove hard and with Icarian boldness. So gigantic were some of his practical journalistic jokes when he was connected with the Virginia City *Enterprise* that he fled temporarily from the scene of his exploits to escape their reaction upon himself. There was much in his *Innocents Abroad* which appealed to only a crude taste; but the book promised richer vintages of humour, and it won for him a world-wide popularity, which stimulated him to greater earnestness in a more natural use of experiences which were real, with however much of grotesquery and extravagance he invested them. It may seem strange to use such a word as "earnestness" in connection with a humourist's writings, but it is pertinent in this case, as it would not be in the case of Charles Lamb. Mark Twain was not a humourist in the sense that Lamb was—the two were at antipodes. Mark inherited from nobody, but, if not as purposeful, he was as masterful as Rabelais, Cervantes, and Swift were. He was not learned or literary as those men, and had not their kind of conscious purpose, but there was a strain of earnestness in all his work—a Western strain. Walt Whitman got one year's big whiff of the West and it transformed him, made him vastly panoramic and megaphonic. Mark Twain, like Lincoln, was a native of the West and, like him, though in so different a vein, was gigantically in earnest. What stern stuff was in him was shown in the wreck of his personal fortunes, like that shown in Lincoln when the fortunes of the nation were at stake.

Lincoln passed away before Mark Twain became famous. He found his greatest relaxation and relief from the stress of grave responsibilities during the war in the writings of professional humourists like Artemus Ward and Petroleum Nasby. Did he miss something in not having Mark Twain's humour? For the purposes served by those other writers, possibly not. Mark, with all his drollery, might have borne down too heavily upon him at such a time, however much he might have enjoyed him at another. The two men had too much in common, in their natural mood and strain.

If in the main course of his writings—those which have had the widest appreciation—he so far retained boyhood himself, and embodied it in his characters, regardless of age or sex, for Colonel Sellers was a boy in one way and Joan of Arc in another—yet his was not a case of arrested development. He did a man's work manfully. The mature attitude toward life became apparent in his own maturity—a deepened spiritual sensibility; and a considerable proportion of his work is the outcome of this riper growth.

In his maturer work, Mark Twain showed a finer and gentler touch, grotesquery yielding to grace. This was apparent in his personality as well as in his work. Misfortune, though repaired, did its work in him.

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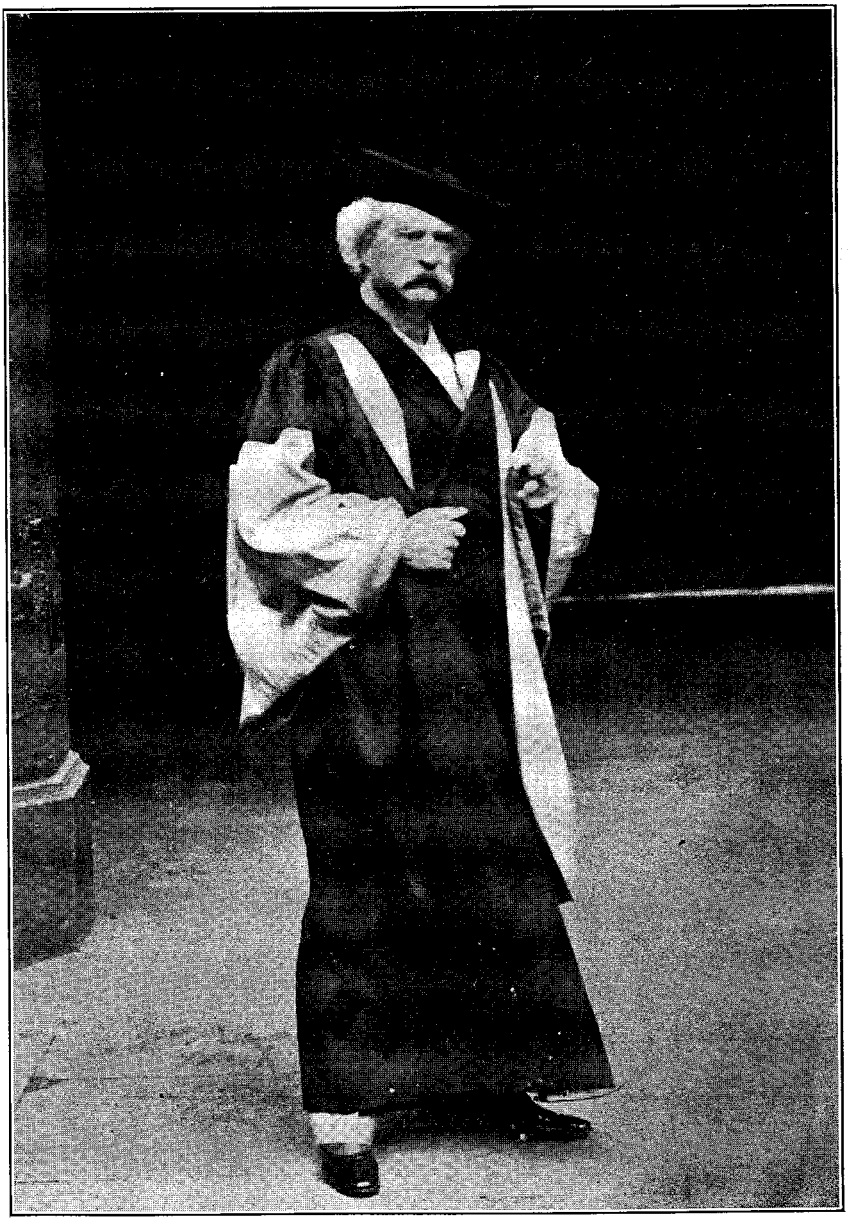

MARK TWAIN AT OXFORD

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His griefs, which were irreparable, subdued his spirit. His loneliness after the death of his wife was inconsolable, but the absent sweetness dwelt in his nature to the end. What the loneliness meant for him I could see, on a well-remembered occasion, when, at a luncheon given to a friend and his wife on their departure for Europe, Mark "toasted" them, expressing the hope that if either should be drowned in shipwreck that fate might be shared by the other!

It is not likely that the future estimate of Mark Twain's work will very greatly differ from that put upon it now by his most thoughtful readers; but we hope that those of his books most prized by this class of readers, the products of his maturer genius—I do not thereby mean his latest, but those in which his earnestness counts most for human meaning and value—may come to have their just place in the general popular esteem.

Henry M. Alden.

MARK TWAIN IN SAN FRANCISCO

IF Mark Twain had not been forced to leave Virginia City, Nevada, "between two days," as they say out there, and had not fled to California, he might have lived and died an obscure newspaper man. It was in the ambition-inspiring atmosphere of San Francisco, the heady air that has stimulated so many young writers, that lifted Samuel L. Clemens out of himself and gave him visions of literary greatness. Previous to his advent in San Francisco young Clemens was lounging about the office of the Virginia City *Enterprise,* of which he pretended to be local editor, and before that he was loafing about the Nevada mines. Once he had an opportunity to make a "strike" and become a rich man, but he let the chance slip through his unthrifty fingers by failing to register his claim.

Joseph T. Goodman, managing editor and proprietor of the *Enterprise,* used to receive through the mails from Aurora an occasional item of news signed "S. L. Clemens." There was generally a smile or two in these items and sometimes a laugh. As nothing went with the miners so well as humour, Mr. Goodman wrote to this unknown nobody of a writer, offering him a small salary to come over to Virginia City and work on his paper as a reporter. Clemens came. At the first sight of the lanky, awkward young man, Goodman repented of his bargain. The new reporter was the picture of indolence, and when he spoke he expressed himself in an intolerable drawl that made the busy editor wonder whether he was ever going to finish his sentence. But Goodman set him to work.

Young Clemens looked askance at the manifold duties outlined for him. When sent out to write up a big murder story he turned in a ten-line account of the tragic affair and then calmly sat down in a corner, put his feet upon the desk, closed his eyes, and began to evolve a funny sketch. Now while the editor valued humour in its own place and proportion, this kind of thing exasperated him. But by and by Clemens came to have things pretty much his own way in the office, for his quaint little sketches found high favour among the readers of the paper.

A lively session of the Legislature was promised, and so off to Carson the funny man was sent. There he made such sport of the sedate law-makers that it was a rare morning when one or more of them did not rise to a question of privilege and denounce the *Enterprise* and its correspondent. Incidentally this advertising swelled the receipts of the newspaper. To a weekly letter bristling with personalities and summing up all the shortcomings of the legislators for the previous six days, the audacious lampooner signed the name of "Mark Twain" for the first

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time. But the pseudonym did not hide his identity. The victims of his pointed pen recognised his language at a glance and they were constantly clamouring against the "mendacious correspondent."

Clemens prodded everybody with that pen of his. One Laird, whilom editor of the Virginia *Union,* he jabbed so fiercely that the incensed victim challenged him to a duel. Clemens chose pistols, though he could not have hit the broad side of a barn, so poor a marksman was he. While he was practising at a target, which he missed every time, a friend of Laird's happened along near the sandy hollow where the amateur duellist and his second were standing. At that moment a shot rang out and a bird fell to the feet of Laird's friend, two hundred feet away. Clemens's second had shot the bird, but the intruder, not observing this, went back to Laird, told what he had seen and attributed the wonderful shot to the editor's antagonist. Forthwith an apology was sent to Clemens. But under a new law, making it a grave offence to send or accept a challenge to fight a duel, warrants were issued for both principals in the affair. They left town very suddenly, Clemens taking the trail over the Sierras into California and going to San Francisco.

William E. Barnes, then managing editor of the *Morning Call,* of which I was afterward city editor, once told me how the slim, awkward, hawk-eyed, tousle-haired Twain appeared one day in his office and asked to be given a trial as a reporter, his first attempt at newspaper work in San Francisco. The refugee from Nevada justice told a hard-luck story about being out of money and out of work in a strange city. Mr. Barnes lent him five dollars, gave him a few assignments and after a while installed him as city editor. But the routine of the local room was too irksome for this restless spirit. Hearing of fortunes that were being made in pocket mining in Calaveras County, he left the *Call* office and went up there to try his luck. For about three months he "prospected" for gold, but found none. Penniless and discouraged he returned to San Francisco, where he wrote little sketches for the *Golden Era* and the newspapers.

But always he remembered his old Nevada friend "Joe" Goodman of the *Enterprise,* and sometimes he sent him little skits on the people and things he saw during his wanderings. He met Goodman occasionally in after years in California and elsewhere, and for forty years personal letters were exchanged by them. It was to this same Goodman that the humourist wrote not long before his death: "I want to see you before we get too old to swear at each other."

Among other sketches written soon after his return to San Francisco from the mines was "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras," which had wide acceptance among Californians at the time and was afterward copied in many of the Eastern papers. *The Jumping Frog of Calaveras* was the title of a little volume of sketches sent out by a San Francisco publisher not long afterward, and this was Mark Twain's first book.

The humourist was hailed in Bohemian circles in San Francisco as a man who could write funny things in a decidedly original way. The town laughed over his stories. It mattered not that Sam Seabough, who edited a San Joaquin County paper, declared that Mark Twain had stolen the "Jumping Frog" from him. Mark's was a funnier frog, and his readers didn't care whether he had stolen it or not.

Naturally he fell in with Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard and other young men who were writing things for the *Golden Era,* and for the newspapers. Many a night they made of it at old-time Bohemian cafés. Of money Mark Twain made but little in those days, as the prices paid to writers were small, but of friends he made many, and these afterward meant gold to him. He was sent down to Hawaii by the editor of the Sacramento *Union* to write some solid stuff about the sugar plantations. From Honolulu he sent the *Union* the account of the burning of the *Hornet,* a clipper ship of the old Cape Horn Line, which piece of news, gleaned from the survivors of the lost vessel, turned out to be a big scoop. This occasion was really the only one on which Mark Twain distinguished himself as a newsgatherer, and some of the old-timers

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in California are still wondering how he did it.

After staying six months in the South Seas he returned to San Francisco. He prepared a lecture, giving a most extravagant account of what he had seen among the islands. When Bret Harte and some others of his friends were told of his platform intention, they agreed to go in a body to the old Mechanics' Hall, where Twain was to deliver himself, and form a big claque that would insure the success of the affair. Mark wrote his own handbills, which set the town agog with anticipation. One particularly inviting phrase printed at the bottom of the announcement was that "The Trouble Will Begin at 8 P. M."

The hall was crowded and the claque was uproarious when Clemens appeared upon the platform. The lecture was delivered with manifest effort, in a slow, deliberate drawling manner, and the lecturer paid no heed whatever to the inconsiderate demands of "Faster, faster! We can't stay here all night!" and other urgent calls. Although Harte tried to steer the claquers, they insisted upon applauding and laughing in the wrong places, which may or may not have been intended as a joke on Twain. But at last the audience, which began to "catch on" to the unique style of the man and to appreciate his quaintly whimsical utterances, overwhelmed the claque and had things its own way. An old-timer who attended the lecture says of the effect of Twain upon his first audience: "His slow drawl, the anxious and perturbed expression of his visage, the apparently painful effort with which he framed his sentences and above all the surprise that spread over his face when the audience roared with delight or rapturously applauded the finer passages were unlike anything of the kind they had ever known. The lecture was a great success."

In the winter of 1866 Twain went to work on the *Alta California,* a daily paper of which Noah Brooks was then managing editor. In the spring of the following year he received a circular describing a proposed excursion voyage from New York to Genoa and other ports on the Mediterranean. The promoters announced that "the very beautiful and substantial side-wheel steamer *Quaker City* has been chartered for the occasion," and they set forth the pleasures of the tour in such alluring language that it fired the imagination of the young newspaper man. But the fare for the round-trip was $1250 and he had no money. So he did something unheard of up to that time in San Francisco newspaper offices. He went to Editor Brooks, showed him the circular and said:

"If you will pay my expenses I will make this voyage and send you letters from the various ports along the way."

Mr. Brooks shook his head.

"Oh, we can't afford to do that, Mr. Clemens," he replied. "We should like the letters, but they would cost too much."

Twain went to the proprietors of the paper and they shook their heads too.

"Think of it!" said one of them. "Why, there's the fare across the continent, the hotel bills, the passage money on the steamer, and all. It's impossible."

"But, gentlemen," persisted Twain, "the plan is very simple. All you've got to do is to stay at home and pay the expenses. I do all the travelling."

The proprietors admitted this point, but they remained unconvinced as to the expediency of the project. At last John McComb, an editorial writer on the paper, got into the argument. He was a friend of Clemens and he thought the proposed trip would be a great enterprise for the paper. He made a strong plea on behalf of the young writer, and so, with many misgivings as to the outcome, the *Alta* folk submitted and Clemens started on his long journey, sailing from New York on June 8th of that year.

It was a long time before he was heard of again, but just as the *Alta* folk were giving him up they received a letter written by the humourist en route and mailed at the Azores. Then from Tangiers, from Marseilles, from Genoa, from Venice, from Florence, the letters came flooding in. In all there were over 100,000 words of the story of Twain's travels. Editor Brooks laughed when he read of the Italian guide's discomfiture over Twain's lack of knowledge of what "the great Cristoforo Colombo" had done

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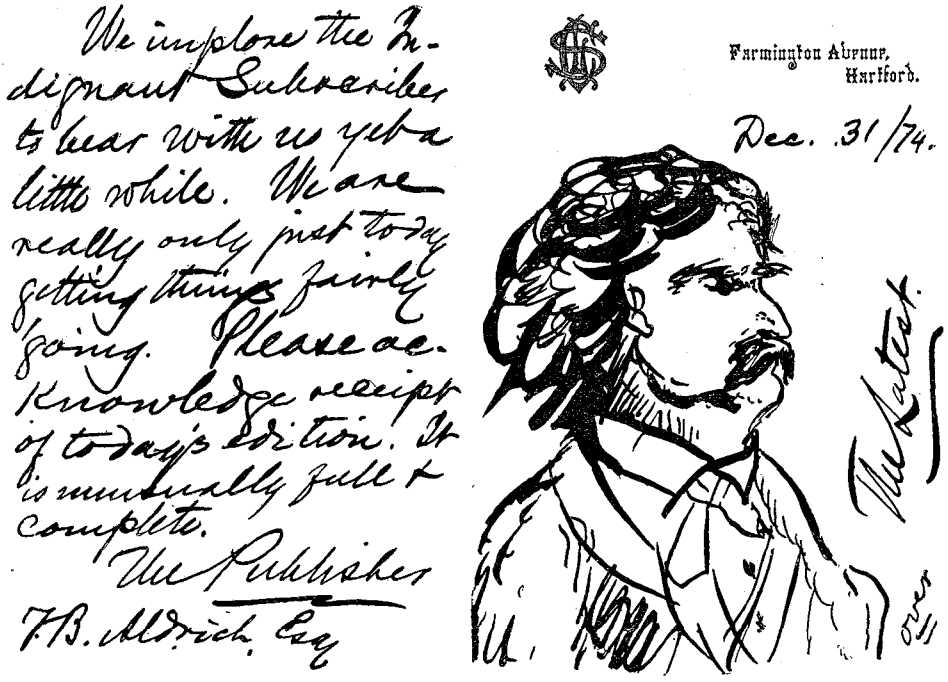

MARK TWAIN IN 1874. DRAWN BY HIMSELF

for the world, and he laughed again when he came to the description of "the tomb of Adam."

"I read them all through," said the editor, "and liked them. There was a big pigeonhole full of them, and I used to take a letter out each week, and prepare it for publication in the Sunday edition."

These letters, the first pretentious literary effort of Mark Twain, cost the *Alta* about two cents a word, and yet the proprietors were never weary of talking of the "tremendous outlay." Twain's correspondence helped the circulation of the paper considerably, but not to the extent that its managers had hoped. So they thought to make further profit by publishing the letters in a cheap, paper-covered edition. While they were preparing the book for the press they learned that Twain had arranged with an Eastern publisher for the bringing out of the letters in a volume to be called *The Innocents Abroad.* They sent such a fierce telegraphic protest to the author, who was then in the East, that he hurried back to San Francisco to plead his rights in the matter. The *Alta* men declared that under the terms of the original agreement they had purchased the manuscript outright and that no one could publish it without their permission, which they would certainly withhold.

Clemens consulted a lawyer and found that as nothing was said about book publication when the agreement was made and that as the letters were not copyrighted, he was at perfect liberty to publish them. When this phase of the argument was presented to the *Alta* folk they were reluctantly persuaded to let the author have his book, and it was soon afterward published. By the end of its first year nearly one hundred thousand copies of *The Innocents Abroad* were sold. Of these many thousands were bought on the Coast, the old miners who had been following Twain in the papers and who had laughed themselves hoarse over the "Jumping Frog," all wanted copies of the new book, and they helped its sale wonderfully.

Meanwhile Bret Harte had begun his *Overland Monthly* and had hired Mark Twain to write for him. Twain's con-

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tributions were counted upon as a great card, but lo, when the first article came, a little sketch called "By Rail Through France," it was as flat as a matzo. Harte was so disappointed with it that he would have thrown it into the waste-basket but for the gentle objection of his assistant, who reminded him that people would be glad to read anything signed by Mark Twain.

"But there isn't a gleam of humour in it," objected Harte.

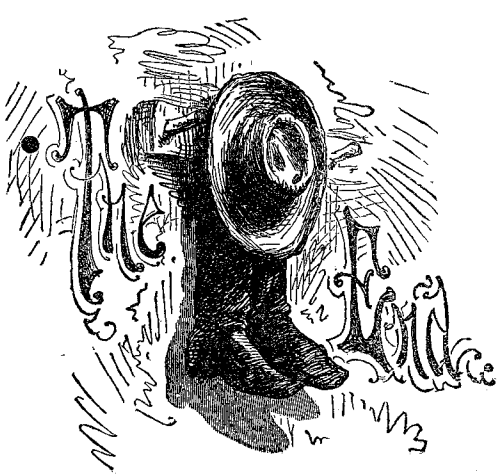
"Well, why not print it as serious stuff then?" suggested the assistant.

So it was printed. But Harte was right. The public did not care for the article nor for any of the next three or four that followed. They were all serious in tone, and to the *Overland* readers Mark Twain serious was not Mark Twain at all. At last Harte received from the humourist a quaintly written sketch called "A Mediæval Romance," which he liked immensely, declaring that it suggested elements of greatness. That he was altogether right in this appraisement was afterward shown by the success of *A Yankee at King Arthur's Court,* a book that had its genesis in the *Overland* article.

By this time San Francisco had seen the last of Mark Twain as a common frequenter of its thoroughfares and as a resident writer. The wide acceptance of *The Innocents Abroad* and of *Roughing It,* which soon followed, made him seek the larger life of the East, where he was to live, lecture and write for the rest of his days. But I maintain that it was to San Francisco more than to any other place in which he lived that he owed his success. In the essentially romantic atmosphere of that unique city, surrounded by men of literary taste who encouraged him to higher and still higher effort, he made his real literary beginning. For what he wrote in Nevada, though clever enough in its way, did not lift him above the ruck of reportorial humourists, and indeed far more humorous work has been done in the Nevada towns by such newspaper men as Sam Davis, Arthur McEwen and others.

To be sure, genius was innate in Mark Twain, and genius is hard to stifle. But suppose he had remained in Virginia City, and his hopes of a larger literary life, if he had any during his stay there, had faded with the fortunes of the town. His name by this time, probably, would be as inconsequent and as negligible as those of the old abandoned mines about which the sage brush flutters and the gray coyotes prowl.

Bailey Millard.



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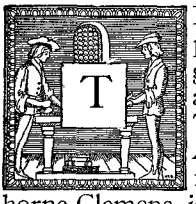
"POET LARIAT."

BEST SELLERS OF YESTERDAY

II—Mark Twain's "The Innocents Abroad"



THERE has long been prevalent a curious and generally accepted story about the origin of Mark Twain's *The Innocents Abroad*. It is to the effect that Samuel Langhorne Clemens, in Elmira, was very much in love with the lady who afterward became his wife, but lacked the money to enable him to marry with any degree of security and self-respect. One day an advertisement of the great Mediterranean excursion in the steamship *Quaker City* caught his eye. "If I could find the money to take that trip," he remarked, "I could write a book about it that would bring me in enough to settle down in comfort." The words were overheard by the father of the young lady of his affections, who in a fine sporting spirit promptly offered to back the young writer in the venture that gave Mark Twain his first real foothold on the ladder of fame. As a matter of fact, while *The Innocents Abroad* was linked with Samuel Clemens's romance, it was in a different way. When he returned from the trip in August, 1868, with the manuscript of the book he made his quarters in Elmira for an especial reason. On the *Quaker City* he had met a young man by the name of Charles Langdon, and one day in the bay of Smyrna had seen a miniature of the boy's sister, Olivia Langdon, then a girl of twenty-two. With that picture he fell in love; an affection that was quickly transferred to the original when he met her in New York. The home of the Langdons was in Elmira, and he frequently visited there. When he received from the printers the proof sheets of *The Innocents Abroad* he took them with him, and he and Olivia Langdon read them together. The book appeared in July, 1869, and on his wedding day, February 2, 1870, Clemens received from his publishers a cheque for more than four thousand dollars, which represented the royalties of the three preceding months. The father-in-law story is by far the prettier one, but in reality *The Innocents Abroad* is owed to the proprietors of the *Alta-California,* who were persuaded to advance the money for Mark Twain's passage on the *Quaker City* on the understanding that he was to contribute frequent letters to the paper.

The Innocents Abroad might be defind as a guide-book written with a drawl. It was the story of an ocean picnic such as had never been planned before, and which from its novelty excited huge interest throughout the country. In the America of 1867 to have crossed the Atlantic made one something of a personage, and the *grand tour,* in all it implied, was almost an unheard-of event. The very unfamiliarity of the subject

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"FIVE MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS."—AMERICA.

gave the writer an immense free play—an advantage of which Mark Twain made the most. No matter how graphic and vivid the description it is the episode of sheer invention—the what might have happened—that retains its hold on the reader's memory. For example, the *Quaker City,* sailing away from New York harbour, makes its first stop at the island of Fayal in the Azores. The appearance of the Portuguese boatmen, the dresses of the women, the snow-white houses nestling in a sea of green vegetation—all are put down faithfully and conscientiously. But of vastly more importance is his discovery of the Portuguese *reis* (it takes one thousand reis to make a dollar, and all financial estimates are made in reis) and the possibilities of the discovery. Over it Mark Twain's whimsical imagination runs riot. He invents a dinner of ten on shore—good wine, good cigars, passable anecdotes, and then the obsequious landlord presenting his bill. "Ten dinners at 600 reis, twenty-five cigars at 100 reis, eleven bottles of wine at 1,200 reis; *total twenty-one thousand seven hundred reis.* Of course, to the innocent travellers this seemed like ruin and desolation, the most gigantic swindle of all the ages. Of course, it meant to them alarm, discouragement, indignation and a final resolve to die in the last ditch, until the bill, translated into American currency, assumed the mildest and most benevolent proportions. Pure fiction from beginning to end, it was entirely legitimate.

"THIRTY MINUTES FOR DINNER!"—FRANCE.

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ST. MARK, BY THE OLD MASTERS.

ST MATTHEW, BY THE OLD MASTERS.

ST. JEROME, BY THE OLD MASTERS.

It was one of the things that might have happened.

Far more extravagant is his alleged discovery in Rome among the rubbish of the ruined Coliseum, of the only playbill of that establishment now extant. There was, he tells us, a suggestive smell of mint drops about it still, a corner of it had evidently been chewed, and on the margin, in choice Latin, these words were written in a delicate female hand: "Meet me at the Tarplian Rock to-morrow evening, dear, at sharp seven. Mother will be absent on a visit to her friends in the Sabine Hills. Claudia." The playbill that follows is riotous of the West. It suggests the close mental kinship of Mark Twain and Eugene Field.

ROMAN COLISEUM

UNPARALLELED ATTRACTION!

NEW PROPERTIES! NEW LIONS! NEW GLADIATORS!

Engagement of the renowned

MARCUS MARCELLUS VALERIAN!

FOR SIX NIGHTS ONLY!

The management beg leave to offer to the public an entertainment surpassing in magnificence anything that has heretofore been attempted on any stage. No expense has been spared to make the opening season one which shall be worthy the generous patronage which the management feel sure will crown their efforts. The management beg leave to state that they have succeeded in securing the services of a

GALAXY OF TALENT!

such as has not been beheld in Rome before.

The performance will commence this evening with a

GRAND BROADSWORD COMBAT!

between two young and promising amateurs and a celebrated Parthian gladiator who has just arrived a prisoner from the Camp of Verus.

This will be followed by a grand moral

BATTLE-AX ENGAGEMENT!

between the renowned Valerian (with one hand tied behind him) and two gigantic savages from Britain.

After which the renowned Valerian (if he survive) will fight with the broadsword,

LEFT HANDED!

against six Sophomores and a Freshman from the Gladiatorial College!

A long series of brilliant engagements will follow, in which the finest talent of the Empire will take part.

After which the celebrated Infant Prodigy known as

"THE YOUNG ACHILLES"

will engage four tiger whelps in combat, armed with no other weapon than his little spear!

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The whole to conclude with a chaste and elegant

GENERAL SLAUGHTER!

In which thirteen African Lions and twenty-two Barbarian Prisoners will war with each other until all are exterminated.

BOX OFFICE NOW OPEN

Dress Circle One Dollar; Children and Servants half price.

An efficient police force will be on hand to preserve order and keep the wild beasts from leaping the railings and discommoding the audience.

Doors open at 7: performance begins at 8.

POSITIVELY NO FREE LIST.

Diodorus Job Press.

But when Mark Twain had a mind to be serious there are apparent keen observation, clear perception and a remarkable freshness of the point of view. He is in the Holy Land and is impressed by its smallness. "One of the most astonishing things that have yet fallen under our observation," he writes, "is the exceedingly small portion of the earth from which sprang the now flourishing plant of Christianity. The longest journey of our Saviour was from Capernaum to Jerusalem—about one hundred to one hundred and twenty miles. The next longest was from Capernaum to Sidon—about sixty or seventy miles. Instead of being wide apart—as American appreciation of distances would naturally suggest—the places are nearly all in full view and within cannon shot of Capernaum. Leaving out two or three short journeys of the Saviour, He spent His life, preached His gospels, and performed His miracles within a compass no larger than an ordinary county in the United States."

Or take Mark Twain's vivid contrast of the third Napoleon and Abdul-Aziz, the Turkish Sultan who was then visiting Paris. The scene was the Arc de l'Etoile, where the two sovereigns were to review twenty-five thousand troops. The writer describes the distant music, the flying colours, the long line of artillery, the splendidly uniformed cavalry, the cheering thousands of spectators.

But the two central figures claimed all my attention. Was ever such a contrast set up before a multitude till then? Napoleon, in military uniform—a long-bodied, short-legged man, fiercely moustached, old, wrinkled, with eyes half closed, and *such* a deep, crafty, scheming expression about them!—Napoleon, bowing ever so gently to the loud plaudits, and watching everything and everybody with his cat-eyes from under his depressed hat-brim, as if to discover any sign that those cheers were not heartfelt and cordial.

Abdul Aziz, absolute lord of the Ottoman Empire—clad in dark green European clothes, almost without ornament or insignia of rank; a red Turkish fez on his head—a short, stout, dark man, black-bearded, black-eyed, stupid, unprepossessing—a man whose whole appearance somehow suggested that if he only had

ABDUL AZIZ.

NAPOLEON III.

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THE ORACLE.

a cleaver in his hand and a white apron on, one would not be at all surprised to hear him say: "A mutton-roast to-day, or will you have a nice porterhouse steak?"

Napoleon III., the representative of the highest modern civilisation, progress and refinement; Abdul-Aziz, the representative of a people by nature and training filthy, brutish, ignorant, unprogressive, superstitious—and a government whose Three Graces are Tyranny, Rapacity, Blood. Here in brilliant Paris, under this majestic Arch of Triumph, the First Century greets the Nineteenth!

Frankly designed for the rough, boisterous sense of humour of the mining camps of California is Mark Twain's description of the Genoa guide who showed him the letter supposed to have been written by Christopher Columbus. Very few passages of *The Innocents Abroad* have been so widely quoted and yet, to the mind of the present writer it shows Mark Twain at his very worst.

The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans so much wonder and deal so much in sentiment and emotion before any relic of Columbus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He was full of animation. He said:

"Come wis me, genteelmen!—come! I show you ze letter writing by Christopher Colombo—write it himself!—write it wis his own hand!—come!"

He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressive fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide's eyes sparkled. He danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger:

"What I tell you, genteelmen. Is it not so? See! handwriting Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!"

We looked indifferent—unconcerned. The doctor examined the document very deliberately during a painful pause. Then he said, without any show of interest:

"Ah—Ferguson—what—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?"

"Christopher Colombo; ze great Christopher Colombo!"

Another deliberate examination.

"Ah—did he write it himself, or—or how?"

"He write it himself! Christopher Colombo! he's own handwriting, write by himself!"

Then the doctor laid the document down and said:

"Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that."

"But zis is ze great Christo——"

"I don't care who it is! It's the worst writing I ever saw. Now you mustn't think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are not fools, by a good deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out!—and if you haven't, drive on!"

We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he made one more venture. He said:

"Ah, genteelmen, you come wis me! I show you beautiful, oh, magnificent bust Christopher Colombo!—splendid, grand, magnificent!"

He brought us before the beautiful bust—for it was beautiful—and sprang back and struck an attitude.

"Ah, look, genteelmen!—beautiful, grand—bust Christopher Colombo!—beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!"

The doctor put up his eyeglass—procured for such occasions:

"Ah—what did you say this gentleman's name was?"

"Christopher Colombo—the great Christopher Colombo."

"Well, what did he do?"

"Discover America!—discover America! Oh, ze devil!"

"Discover America. No—that statement will hardly wash. We are just from America ourselves. We heard nothing about it. Christopher Colombo—pleasant name—is—is he dead?"

"Oh, corpo di Baccho!—three hundred year!"

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"What did he die of?"

"I do not know!—I cannot tell."

"Smallpox, think?"

"I do not know, genteelmen!—I do not know what he die of!"

"Measles, likely?"

"May be—may be—I do not know—I think he die of somethings."

"Parents living?"

"Im-posseeble!"

"Ah—which is the bust and which is the pedestal?"

"Santa Maria!—zis ze bust!—zis ze pedestal!"

"Ah, I see, I see—happy combination—very happy combination, indeed. Is—is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?"

That joke was lost on the foreigner—guides cannot master the subtleties of the American joke.

It was forty years ago last winter that the first edition of *The Innocents Abroad* came from the press, and since then there has never been a year in which it was not a vital book. The sales soon amounted to fifty thousand copies, and had increased to nearly one hundred thousand at the end of three years. To-day it is finding more readers than any other individual book in its field. *The Innocents Abroad* is a "Best Seller of Yesterday" in name only. In reality it is a "best Seller of To-day."

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

MARK TWAIN IN CLUBLAND

FOR several months "Mark," as his intimates were allowed to call him, lived at The Players in one of the two best rooms which had been occupied at the opening of the club by Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett, and I, then the managing editor of *The North American Review,* went there one morning to ask him whether he would write an article for us on the origin of the most famous of his stories, *The Celebrated Jumping Frog.* We were fellow-members, and I had already known him several years.

He pointed amiably to a chair, in which I sat while he paced the floor and puffed at a slow-burning pipe, using it much as an artist uses a brush or his hand in swings and curves when he describes the tremendous things he intends to do with an almost untouched canvas. He talked more slowly than usual—I never heard him talk fast—and at intervals stopped altogether, now resting midway, then striding from wall to wall, shaking his head at what he disagreed with or nodding it in concurrence.

All the typographical dashes in the printer's case would be insufficient if I used them to indicate the long-drawn pauses between his words and sentences. Every syllable was given its full value, distinctly and sonorously. To me his voice was beautiful. It was not a laughing voice, or a light-hearted voice, but deep and earnest like that of one of the graver musical instruments, rich and solemn, and in emotion vibrant and swelling with its own passionate feeling.

"I didn't write that story as fiction," he said, after a delay, tirelessly but slowly moving his head from side to side; "I didn't write it as fiction," he repeated in the way he had of repeating everything he desired you to understand he stood by, and that there could be no mistake about, "I wrote it—."

To and fro again and a sweep of his arm. A pause in the middle of the room.

"I wrote it as—not as fiction, not as fancy, not out of imagination—I wrote it as a matter, a matter of h-i-s-t-o-r-y. I can remember now at this very minute, I can remember now, right here, just how that story happened, every incident in it."

Here there was another pause, as if the curtain had been drawn on an interlude in a play. He never under any circumstances was precipitous, or to be driven. Nobody could ever hasten him out of his

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excogitations. His face was serious, reflective and reminiscent. That was its prevalent expression. I knew him for nearly thirty years, and cannot remember hearing him laugh in all that time, even when he must have been amused and others were laughing around him—Howells, for instance, bubbling with the freshest, merriest, sincerest and most contagious laugh in the world, Howells, who, though so different in many ways, was one of the dearest and most congenial of his friends, Howells and Aldrich, both of whom he especially delighted in. A smile, an engaging, communicative, penetrative smile, which wrapped one in its own liquid and suffusing satisfaction, was his nearest approach to risibility, save perhaps a shrug or a scarcely audible chuckle.

I could see that some unexpected thing was coming, while I listened to those clear but halting sentences, which dropped from him like pebbles breaking the silence of a lonely pool. His face, that aquiline, almost accipitral face, was as grave as if life and death had been in the balance.

"Well," he drawled, "what do you suppose happened last night? Don't be in a hurry. It's no good being in a hurry."

I did not venture a guess, and he emitted a cloud from the reviving pipe as if to symbolise the impenetrability of his mystery. Again he paced the room before he explained himself.

"A fellow sitting next to me at dinner last night said to me, 'How old do you suppose that story of yours about the Jumping Frog is, Mark?' I stopped to think, quite in earnest, and I said, recalling all the circumstances, 'That story is just about forty-five years old. It happened in Calaveras County in the spring of 1840.' 'No, it isn't,' said he, 'no, it isn't. It's more than that; it's two thousand years old.' And since then that fellow has shown me a book, a Greek textbook, and there it is, there it is, my Jumping Frog, in Bœotia t-w-o t-h-o-u-s-a-n-d years ago."

Two thousand years never seemed so long to me, nor could they have sounded longer to anybody than they did in his enunciation of them, which seemed to make visible and tangible all the mystery, all the remoteness and all the awe of that chilling stretch of time. His way of uttering them and his application of them often gave the simplest words which he habitually used a pictorial vividness, a richness of suggestion, a fulness of meaning with which genius alone could endue them.

The mystery of the Bœotian was soon solved. He had been translated into the Greek text-book by Professor Henry Sidgwick, Mr. Balfour's brother-in-law, and History was restored to the pedestal on which she had tottered. I got the article I wanted, and a very good price was paid for it. Mark was not an easy contributor to manage. He knew his own value, and had no unbusiness-like indifference to the substantial recognition of it by editors and publishers. He would have his pound of flesh, and insisted on it as strongly as he insisted that no changes should be made in what he wrote, though occasionally elisions would have saved him from the criticisms of fastidious readers, especially from the criticisms of women. I believe the only critic he ever listened to with patience, and respected and obeyed, was his wife.

How mistaken were the people who not knowing him imagined that everywhere and on all occasions his attitude and point of view were those of the jester! I never knew a more earnest man than he was, or one whose aroused indignation was so overwhelming. When anger moved him you could see his lean figure contract and his eyes ominously screw themselves into their sockets. Every fibre in him quivered, and for the moment his voice became acid and sibilant and out of tune—almost a whine. Then he would let himself out in a break, like that of a dam unable to hold the flood, in language as candid and unshrinking as the vernacular of the Elizabethans. Epithet would be piled on epithet, one following another with cumulative vigour, distinctness and the disclosing and illuminative effect of explosives. And not a word missed its mark, not a word seemed superfluous or exchangeable for any other word; each fitted the use he made of it as a cartridge fits a rifle or a revolver; each told. When

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he disliked anybody or any thing, whether it was the Czar, General Funston, Leopold of Belgium, apologists for Shelley, or the Reverend Mr. Sabin, whose refusal to bury an actor led to the glory of "the little church round the corner," he would not compromise or extenuate what offended him for months or years afterwards, if at all. It took years to soften the bitterness which while fresh was implacable. Nor were his animosities petty or spiteful or unreasonable. Hypocrisy, deceit, sanctimoniousness and cruelty were among the cardinal sins for him. You might think he had forgotten particular instances of them, but he would surprise you by springing them back on your memory, in moods and circumstances to which they had no relation, in biting phrases which showed how they still rankled.

His attitude toward the ordinary foibles of humanity was parentally indulgent and benevolent. He admired women and met them with all the grace and complaisance of an ancient courtier, and he loved children and all things simple, beautiful and true. His affability exposed him to flocks of bores, and out of sheer courtesy he would endure them and hide his impatience while they flattered themselves that they were impressing him and establishing an intimacy, the legend of which should be boasted of while they lived and cherished by all their descendants when they were gone. He would smile on them and wag his head and murmur in a sort of purr acquiescence in their talk, and when he at last released himself by some ingenious strategy or through the intervention of a friend, who had been watching his unmistakable and comically pitiful signs of weariness, they would fly off to repeat what he hadn't said or jumble what he had, and thereafter ever speak of him as "Mark." It was a lesson in saintly fortitude to observe him and hear the unfathomable sigh which came out on his escape from them.

Usually there was no end to his patience, but I remember his losing it at a little dinner given at The Players, when by some mischance he was seated next to an impossible person, a guest, not a member of the club, who may be called Bounder. Bounder gave him no rest, but Clemens stood the strain for a long time without a protest, and merely swayed his head in the leisurely half-drowsy, ponderous way an elephant has. That was another little peculiarity of his. Some of us could see that his restraint could not last much longer, however, and presently he beckoned the host, much to that gentleman's bewilderment, into the anteroom.

"David," he said when he got him there, "David—do you love me, David?" His voice quavered with pathos; it was a voice that always had more pathos in it than mirth: it shook with the melancholy of trees in the wind and pleaded. As I have already intimated, it was seldom he revealed any consciousness of his own humour. "Do you love me, David?"

David was the late Mr. David Alexander Munro, a close and a dear friend of his and of all of us. "Love you? Of course I do, old boy. What's the matter?"

"Then for the love of heaven if you love me save me from Bounder, save me from Bounder, save me from Bounder!" repeated thrice like the tragic wail of a soul doomed and immured in the nethermost depths of despair.

Difficult explanations had to be made, and another than he sacrificed for the rest of the evening to the confident and voluble Mr. Bounder.

He always conveyed to me the sense of music, not lively music *con vivace,* but the slower movements like the *andante* of a symphony. There were exquisite cadences in his voice, and his gestures harmonised with them. He did not sparkle as Aldrich sparkled; he glowed. Have you seen Vesuvius when quiescent, throbbing in the dark, its ruddy fire diminishing one moment and the next burning scarlet like the end of a Gargantuan cigar? In that one could find by a stretch of fancy a resemblance to his passages from coolness to heat. He was more like a frigate than a torpedo boat, and he deliberated before he touched his guns.

He confessed to me once that at gatherings when speech-making was expected, he preferred to do his part after

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others had done theirs, for what was said before made opportunities for him later on. An instance of this occurred at a breakfast in London given during his last visit to England. Augustine Birrell, the Irish Secretary, preceded him, and referring to the demands made on him in what is probably the most irritating and laborious of all parliamentary offices, declared, "I am sure I don't know how I got here."

That gave Clemens the chance he had waited for, and he lost no time in making the most of it. No other American who ever visited London received half the applause bestowed on him, not Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Holmes, General Grant or even Mr. Choate.

"Mr. Birrell," he began very slowly and with a more expansive smile than usual, "Mr. Birrell has just said he doesn't know how he got here." Then he bent over the Irish Secretary, and looked into his wine glasses. "Doesn't know how he got here"—very significantly. Mr. Birrell was puzzled behind his spectacles, and everybody was on the *qui vive* just as the speaker liked to have them; it was a part of his game.

"Well, he hasn't—had—anything—," a prolonged pause. "Anything—more—to—drink—since he came, and we'll at least see that he gets home all right."

The inflection breathed encouragement; it said by implication what many more words could not have said better, that Mr. Birrell was in the hands of a self-sacrificing friend who would look out for him. It surely was not the sort of humour they were used to, but bishops in their frocks, deans, cabinet ministers and judges—they, as well as the rest of us, yielded to it in uncontrollable laughter, while the speaker demurely shook his head as if he were compassionating the frailty of humanity. Nor was this the sort of humour, accepted though it was as the essence of him, by which he should be measured. Sunshine in water is not a gauge of its depths. Only those who knew him well discovered his profundity, and how impassioned and militant (a little quixotic, too) he could be in good causes.

William H. Rideing.

MARK TWAIN A CENTURY HENCE

ABOUT twenty-five years ago, Mr. C. H. Pearson, the Minister of Education in the Australian colony of Victoria, wrote a very suggestive paper on the Roman satirist Juvenal. It seemed to him that of all ancient authors, Juvenal is the most distinctly modern. His pictures are like those of Hogarth; he has been often imitated by modern writers, such as Boileau and Samuel Johnson. The notes of a modern style which belong to Juvenal are straightforwardness, the love of sharp contrasts, and the trick of disguising moral earnestness in irreligious language. Mr. Pearson makes a definite comparison. He says:

It is, however, in the exaggerations of his style and its apparent profanities that Juvenal is more English than Italian and more American than English. . . . American wit abounds in sharp contrasts, as, for instance, when Mr. James Russell Lowell declares that if he happens to see a slaughterer on his way home from his day's work, "forthwith my imagination puts a cocked hat upon his head and epaulets upon his shoulders and sets him up as a candidate for the Presidency." So again with Juvenal's suggestion that there may once have been chastity in the world but that it was before Jupiter got his beard. What is this but a classical anticipation of

"They didn't know everything down in Judee"?

Because Juvenal had the Puritan fibre and lived in a world of his own, where morality was the only real existence, he could afford to jest with his own creed in a spirit of confident faith.

According to this Englishman, Ameri-

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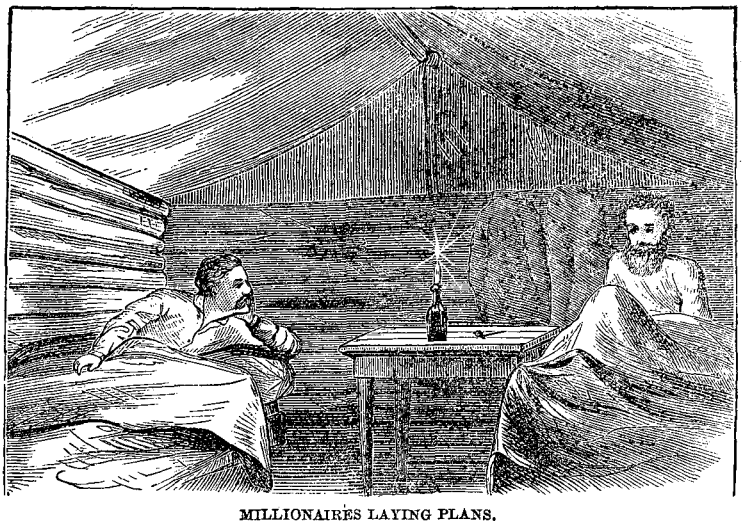
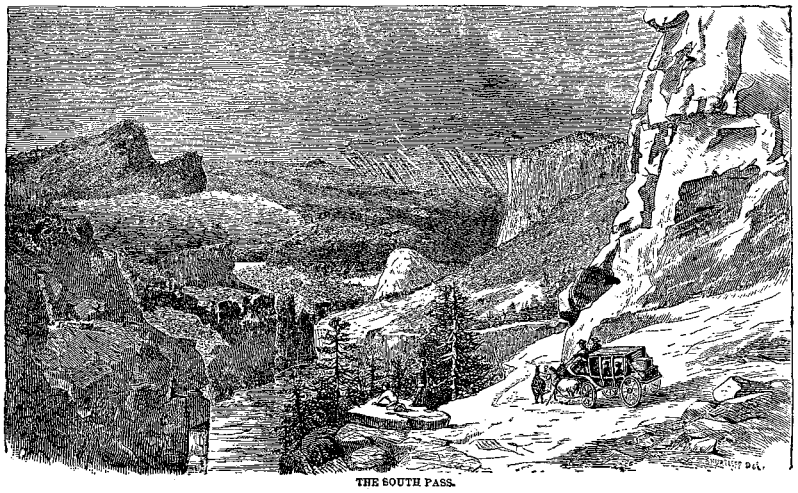


MILLIONAIRES LAYING PLANS.

From "Roughing It"

can humour goes back to Juvenal and its essence is sharp contrast and irreverence. It is odd that the pedigree should not have been traced further. It certainly leads us to Aristophanes, who was full of the irreverent and the unexpected. The Semitic Greek, Lucian, is only another instance of this same sort of humour, which was thousands of years old before America had been discovered by Columbus.

So far as Juvenal and Lucian represent it, one may rather call it wit than humour. Wit has the advantage of humour in that its manifestations are very brief. They snap like firecrackers and flash at once upon the intelligence, nor are they usually local or ephemeral. This is another reason why witty sayings live long. Humour is much more at the mercy of time and circumstance. The sense of humour in one generation is not tickled in just the same way as is the sense of humour in another generation. Humour needs ample room and verge in which to produce its best effects. It recalls the slowly broadening smile which it evokes, and which in the case of the very choicest humour is given oftener and more freely than to mere wit. After you



THE SOUTH PASS.

From "Roughing It"

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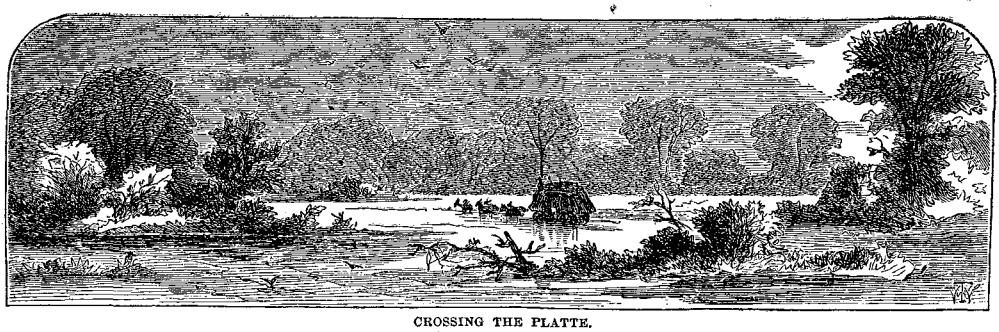


CROSSING THE PLATTE.

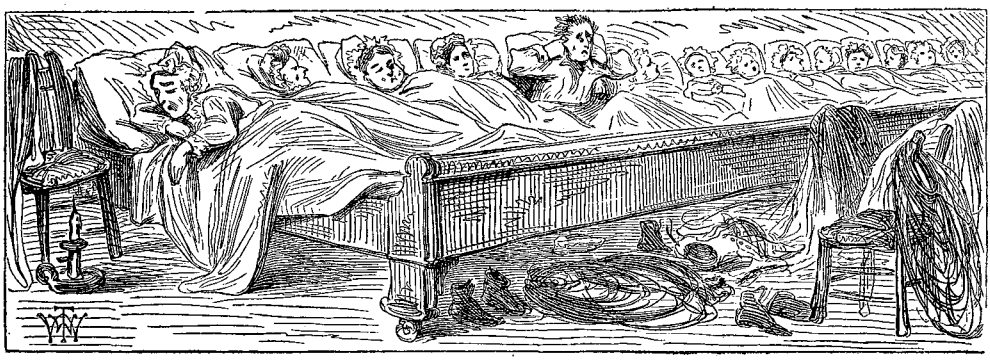
From "Roughing It"

have heard a witty saying once, it does not interest you a second time, although you can pass it on to some one else, so that it thus survives from generation to generation. But humour pleases both at the first hearing and the second and the third. It grows on you. You chuckle over it many and many a time, and if it is of the highest sort, you may say of it with Horace—

decies repetita placebit.

Indeed, Horace himself affords an admirable illustration of true humour, though he can be witty, too. It is because of his humour, however, that he is more read and quoted in this twentieth century than even in his lifetime and directly afterward. Contrast Horace, who is full of humour, with the brilliant Spaniard, Martial, who scintillates with wit. The works of both have come down in their completeness to the present day. The difference between them is not, therefore, a difference between what is read and what is not read. It lies rather in the attitude with which the world regards them. Martial has been translated into every modern tongue, and in a multitude of cases the translation is fully as witty and sparkling as the original. But admiration for his wit gives us no feeling of admiration or even of liking for the author of these epigrams. He is extremely clever, but he makes no personal appeal to us. On the contrary, while enjoying his wit either in the original or in the translation, one almost despises the writer for his sycophancy and the prostitution of his gifts in the service of indecency.

I believe that the supremacy of humour over wit lies in this very matter of the personal appeal. Just because humour is personal it touches your heart far more surely than wit, which gratifies your intellect alone. No one has ever made an adequate translation of Horace into any other language than his own. The thing is quite impossible, because there is in him such a wonderful combination of neat, effective phrasing, of geniality, of a



THE FAMILY BEDSTEAD.

From "Roughing It"

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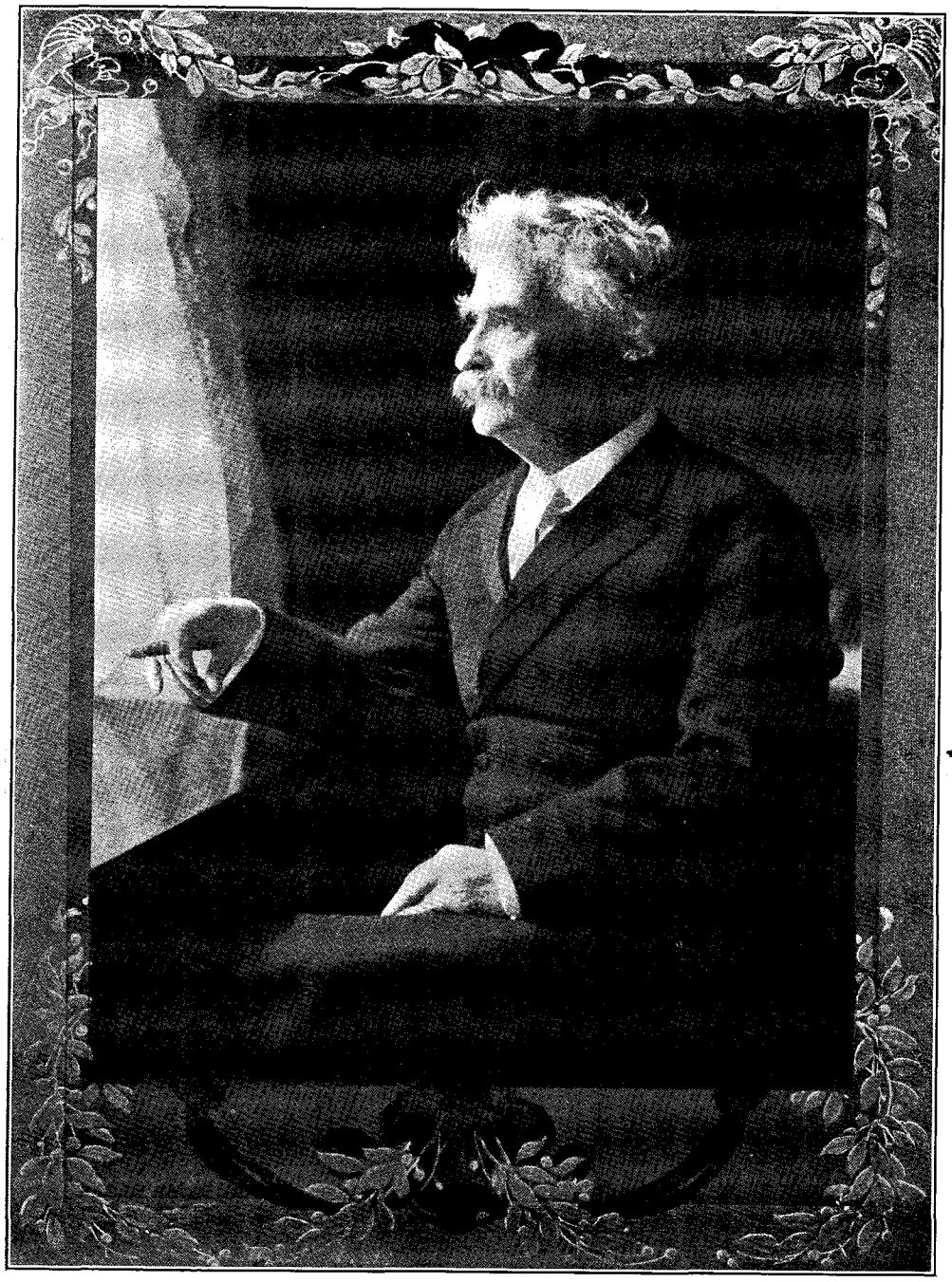

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS

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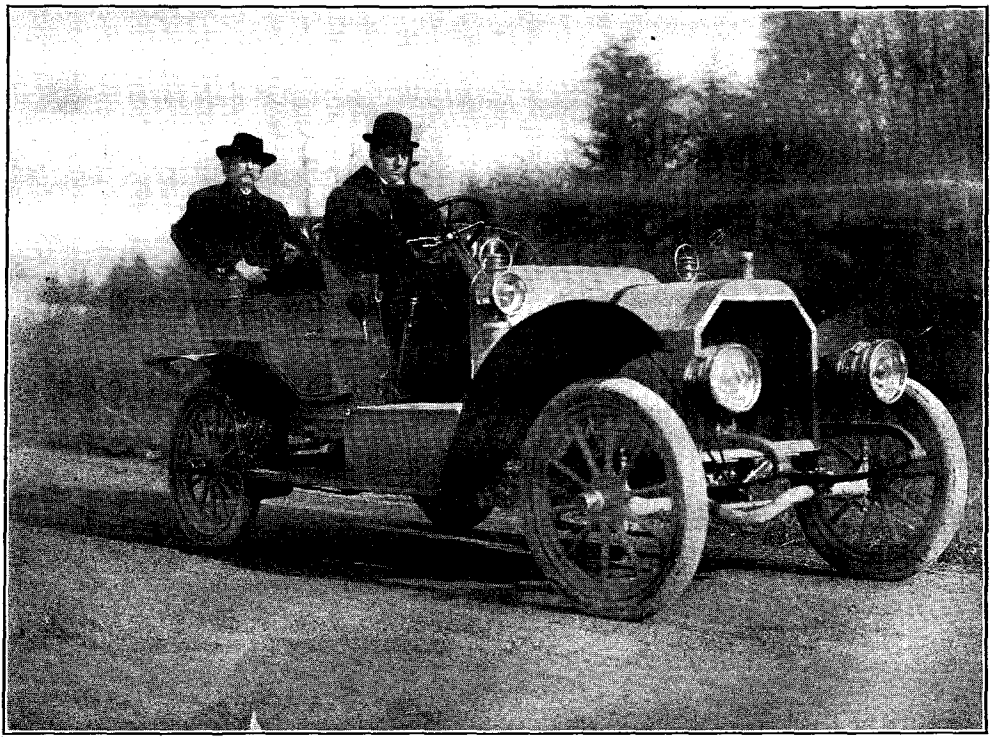
willingness to class himself with others, whom he laughs at and whom he laughs with. Persius, the disciple of Horace, expressed this very well when he said that "the rogue touches every fault of his friend, who laughs as he does it, and when once admitted, he plays around our very heart-strings." In other words, the true humourist has a sense of humour which makes him see his own defects and smile at his own absurdities, not thinking himself to be any nearer perfection than is his neighbour. The keynote of humour then is tolerance, a sense of proportion, and a mellowness, all of which taken together make you love the humourist and feel personally drawn to him. But this is exactly why humourists are very rare, and why humour can be enjoyed only by those who have leisure to savour it and experience its full effect like that of a rare old wine.



MARK TWAIN SEVENTY YEARS YOUNG

How many genuine humourists stand out as permanent and living figures in the gallery of literary fame? There is only one Greek—Aristophanes. There are only two Romans—Plautus and Horace. There are only a few Englishmen—Addison and Steele and Charles Lamb and Dickens, and to a certain extent, Thackeray, whose love of humour, at least, was very great. In our own country there are Washington Irving and James Russell Lowell, some of whose lines and phrases will live so long as the language itself endures, and there is Bret Harte also. But even a few decades have wrought havoc with the Americans who were supposed to be replete with humour. Who to-day remembers anything that was written by Seba Smith, whose *Major Jack Downing Letters* once set the whole country in a roar? His subjects were ephemeral, being in the main political, and so his books were forgotten even before his death in 1858. Then again, there were the chronicles of Mrs. Partington, written in the forties by B. P. Shillaber. They were supposed to contain the essence of pure humour. They were quoted and read

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from one end of the United States to the other, and their author's reputation endured until 1860; yet Mr. Shillaber outlived that reputation by more than thirty years; and when he died in 1890, both he and his humorous creations had been equally forgotten.

Even briefer was the vogue of "John Phœnix" (Lieutenant George H. Derby), who died in 1861. He amused every one by his humorous cuts and whimsical fancies. A new edition of his squibs was brought out only seven years ago, though I never heard that any one went so far as to purchase a copy. Read it if you can. This is possible through mental effort, but to laugh at it or with it is allowed neither to gods nor men. It is dead. The life has all departed from it. It was a humour fit for one generation only, and destined to become a bore to those of the generation that succeeded. And so too the political jests of "Petroleum V. Nasby" (which used to convulse President Lincoln) endured for just five years; and their author, Mr. Locke, wisely ceased to write any more alleged humour from 1865 until his death in 1888. A still shorter shrift was given to Mr. J. M. Bailey, who, as "The Danbury News Man," made much fun in the early seventies, but died forgotten in 1894. Very much the same thing has been true of other "funny men" of our newspapers. There was a day when hundreds of thousands of readers looked eagerly for the fourth column of the New York *Times,* and laughed consumedly over what they read there; but Mr. Alden himself very wisely withdrew as soon as he perceived that his humour was becoming hackneyed.

There are two other American humourists over whom one pauses for a while. The first was Josh Billings, whose quaint sayings, quaintly spelled, had seven years of life. If some one would transmute them into the accepted orthography, it is likely that they would still find readers; for in reality, they were not humorous except in form. They contained a great deal of the true philosophy of life, and were short and pithy and to the point. We believe that Josh Billings is suffering only from a temporary eclipse; and that some day Mr. Henry Wheeler Shaw will arise out of the ashes of the *Farmers' Allminax* and take his rightful place among Americans who have uttered deep truths that deserve to be read and not forgotten. Josh Billings was, indeed, a sort of minor Emerson. He had not the reading and the range of Emerson, but he had much of Emerson's soundness and wholesomeness and pithiness of diction.

Then there was the once famous and still remembered "Artemus Ward" (Charles F. Browne). His books were read by millions. They were reprinted in Great Britain. Some passages in them seemed to be pregnant with the raciest humour. For a decade or more he was not only the leading humourist of America, but was regarded as having qualities that marked him out for immortality. Yet to-day his jests and narratives are like flat champagne. The life has all gone out of them. They were not of the sort of humour which endures, and so they have taken their place with the productions of Mr. Robert J. Burdette and Edgar Wilson Nye, who, as "Bill Nye," outlived his temporary fame, and Orpheus C. Kerr (R. H. Newell), who died in the flesh only nine years ago, but who as a humourist vanished from the knowledge of his countrymen in the sixties. Is it worth one's while to mention Hans Breitmann (C. G. Leland), or even John Hay and "Ik Marvel" (D. G. Mitchell), or Max Adeler? A plea might be made for "Mr. Dooley" (F. P. Dunne), yet even this sprightly philosopher seems to be sinking out of sight, though even at so recent a period as five years ago he held a high place (as the title of one of his books says) "in the hearts of his countrymen."

The moral of these reminiscences is that while humour of a sort is always abundant, the humour which lives throughout the ages is very rare indeed—rarer than the noblest poetry, the most profound essays, the most brilliant wit, and the dramatic expression of poignant tragedy. We are to-day noting the death of one who for more than thirty years has been regarded as a humourist of the highest order, occupying indeed a unique position, since his humour seems even to have stood the searching test of translation into other languages. Mark Twain was

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as well known in England and Australia and the other British colonies as in his own country. The greatest university of the English-speaking race honoured him with a degree—the first ever given by Oxford to a humourist as such. In translation he has been read in Germany and France and other foreign countries. During his lifetime a sort of legend has

BUST OF MARK TWAIN BY THERESA FEODOROWNA RIES

sprung up regarding him as there has concerning Miguel Cervantes. Men who are usually sane have tried to see in Mark Twain's jokes and off-hand comic skits a deep philosophy, just as they have tried to find in *Don Quixote* a melancholy idealism. During the last years of his life he seems to have taken this adulation seriously; for his later writings—irrelevant, eccentric, void of either wit or humour—were poured forth by him as though he really felt himself inspired, so that he could not perpetrate a piece of drivel or by any chance be guilty of a *sottise*. However, we must remember that Mr. Clemens lived long and wrote much. Only the very greatest of authors can expect to have their works endure, especially if most of them be works of humour. In some few books will be found the *fine fleur*, the cream, the golden nugget by which we are to judge the writer. In his other books there may be grains of gold, but not enough to make them precious, and this especially is true of Mark Twain. His humour was only in part the humour of Juvenal and Aris-

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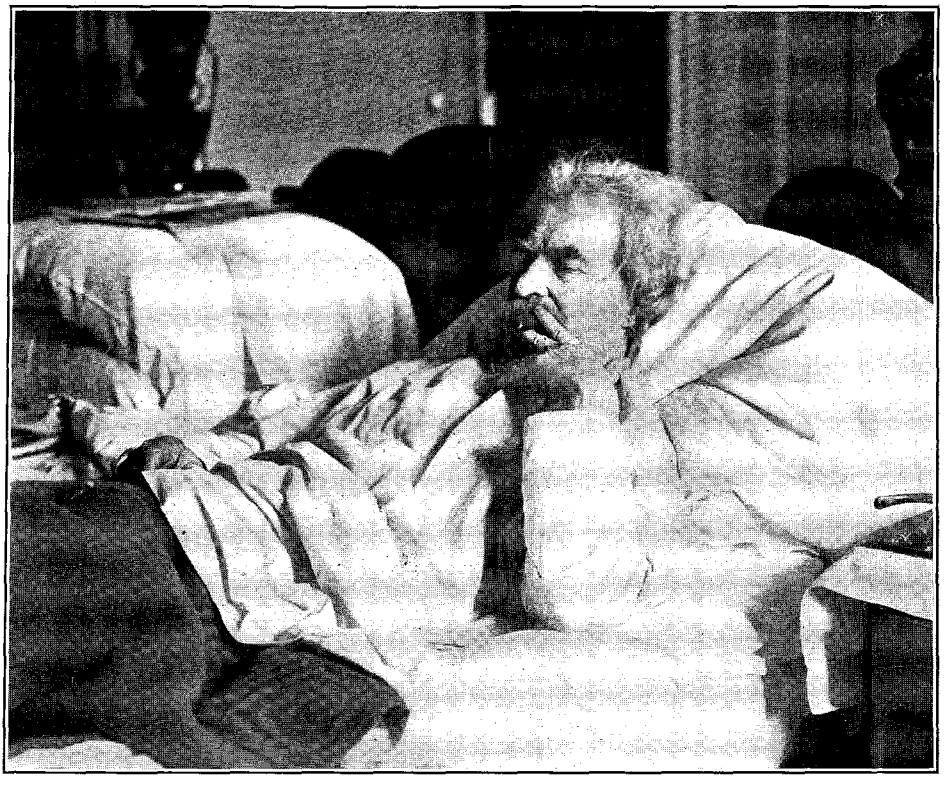
tophanes. It was quite as irreverent and often quite as full of sharply unexpected contrasts. But it had a quality of its own which you can find nowhere else.

Going over the entire list of the many volumes to which this author set his name, there are only four or five at the most that are likely to last for a great length of time. I am certain that not more than three of them will be read a century from now. Perhaps it may be well to name the books under their respective categories, and then to give the reason for their comparative longevity. Therefore, I should say that the first two books—*The Jumping Frog* (1867) and *The Innocents Abroad* (1869) are never likely to go out of print or out of favour. *Roughing It* (1872) will be valued both for its humour and for its history throughout many years. *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* (1876) and *Huckleberry Finn* (1885) will remain for perhaps two decades. All the rest of Mr. Clemens's books may perhaps be sold by subscription agents among his "complete works" for a certain time, but they will not be read. *A Tramp Abroad* marks the beginning of a first decline. *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur* makes one feel sorry for its author. *Joan of Arc* is distinctly dull; and *The Autobiography of Mark Twain,* which has been dragging its slow way along for many months, is formless and in places without any meaning whatsoever. His best friends have regretted that he ever began to write it. It is to be hoped that his heirs and executors will suppress it.



MARK TWAIN OF A MORNING

We must, therefore, judge Mark Twain as a humourist by the very best of all he wrote rather than by the more dubious productions in which we fail to see at every moment the winning qualities and the characteristic form of this very interesting American. As one would not

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judge of Tennyson by his dramas, nor Thackeray by his journalistic chit-chat, nor Sir Walter Scott by those romances which he wrote after his fecundity had been exhausted, so we must not judge Mark Twain by the dozen or more specimens which belong to the later period, when he was ill at ease and growing old. Let us rather go back with a sort of joy to what he wrote when he did so with spontaneity, when his fun was as natural to him as breathing, and when his humour was all American humour—not like that of Juvenal or Hierocles—acrid, or devoid of anything individual—but brimming over with exactly the same rich irresponsibility which belonged to Steele and Lamb and Irving. It may seem odd to group a son of the New World and of the great West with those earlier classic figures who have been mentioned here; yet upon analysis it will be discovered that the humour of Mark Twain is at least first cousin to that which produced Sir Roger de Coverley and Rip Van Winkle and The Stout Gentleman. In other words, there is really no such thing as American humour, but rather all humour is of the same vintage. Its essence lies, first in the projection of an attractive personality; second, in the assumption by that personality of a sort of appealing ignorance; and finally, a genuine understanding of things as they really are.

Now when Mark Twain wrote *The Jumping Frog* and a little later his greatest book, *The Innocents Abroad,* he was (perhaps unconsciously) creating for a million readers a human being who never had any real existence, but who was so delicately depicted and with so many little touches of verisimilitude as to make him more real than his own creator. He was a visitant from the West, professing to know nothing, pleased, just as a child is pleased, with everything that is unknown to him; and, like a child, opening his eyes wonderingly and with intense enjoyment upon a new world. His innocence is like the innocence of Partridge in Fielding's great romance; yet there are twinkles and glints of shrewdness which make one feel that here is a child who will some day put away childish things. But in the meantime, you enjoy his *naïveté* and are glad that he is not yet quite "grown up." When he tells a story he tells it as though unconscious of its humour. His *insouciance* and gravity form such a delightful background for the intensely comic and beautifully irrational actions that are narrated! Hear Mark Twain tell of his old friend Smiley, who owned the Jumping Frog:

> He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'lated to educate him and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or may be a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of ketching flies, and kep' him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as fur as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do 'most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor ag'in as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had travelled and been everywheres, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see."

The richness of this and of what follows might well have tempted, as it did, translators over all the world. One would hardly think it possible for a Frenchman to Gallicise such a piece of native humour; yet in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for July 15, 1872, *The Jumping Frog* appears in French as *La Grenouille Sauteuse Du Comté De Cala-*

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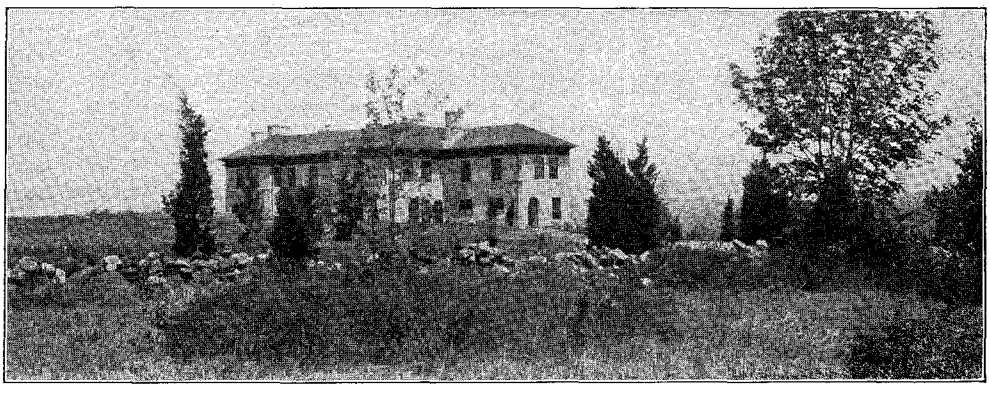
veras. It must be said that even without the dialect the humour holds its own. As a matter of curiosity, let us reproduce just a bit of this daring experiment.

Il attrapa un jour une grenouille et l'emporta chez lui, disant qu'il prétendait faire son éducation; vous me croirez si vous voulez, mais pendant trois mois il n'a rien fait que lui apprendre à sauter dans une cour retirée de sa maison. Et je vous réponds qu'il avait réussi. Il lui donnait un petit coup par derrière, et l'instant d'après vous voyiez la grenouille tourner en l'air comme un beignet au-dessus de la poêle, faire un culbute, quelquefois deux, lorsqu'elle était bein partie, et retomber sur ses pattes comme un chat. Il l'avait dressée dans l'art de gober des mouches, et l'y exercait continuellement, si bien qu'une mouche, du plus loin qu'elle apparaissait, était une mouche perdue. Smiley avait coutume de dire que tout ce qui manquait à une grenouille, c'était l'éducation, qu'avec l'éducation elle pouvait faire presque tout, et je le crois. Tenez, je l'ai vu poser Daniel Webster là sur ce plancher—Daniel Webster était le nom de la grenouille—et lui chanter:—Des mouches! Daniel, des mouches!

This is almost as good as the original. It shows that its humour is not local and limited, but that it contains the element of the Universal, for has not some one said that the judgment of foreign nations is practically the judgment of posterity?

But in *The Innocents Abroad* there is larger scope and sway for this born genius. He is as *naïf* and innocent and ignorant as the friend of the apocryphal Smiley; but he has a myriad of subjects to present to us. Here indeed he resembles Horace because he is *vafer,* and because when admitted to our confidence he plays around our heart-strings. It is not his companions alone upon whom he throws the warm glow of his humour. If he tells us of the Poet Lariat and the Oracle and Blücher and Dan, so almost with the confidence of a babe does he tell us of himself, of the mistakes that he made and of the ridiculous things that he did. Thus he will narrate the conspiracy against the captain of the ship for the poor tea that was served out. Mark takes a cup of it and boldly goes up to the captain and asks him whether he expects people accustomed to good living to live upon such slops as *that.* And the captain blandly tastes the liquid and quietly remarks that it isn't particularly good tea, but that he considers it a very fair specimen of coffee! Thus Mark recounts his first supper in France:



STORMFIELD, MARK TWAIN'S REDDING HOME

We stopped at the first café we came to, and entered. An old woman seated us at a table and waited for orders. The doctor said:

"Avez vous du vin?"

The dame looked perplexed. The doctor said again, with elaborate distinctness of articulation:

"Avez-vous du—vin?"

The dame looked more perplexed than before. I said:

"Doctor, there is a flaw in your pronunciation somewhere. Let me try her. Madame, avez-vous du vin? It isn't any use, doctor—take the witness."

"Madame, avez-vous du vin—ou fromage—

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pain—pickled pigs' feet—beurre—des oeufs—du boeuf—horse-radish, sour-crout, hog and hominy—anything, *anything* in the world that can stay a Christian stomach!"

She said:

"Bless you, why didn't you speak English before?—I don't know anything about your plagued French!"

world, perhaps. He took us there. He felt so sure, this time, that some of his old enthusiasm came back to him:

"See, genteelmen!—Mummy! Mummy!"

The eye-glass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.

"Ah—Ferguson—what did I understand you to say the gentleman's name was?"

MARK TWAIN ON THE DECK OF THE "BERMUDIAN"

Thus, again, the assumption of ignorance—a dense, dull, idiotic ignorance in the presence of all the foreign guides, every one of whom was invariably called Ferguson. Here is a passage concerning one of them that is worth transcribing by way of reminiscence:

He had reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder till the last—a royal Egyptian mummy, the best preserved in the

"Name?—he got no name!—Mummy!—'Gyptian mummy!"

"Yes, yes. Born here?"

"No!" *'Gyptian* mummy!"

"Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume?"

"No!" *not* Frenchman, not Roman!—born in Egypta!"

"Born in Egypta. Never heard of Egypta before. Foreign locality, likely. Mummy—mummy. How calm he is—how self-possessed. Is, ah—is he dead?"

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"Oh, *sacré bleu,* been dead three thousan' year!"

The doctor turned on him savagely:

"Here, now, what do you mean by such conduct as this! Playing us for Chinamen because we are strangers and trying to learn! Trying to impose your vile second-hand carcasses on *us!*—thunder and lightning, I've a notion to—to—if you've got a nice, *fresh* corpse, fetch him out!—or by George we'll brain you!"

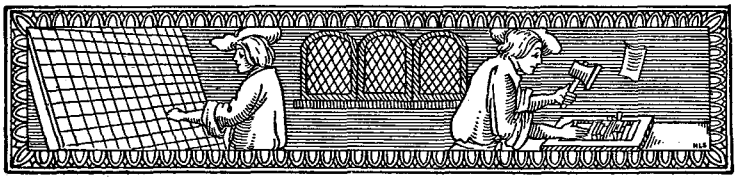
We make it exceedingly interesting for this Frenchman. However, he has paid us back, partly, without knowing it. He came to the hotel this morning to ask if we were up, and he endeavoured to describe us, so that the landlord would know which persons he meant. He finished with the casual remark that we were lunatics. The observation was so innocent and so honest that it amounted to a very good thing for a guide to say.

The Innocents Abroad was published forty-one years ago, and yet one could go on quoting from it indefinitely with an absolute certainty that every quotation would hit the mark and evoke Homeric laughter just as it did when the pages were fresh from the press. Dan buying gloves from a girl in Gibraltar; Mark Twain's first experience with a Turkish bath; Mark Twain weeping at the grave of Adam—these and a score of episodes are already classic, and they will remain so. This is true of *The Innocents Abroad.* It is not true of any other volume to which the author set his name. In *Roughing It,* perhaps the account of Buck Fanshawe's funeral may hold its own, though the dialect will possibly in time be obsolete and cease to have the peculiar effectiveness which it has even to-day; though it will be a long time before we forget the courtly question asked by Scotty Briggs the gambler of the new minister from the East:

"Are you the duck that runs the gospel mill?"

This is essentially Juvenalian. Again, most persons would have said that in *The Gilded Age,* Mark Twain had created an absolutely new character in fiction when he drew Colonel Sellers; yet somehow Colonel Sellers is remembered to-day only by people who belong to Bookland. Therefore, if Mark Twain's reputation stands—and it certainly will stand—it will be upon *The Jumping Frog* and *The Innocents Abroad.* It is only short-sighted persons who talk of Mark Twain's profound "philosophy of life." He had no philosophy of life, any more than Fielding had or Steele or Harte. But like them he had an instinct for pure humour, which was most effective when it was most unconscious. There was the irreverence of Juvenal and his unexpectedness; but more than all else was that wonderful gift of projecting an absolutely humorous and winning character. Addison has given us Sir Roger, and Dickens has given us a whole portrait gallery; but Mark Twain created just one personage with whom we laugh or wonder or are indignant, and this personage is Mark Twain himself—Mark Twain, be it understood, and not Mr. Samuel L. Clemens. A century hence, or two centuries hence, the dross will be separated from the gold, and men and women will still take infinite delight in Smiley and Dan'l Webster, but most of all in the man who was essentially American, right-minded, telling truths in the spirit of one who jests, and giving to those who choose his earliest books a pure and wholesome and natural enjoyment.

Harry Thurston Peck.



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THE STORY OF MARK TWAIN'S DEBTS

N anecdote is recorded of Mark Twain and General Grant, who, in company with William D. Howells, once sat together at luncheon. It was a modest luncheon, spread in the General's private office in the purlieus of Wall Street, in the days when war and statesmanship had been laid aside, and the hero of battles and civic life was endeavouring to retrieve his scattered fortunes by a trial of business.

"Why don't you write your memoirs?" asked Mark Twain, mindful of how much there was to record, and how eager would be the readers of such a work.

But the General, with characteristic modesty, demurred, and the point was not pressed. This was several years before the failure of the firm of Ward and Grant, which swept away the General's private fortune, leaving him an old man, broken in health, and filled with anxieties about the provision for his family after he should be gone.

When the evil days at last came, some memory of the suggestion dropped by his friend, the humourist—who could be immensely serious, too, when need be—may have led to the task that, in added contention with pain and suffering, constituted the last battle that the General should fight.

Whatever the influence moving General Grant to the final decision to compose his memoirs, it transpired, to his great fortune, that Mark Twain again called, and found that the work he had long ago suggested was at last in progress; but also that the inexperienced writer, modestly underestimating the commercial value of his forthcoming work, was about to sign away the putative profits. Fifty thousand dollars offered for his copyright seemed a generous sum to the unliterary General Grant, and it took the vehement persuasion of one who was himself a publisher to convince him that his prospective publishers would not hesitate at quadrupling that sum rather than lose the chance of publishing the book.

When the conjecture was proven true, the General with characteristic generosity, withdrew the contract from his prospective publishers and placed it in the hands of the firm that Mark Twain headed. All provisions were amply fulfilled; for when Mark Twain paid his last visit to the stricken author at the place of sojourn on Mount McGregor, he brought to the now speechless sufferer the smile of happiness and satisfaction by saying, "General, there is in the bank now royalties on advanced sales aggregating nearly three hundred thousand dollars. It is at Mrs. Grant's order."

The anecdote is given at this length because, taken in connection with subsequent events dealing with General Grant's benefactor, it points a forceful illustration of the irony of fortune. There came a day when the very instrument by which Mark Twain was enabled to provide a peaceful close to the life of a brave warrior, and to guarantee affluence for his family, delivered himself a stroke that dissipated his own fortune at a time when age is supposed to have absorbed the vigour for a new grapple with destinies.

In 1884 the publishing firm of C. L. Webster and Company was organised to publish the works of Mark Twain. Of this firm Mark Twain was president; but he took little active part in the management of its affairs. Able to conceive in broad outlines successful policies, he was singularly deficient in the power to handle the details of their execution. On April 18, 1894, the firm whose business enterprises had always figured in large sums through the immense popularity of the author-publisher's own works, the Memoirs of General Grant and the Life of Pope Leo, made an assignment for the benefit of its creditors. The bankrupt firm acknowledged liabilities approximating eighty thousand dollars. What in the ordinary view of commercial affairs would have furnished but one item in the list of failures which record the misfortunes of ninety per cent. of the men who engage in business, became in this instance a noticeable case through the eminence of the chief actor.

What might he have done?

The law could lay claim upon his personal assets. To surrender these possessions proved no act of self-sacrifice, considering his wife's fortune, upon

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which the law had no claim. His wife, however, joined him in the act of renunciation, and they stood together penniless. Beyond this point there could be no legal, and, to many minds, no moral responsibility for the debts of his firm. One can speculate upon the force of the temptation to take advantage of the position. Mark Twain was sixty years old, and ill at that. Having sacrificed all he possessed to meet the demands of creditors, he might justly claim the benefit of what remained to him of capacity for wealth-producing labour. His own words in reply to a slander which insinuated that he had set to work again for his own benefit are splendid for inspiration and honesty:

"The law recognises no mortgage on a man's brain, and a merchant who has given up all he has may take advantage of the laws of insolvency and start free again for himself; but I am not a business man, and honour is a harder master than the law. It cannot compromise for less than a hundred cents on a dollar."

There is perhaps something in the constitution of our social life that makes the matter of business failure in our land less difficult to bear than in foreign countries. Large fortunes spring up in an incredibly short period of time, and by the same incalculable means vanish away again. People view these mutations of fortune with a tolerant eye; the bankrupt does not fear the frown of acquaintances nor the disapproval of friends. The trial is made easier for a proud man. The great parallel case to the one here under examination is that of Sir Walter Scott, who lost his all through the failure of his printers, the Ballantynes, and between January, 1826, and January, 1828, earned for his creditors nearly forty thousand pounds. In the early stages of this trial he suffered acutely from the attitude of his friends, and he records in his diary how some would smile as if to say, "Think nothing about it, my lad; it is quite out of our thoughts;" how others adopted an affected gravity "such as one sees and despises at a funeral," while the best bred "just shook hands and went on."

How the world treated Mark Twain we learn from his speech at the banquet given by the Lotus Club on his return from his arduous journey round the world: "There were ninety-six creditors in all, and not by a finger's weight did ninety-five out of the ninety-six add to the burden of that time."

"'Don't you worry, and don't you hurry,' was what they said." With the courage of a man buffeted, but not beaten, he gathered himself up for "one more last try for fortune and fair fame." In the latter part of 1895 he started out on a tour of the English-speaking countries of the world to give lectures and readings from his own works.

There were misgivings, of course, as to the success of his venture. Here was a field not absolutely untried, but not hitherto cultivated to the point of assured success. In 1873 he had made a lecture tour in England, and in 1885 had given platform readings in company with George W. Cable. But age had sapped the zest for public appearance, and he was sceptical of his power to move people with interest in his books. Moreover, there was a further thing to be considered, a possible impediment to success among the English colonies which he proposed to visit. His popularity with Englishmen had never been great, owing to the liberties he had taken with that nation's people in *Innocents Abroad*.

The latter apprehension was the more remote, however, for, starting from New York, he had a continent to traverse before embarking for the shores that held for him an uncertain welcome. To test his ability to interest an audience, to "try it on the dog," as they say in theatrical parlance, he subjected himself to the severest test possible, crossed to Randall's Island and read before an audience of boys. Unsophisticated by the lecturer's reputation as a humourist, the boys proved to be the organs of sincerest testimony to the permanence of the old power to amuse, and the first public appearance in Cleveland, Ohio, was undertaken with fewer misgivings.

No theatrical fly-by-night company, touring the country with "one-night stands," worked harder than this intrepid "old struggler," who made his way toward the Pacific by pausing each night for an appearance before an audience.

The quoted expression "old struggler" would slip in, for nowhere does it seem

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so appropriate. It calls us back once more to Sir Walter Scott, who got it from an old woman in Ireland. The anecdote is worth repeating, if only for the sake of the sage's reflections. Sir Walter was travelling with his daughter and was besought by an old woman to buy gooseberries. The petition was declined, but the travellers were later seen to respond to the request of a poor beggar, whereupon the old woman said they might as well give her an alms, as she, too, was an "old struggler." Sir Walter said the words ought to become a classical expression for those who take arms against a sea of troubles, instead of yielding to the waves.

From Vancouver, Mark Twain sailed for Sidney and gave readings before the English-speaking communities of Australia; then continued on to Tasmania, New Zealand, Ceylon, India and South Africa.

His fears as to his welcome among Englishmen were proven to be groundless. In Australia, great as was his success as a lecturer, his personal success outweighed even that, and the market on his books was exhausted. We cannot follow him on this trip of mingled arduous labour and personal satisfaction. The humorous reactions of his homely vision upon the quaint, the bizarre, the pretentious, aspects of life in remote parts of the world may be read in his own record of this journey, *Following the Equator*. There are few things to record of this great effort to pay his debts.

In India he was taken ill, but the disease was not severe. In June, 1897, when he had circled the globe and had settled for a time in London, cablegrams came from that city announcing his mental and physical collapse. The English-speaking world was stricken with sympathy, and the New York *Herald* at once began a subscription fund for his relief. The report was contradicted at once, but admiration for the author's strenuous effort seemed to grow, and the *Herald* fund was assuming generous proportions when the following characteristic message declining to accept the relief came from the proposed beneficiary:

I was glad when you instituted that movement, for I was tired of the fact and worry of debt, but I recognise that it is not permissible for a man whose case is not hopeless to shift his burdens to other men's shoulders.

In November of the same year a report was circulated that he was out of debt, but from Vienna, whither he had gone to live, came a laconic cablegram nailing the too optimistic impeachment:

Lie. Wrote no such letters. Still deeply in debt.

Nearly half of the original indebtedness remained to be paid, and here, with scarcely an opposing voice in judgment, he might have waived the claim upon himself for his firm's responsibilities, but he avowed that he would pay dollar for dollar.

The time of accomplishment was not long in coming. When the undertaking was begun, it was with the resolution to clear up the debt in three years. Allowing for the unexpected, it was feared that it would take four, then at the age of sixty-four a new start in life would be open to the author, who might point to a considerable occupancy of space on library shelves and regard a life work accomplished. It took but two years and a half to pay the debt. He began the effort in the latter part of 1895 and finished it in the early part of 1898.

His return to America and his home in 1900 was, in the unromantic procedure of our self-conscious days, of the nature of a triumph. He was formally welcomed by the Lotus Club, and, of course, as delicately as might be, he was praised for his honesty. His reply to compliment was a generous recognition of social virtue, which renders easier such an effort as he had made. Said he:

Your president has referred to certain burdens which I was weighted with. I am glad he did, as it gives me an opportunity which I wanted. To speak of those debts—you all knew what he meant when he referred to it, and to the poor bankrupt firm of C. L. Webster and Company. No one has said a word about those creditors. There were ninety-six creditors in all, and not by a finger's weight did ninety-five out of the ninety-six add to the burden of that time. They treated me well; they treated me handsomely. I never knew I owed them anything; not a sign came from them.

Frederick A. King.

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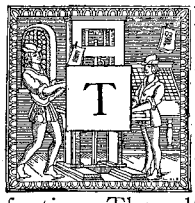
"CHANTECLER"



HE uproar of an annual fair which has been carried on around Rostand's animal play is gradually dying away. The tattle and gossip of the gapers has had abundant satisfaction. The cultivated public of both continents, which follows with eager interest the phenomena of the intellectual life of the time, has already ascertained, to the profound gratification of its thirst for knowledge, how much the feathered raiment of the representatives of the birds weighs, what a goose, hen, and toad costume costs, what are the exact measurements of the enlarged stage requirements for the poultry yard and kitchen garden, who was present at the first performances, and what the receipts have been. Now the time should have arrived for the consideration of the work itself, for raising it above the plane of the news of the day, the contiguity of railroad accidents, inundations, etc., and placing it on that of literary work, inquiring into its permanent value, and testing what position is to be allotted to it in the progress of Edmond Rostand's development, and in the fiction of France and of the world. We need not ask ourselves somewhat pedantically how posterity will judge *Chantecler*. That may be left without anxiety to the care of posterity, which perhaps will have other things to do than to disturb itself about the play. The desire to anticipate its verdict, under all circumstances, reveals a laughable self-conceit on the part of the present generation.

Rostand, however, is probably entitled to be measured by a different standard from that of the anecdotal report. Victor Hugo would have had reason to complain if, in *Hernani,* the red vest of Théophile Gautier, and the battle cry of the romantic authors "À la porte les genoux" had been the principal points emphasised and, without intending to compare Rostand with the author of the *Légende des Siècles,* it will be felt as a duty toward him also to note in his work something besides the froth of the first performance, the art of the stage management, decoration, and costumes of the theatre, and the splendours of the representation.

Verse-writing Young France disowns Rostand with the savagery of the Iroquois, not to say Apaches. It will allow nothing of value in him, neither his invention nor his language; neither the construction of his plays nor his verse. This unrestricted, sweeping verdict of condemnation, which strikes the *Romanesques,* as well as the *Princesse Lointaine,* and the ode of greeting to the Empress of Russia (*"Oh, oh, c'est une Imperatrice!!"*) *Cyrano de Bergerac,* as well as *L'Aiglon,* betrays such absence of reason that we can attribute it only to the meanest motives, to envy and jealousy. The vehemence of the attacks is enough to prove that Rostand is a personage. The furious enmity expressed in the replies to the general inquiry of a "young" journal is not aroused by an ordinary conceited rhymester. Whoever does not feel himself a rival and does not suffer from his unparalleled success, willingly recognises Rostand as an extraordinary master of the joyous art. If the venom-swollen foes hiss that his verses have too many feet, are often rhymed prose and bombastic commonplaces, his images are grotesquely false, dragged in by the head and shoulders, that he clumsily imitates the elegant juggling verse of Théodore de Banville, these spiteful grumblings do not touch the kernel of the matter. Much of his verse could cheerfully be abandoned; the more essential and rarer gift —that he handles dramatic suggestion wonderfully—cannot be denied him. No living playwright of any nation equals him in the power with which he creates illusion. He is a magician who conjures up figures of intense life and bewitching charm. When the pentagram is effaced, the magic circle opened, we doubtless see that we have beheld only the phantoms of a wizard, no beings of flesh and blood, animated, warm, and filled with genuine feelings and thoughts. Then we fare like the students in Auerbach's cellar, who discover, to their amazement, that they have used their knives on one another's noses, when they thought they were cut-

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ting ripe grapes from the vines. What does that matter? So long as Rostand holds aloft the magic wand, we are under his spell, and yield ourselves unresistingly captive to the overpowering spirit of Cyrano, and the melancholy poesy of the young eaglet's fate. The art of conjuring up the semblance of life to complete illusion, it is true, does not alone make the great dramatic poet, whose exclusive privilege it is to give his characters a genuineness and reality which withstand all examinations, tests, and moods. But the ability to produce mirages of convincing illusion ought not to be reproachfully characterised as juggler's skill, and he on whom the cradle fairies have bestowed this gift, may with reason, demand the meed of admiration due to every valuable and highly regarded natural talent.

An evil blow was dealt to Rostand when the attempt was originally made to stamp *Chantecler* as a classic creation of lofty character. It is a light play of a mirthful dramatist's caprice, and only seems to stand higher than a Montmartre jest of former days at the Chat Noir, or as a sportive performance at a minor theatre, because it has been produced with the greatest display of properties and an immense clatter. People praise the novelty of the idea of bringing animals upon the stage and making them think, feel, act, and talk like human beings. This is by no means a personal invention of Rostand. Even the superficial scholar knows at least the dog and its "av, av" in the *Wasps,* the hoopoe with its "epopopopopopopopopopoi io io io" and the other feathered folk in the *Birds,* the chorus of frogs and their "Brekekekex" in the *Frogs* of Aristophanes. At the utmost the novel feature is that Rostand does not leave to his animals the animal character like the brilliant Athenian who, in addition to their sensible human speech, always put their natural animal sounds in their beaks or their mouths, that he did not, like Aristophanes, use them exclusively for droll effects but, with impressive weight, thoroughly humanised them, attributed to them earnestness, thoughtfulness, nobility of character, moral grandeur, heroism, and did not desire to cause amusement by their fate, their deeds, and sufferings, but to awaken sympathy, to touch, and to thrill. But if he did not bring the animals on the stage to produce comical effects by their strange use, if he made them thoroughly human beings, then the question arises, For what purpose is this elaborate disguise? Why don the animal mask? And it will not be easy for the poet to give a reason for this affectation.

Anthropomorphism, which attributes human nature to everything that creeps and flies, and even to inanimate objects, is the most ancient form of observation and thought in man. At the awakening of his intelligence he does not yet know the arrogance which afterward makes him consider all that does not belong to the human race as infinitely far beneath him, and, like St. Francis of Assisi, he sees in the four-footed animals, the birds, and the fishes, his brothers, who are akin to him in everything mental, if not in physical appearance. This is the totem phase of human thought, in which families and tribes boast of having descended from a certain animal and surround it with a reverence that prevents them from hunting, killing, and eating it. Even literatures commence with totemism. The oldest poetic inventions of all races are animal fables and fairy tales, which either describe exclusively animals endowed with human thoughts, or in which animals appear on equal terms with human beings. Later literary poesy imitates this honest childishness, partly from an atavistic pleasure in ancient things, which, consciously or unconsciously, also lies at the foundation of all romance, partly because the reaching backward to the forms and views of a remote past is helpful to certain secondary objects. The animal fables of Æsop and Phædrus, which La Fontaine revived with inimitable success, and Gellert, Lichtwer, and Lessing have admirably imitated, pursue with their intended archaic simplicity, purely æsthetic objects. They make as bearers of the moral in action animals endowed with human reason and human speech, in order to conjure up the atmosphere of the fairy tale, and to animate the background of the consciousness wtih shadowy images of the legendary Golden Age, in which a single spirit pervaded the entire universe

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and men and animals lived in fraternal relations. The mediæval animal epic of Reineke the Fox, which received its final form in France, and was restored by Goethe to the living literature of the German nation, strives toward other goals. Here the satirical writers exercise their ridicule upon animals because they cannot do so on the persons at whom it is aimed without exposing themselves to the greatest dangers. The "Roman du Renart" is the outcry of the tortured and suppressed dignity of human nature, which found vent in grim humour when the feudal order of society was still too firmly established to be forcibly torn asunder or even shaken.

But what an author intends, in our day, by an animal masquerade, is not very clear. People beyond the age of childhood have outgrown the delight in the deeds and sufferings of fabled animals, and in order to stimulate it in some degree, the magic of an exotic setting must at least appear as in Rudyard Kipling's *Jungle Book*. But the purpose of satire is still less necessary to be zoologically concealed. We no longer need to beat the donkey when we mean the miller. We call the cat a cat, and Rollet a scoundrel; we need not call Rollet a cat. What Rostand had to say and to complain of he could do openly. Besides, it is not sufficiently profound, unutterable, Eleusinian in its mystery, to justify the use of symbols.

It is understood that all the birds and animals of *Chantecler* are symbols. If we take the trouble to interpret them, we are almost ashamed of the commonplaceness, the shallowness of the meaning found within.

The cock is Rostand's idea of a man and a citizen. He is the faithful father of a family, who protects his relatives against every peril with wise caution and, if necessary, with heroic courage. He is the inspired bard, who thinks himself the creator of the glories of the world when he feels them strongly, sings of them, and makes them understood by less open, less susceptible natures. He is imbued by his lofty mission. He merges himself in it, does not allow himself to be disturbed by the mockery of those incapable of comprehension, the hostility of the envious, the hatred of the incompetent. And even when, in the conflict with stern reality, he is compelled to wake to the perception that he is not so necessary to the world as he has persuaded himself, he does not, therefore, renounce his office of priest and seer. He continues to write poetry, no longer in the belief that he will work Orphic wonders with his verse, but still with the intention of elevating himself, giving to the world a deeper meaning, to his own life a higher consecration. In these general outlines special small details are interwoven. The poet is the voice of the world which, in him, awakes to the consciousness of itself. From him sings the day, the spring, the gold of the sunshine, the blue of the sky, the green of field and forest, the glowing tints of the flowers, the caressing tenderness of the soft breath of the breeze, the impulse to love of all living creatures. But his principal power he draws from his native soil. When he has a strong, firm foothold upon the earth of his native land, he feels as if secret virtues rose from it, penetrating and filling him, supernaturally increasing the strength of his whole nature and all his faculties.

This sounds very beautiful and is excellently adapted to please the well-meaning, who consider idealism and patriotism as signs of civil respectability. Only Chantecler's idealism is of the cheap sort that exhausts itself in high-sounding phrases, and his patriotism only believes itself genuine when it is completed by hatred of foreigners. He makes sharp speeches against everything that is not indigenous, and has not ridicule and contempt enough to bestow upon everything alien, which, in his opinion, is necessarily absurd and reprehensible. He believes he is Antæus, and is really a Kotzebue provincial with beak, spurs, and comb. He believes himself an original Gallic, glorious French cock, and yet has noticeably much Chinese about him.

Other symbols are the Hen Pheasant, the Blackbird, the Guinea Fowl, the Peacock, the Night Birds. They have about as much profundity of intelligence as the bard, patriot, and man of worth symbol of Chantecler. The Hen Pheasant is the excitable, emancipated, brilliant woman of the world, who disregards custom and

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morality, revels in artful dilettantism, lives only for her capricious selfishness, breaks up families, unsettles and disrupts society, subjugates and humbles man to a weak slave, alienates him from his duty, emasculates talent, blows out the divine flame of genius. She is Delilah, who enfeebles Samson and delivers him to his foes. She is the banker's wife in *Sodom's End,* who renders the artist incapable of work. She is the duchess in Bataille's *Naked Woman,* who seduces the artist from his profession and his wife. And she does not omit to present herself as an Oriental, since the modern dictum of Parisian playwrights and theatre-goers requires that the temptress who destroys chastity, morality, and all honourable traditions should be of Eastern origin. Rostand is certainly no anti-Semite. But, from an irresistible inclination toward the opinion of the majority, that is, toward the ruling platitude, he has subtly introduced into the adventuress with the brilliant plumage a little anti-Semitism. The Guinea Fowl is a feminine snob, whose sole ambition is to bring together in her drawing-room everything that is fashionable and discussed in the newspapers at a given moment—the most decadent poet, the artist who is the most prominent Secessionist, the shrillest musician, the most famous citizen of the world. The Peacock is the æsthete, who impresses shallow pates by his self-assurance in paradoxical judgments, by the defiant absurdities of his æsthetics, by the incomprehensibility of his affected, distorted language, obtains a community for the crack-brained and ridiculous, and creates a mood against the sound and natural. The Night Birds, Toads, Capons, are the petty competitors in art and literature, who regard every successful work of a more gifted aspirant as a personal insult, will not pardon successful talent its triumphs, and try to avenge themselves by slander, abuse, and aspersion. The Blackbird is the grumbler and dullard, who tears down, not from envy of a colleague, but from assumed importance, self-conceit, the vanity of pretension to culture! He holds himself convulsively in a perpetual pose of superiority, plays the surfeited man, the dainty person, the arrogant one for whom nothing is good enough, who has always seen something better, who at all times alleges that he perceives the process of manufacture, who never allows himself to be shown anything, believes in no genuine feeling, laughs at enthusiasm as silly stupidity, and is convinced of being intellectual when he is turning over utterly worn-out chestnuts.

Rostand has toilsomely put forth all these symbols in order to express in one main action and an inserted episode two complex ideas. The action, the adventure of the cock who abandons home and family in order to follow the Hen Pheasant, the brilliant foreign temptress, forgets in his sensual intoxication his duty, his faith in himself, his mission, loses his ability, but opportunely comes to his senses and finds his way back to his accurately measured sphere of work. This act teaches:

Stay in the country and support yourself honestly, always do your duty worthily, make no side steps, devoutly shun sin in glistening plumage, join yourself heart and hand to your native country, defend your highest possessions, your ideals. Here we have the complete collection of the best tested rules of life of good citizens, an edifying catechism of officially gauged praiseworthy sentiments, the safest life guide since the *Easter Egg,* of the good canon Christoph Schmid which, in my boyhood days, was the most highly recommended story-book for juvenile readers. *Chantecler,* in its fiction and its excellent moral, would be well suited for a breviary of Philistine correctness, if only the doubtful relation of the cock to the numerous hens did not exist. The inserted episode of the conspiracy of the owls against the cock, and the great reception at the home of the society lady Guinea Fowl, is a satire upon the literary and social world, which would be delicious if it did not appear with so boastful and important an air. To require unprecedented efforts of the management, put two continents on the tiptoe of excitement, proclaim by all the heralds an eternal climax of universal fiction, in order to show by some inoffensive, though very pretty epigrams, the folly of an æsthetic dandy, a few decadent, word-distorting simpletons, and a feminine Barnum with a taste for drawing-room

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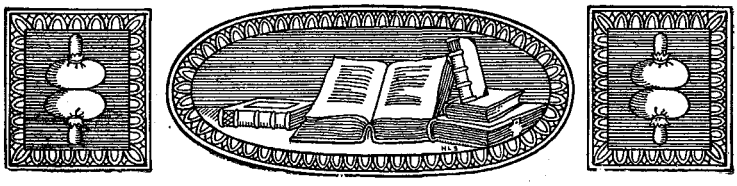
sensations, is really an error against all the laws of measure and proportion. And this combination of the Brood of Night against the proclaimers of the sun—how solemn, how tragical! With what emphasis the poet takes sides with the light against the gloom! With what heroic courage he defends the sun against the powers of darkness! He is again fighting the ancient battle of day with midnight, celebrated in the oldest song. *Chantecler* is the last outcome of the Ormuzd and Ahriman myth, which here, like all primeval myths, ends in the nursery. In *Chantecler* a strange telegony on the part of the author may be noted. His cock repeats the traits of his earlier creations, the successful figures of Cyrano and Flambeau, in whom, on the other hand, the cock was already created.

The bird is a Gascon, he himself says: "I was born in the neighbourhood of Pau, as the son of a noble hen." He is a little swaggerer, a little boaster: "Musketeer and chamberlain." He has the daring spirit of the old graybeards of Napoleon's army, but also the chivalry, the greatness of heart, the scorn of death of these bold giants. And behind the transparent features of his romantic heroes, we behold in *Chantecler* also the face of Rostand himself, who always speaks in person from the beak of the glorious cock, when he utters his bold polemics against the screech owls and toads, the blackbird and capons. We have long known how "irritable is the race of bards and seers." Yet, in the case of Rostand, so much bitterness must surprise us, since he really has no cause to complain of lack of appreciation and unsatisfactory success. No matter how strongly he might feel the malice of his enemies, he did not need to avenge himself upon them with the production of *Chantecler*. He has already long ago taken vengeance upon them. His revenge bears the name of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and it is infinitely more crushing than all the Joe Millerisms and parodistical rhymes of *Chantecler*.

There is much clever invention in the animal play, and many of his verses read pleasantly. On the stage they miss fire. That is, the piece is lacking in the large lines the stage demands. Abstractions do not become more living when they are embodied in animal form. It is a convenient way of giving creative practical proof of the poet's power. If human beings are placed on the stage, they must be individualised; if, on the contrary, animals are used, the labour of bestowing on them a personal physiognomy is spared, the author can be satisfied with a shadowy, vague universality, and the superficial spectator, who perhaps permits his attention to be diverted by the costumes and other entertaining external matters, does not perceive that he has before him no living beings, but merely a series of words bedecked with beaks and plumage.

Chantecler is no work of art, scarcely a trick of art. It entertains by a Philistinism of sentiment which is rather enhanced than veiled by the exaggerated romantic poesy of the decorations, and too often clouded by errors in taste, such as the numerous inadequate images and travelling uncle jests. A number of pretty conceits and pleasing verses cannot save it. It will disappear when the curiosity of the multitude, aroused by extravagant advertising, is satisfied. *Cyrano* and *L'Aiglon* have no rival in *Chantecler*.

Max Nordau.



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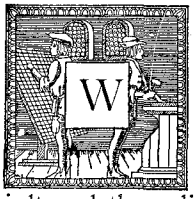
SAWDUST AND GOLD DUST

THE EARNINGS OF THE CIRCUS PEOPLE



HEN you sit on a hard circus seat and watch a man leap from the top of the tent to a small runway more than a hundred feet below, land on his chest with a terrific jolt and then slide to his feet, it is quite natural for you and all the people around you to exclaim, "I wouldn't do that for a million dollars a week." Yet the daring leaper, who by this time is smilingly making his way out amid thunders of applause, does it for much less. To be quite exact, he risks his young neck twice a day, six days in the week, for eighty dollars a working day, and he regards it as excellent compensation for his somewhat precarious method of earning a livelihood. Danger and compensation, you must remember, are not exactly compatible terms. If the earnings of circus performers were as high as some of the somersaults they make there would be much more gold dust in the sawdust. Yet the assay of this white substance which forms the stage of the tented world has been sufficiently rich to make a few millionaires and to keep a small army of men and women in more or less affluent circumstances since first the glory of pink tights and glittering spangles burst upon an admiring and enchanted world.

About no class of wage-earners hovers so much glamour as over the people of the circus. To the small boy they live, breathe and work in a rarefied atmosphere of splendour which, from the free and easy manner of the calling and its environment, knows no care and no to-morrow and is simply a dazzle of delight. Yet, like poets, the dashing bareback rider must be fed. Even the bird-like "queens of the air" descend to draw down a thick yellow pay envelope every Saturday afternoon, and often they come to the treasurer fresh from ring triumphs. Just as the circus itself, which many people unknowingly regard as a temporary and makeshift amusement enterprise, here to-day and gone to-morrow, is in reality a definite, highly organised business institution representing a tremendous investment (even the pink lemonade and peanuts are capitalised), so are circus salaries regulated by the inexorable law of demand and supply and sane and unemotional standards of efficiency.

What do circus people earn? Before trying to answer this question it might be wise, perhaps, to see just how the circus began and observe the financial conditions that invested the start. Like most great undertakings, the beginnings were obscure and modest. The first tented circus in this country was in 1826 and was owned by Nathan Howes. The tent was fifty feet in diameter; all the properties were carried in one wagon; the performers, who numbered less than half a dozen, rode on the backs of the horses from town to town. The menagerie consisted of a lion, a bear and monkey (there was no elephant in the United States then) and the band consisted of a hurdy-gurdy, a violin and a base drum. The daily expenses of this circus were $35, which is in interesting contrast with the outlay of $7,500, which is required to-day to keep the wheels of a circus like the Ringlings or the Barnum and Bailey show moving for twenty-four hours. The highest circus salary paid then was $15 a week, and it went to the rider, who was then, and who continued for many years, as the highest priced and the leading performer of the circus. The salaries of the.

In this series there have already appeared "The Illustrator and his Income," by Amos Stote (September, 1908); "The Librettist and his Profits," by George Middleton (October, 1908); "The Earnings of the Dramatised Novel," by George Middleton (November, 1908); "The Author's Full Dinner Pail," by Arthur Bartlett Maurice (December, 1908); "The Musician as a Money Maker," by Lewis M. Isaacs (January, 1909); "The Hack and his Pittance," by John Wolcott (February, 1909); "The Ghost Walks: the Actor and his Earnings," by Algernon Tassin (April, 1909); "Top Notes and Bank Notes," by George Middleton (May, 1909); and "Theatrical Stock and Its Dividends," by Geoffrey Monmouth (May, 1910).

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other performers in those struggling days ranged from $8 to $10 a week.

At that time the menageries were separate and distinct features of the circus, and to see both animals and performance required the payment of two admissions. As the circuses grew the menageries became very important adjuncts. One reason why the animal tent was kept apart from the big tent was to draw a Sunday crowd. It was heralded as a "dignified and refined Sabbath-day diversion"; was billed as an educational and scientific feature, and it drew the pious minded.

Since the menagerie played such a big part in the early circuses, it followed that the animal trainer rivalled the rider in importance and emolument. The tamers then introduced spectacular stunts that would rank well with modern thrillers. It was about that time that the practice began of thrusting the head down into the cavernous jaws of a lion. The first man who did this, however, received only $50 a week for it. Many of the early trainers received what was considered big money for those days, for some of the salaries were as high as $200 a week.

The most notable of the lion tamers of that era was Van Amburg, who amassed a small fortune and was able to graduate from the lion's den into the dignity of being a circus proprietor. He earned, on some occasions, as high as $400 a week. He had an interesting career, which is a part of our circus history. He first appeared in New York at the old Richmond Hill Theatre, and later at the famous Bowery Theatre, which in its time was a noted place. The Bowery then was a great amusement highway and the approach to the present Great White Way. It was the Broadway of other days. Van Amburg was called "The Lion Lord" and "The Forest Monarch" (it was long before Rooseveltian marksmanship), and well did he deserve these titles, for he was one of the most fearless of men. He was the greatest trainer of his day, and he appeared before many of the crowned heads of Europe. Once, after he had appeared before the Queen of England, he was asked by the Duke of Wellington:

"Do you ever know fear while surrounded by your pupils?"

"No, your Grace," was the reply. "If I ever do, it will be my last appearance among them."

It was Van Amburg who brought the Biblical parable down to modern times in vivid fashion, for it was he who first made the lion and the lamb literally lie down together. It was in the cage of his own circus. Later he introduced a child into the den, thus completing the picture of the triumph of faith and innocence over the savage beast. Van Amburg was one of the first, if not the first, circus man to court personal publicity. He was the most accomplished press agent of his day, and cut out the dazzling print-lined path that P. T. Barnum was later to tread in such spectacular fashion.

Van Amburg was one of the many early circus performers who, on account of their high salaries, were able to embark into the business themselves. Another was the famous John Robinson, one of the fathers of the modern circus, who began as rider and built up the first of the "monster shows." But it was his adopted son, James Robinson, who became the first of the really high-priced performers. It is generally conceded that James Robinson was the greatest bareback rider that this country has ever seen. He was the first man to turn a complete somersault with a galloping horse under him. He received as much as $750 a week, and for a time he held the field to himself. Robinson developed early and became such a card with the Robinson circus that a rival outfit once actually kidnapped him. Another star equestrian of that period was the original Frank Melville, whose name and talent were carried on to the present time by a son. He was the first man to carry a boy on the top of his head while racing around the ring on the back of a horse. He was paid from $500 to $600 a week.

Although the animal tamer was a good rival, the rider for many years received the biggest salary of the circus. There was only one exception, and that was Dan Rice, the clown, and of him there will be more later on. The average riders then received from $75 to $200 a week. There were not so many riders in each circus and the owners could afford to pay liberal salaries. The circus rider, with

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the clown, were the cornerstones of the whole tented project. Around them were evolved all the varied activities of the circus arena.

Next in importance and salary in the old days were the leapers. You may recall out of your boyhood circus going that the event that always followed the grand entrance in the circus was the leaping over elephants and horses. This was a favourite act thirty and forty years ago, and some of the most skilled acrobats of the country were engaged in it. One of the greatest was Dick Sands. A rival was George Kelly. Each got about $300 a week. Perhaps the greatest of them all was Levi North, who was one of the first to do a double somersault over a row of elephants and camels Like Van Amburg, he later became a circus proprietor. The most ordinary leapers got $100 a week, for their act was necessary to the success of the circus. People were always excited over them. Sometimes there were competitions between the leapers for prizes. On one occasion North turned thirty-seven somersaults in succession, defeating the English champion. Other great leapers were Batchelder and Doris, who later owned their own show.

Among the performers that were part of the organisation of the circuses of the fifties and well through the sixties were the posturers, who did bending acts, and who got about $50 a week; the contortionists, who got about the same salary; the acrobats and the aerialists, who had not yet contracted the "family" habit and were most engaged as individuals and who averaged $100 a week; the "cannon-ball men" (forerunners of Sandow), who juggled with iron weights and who got $40 a week; and wire walkers, who have always been a favourite, and whose pay ranged from $50 to $200 a week, depending upon the thrill that they could produce.

It is well to remember at this point that all the circuses up to the seventies were "wagon shows"; that is, they travelled from town to town in wagons and the performers in most cases slept in the vans. The distances between towns were seldom over twenty miles; the march was made at night lighted by torches, and the procession was weird and picturesque. The parade in those days was formed as soon as the show reached the outskirts of the town, and many a glittering entry was made on empty stomachs in man and beast.

Then it was that the great circus giants were getting the experience that would spread the glory of the tented show to every nook and corner of the land. P. T. Barnum, W. W. Cole, W. C. Coup, "Yankee" Robinson, George L. Bailey, John Robinson, Dan Costello, the Mabies, were all either in the business or getting ready for it. At that time Adam Forepaugh was a butcher in Philadelphia and James A. Bailey, destined to be the last wearer of the Barnum mantle, was posting bills for a two-wagon show. James L. Hutchinson, who was to be his partner, had just run away to join a circus that had come to his town down in Ohio. The oldest of the Ringlings, to-day the masters of the whole circus world, had scarcely been born. When Mr. Coup came into prominence, just before the Civil War, the day of the performer-proprietor had waned and the era of ownership by practical business men began and has continued ever since. Then, too, began the fierce and costly competition which had much to do with the advance of certain circus salaries, especially to those who could create thrills and play with danger. Those old-time circus owners were game in every sense. One experience of Mr. Coup will serve to illustrate this. After a long partnership with Mr. Barnum, he built the New York Aquarium, at Thirty-fifth Street and Broadway. It was the dream of his life, and he lavished half a million dollars on it. He spent $5,000 trying to get the three-tailed Japanese fish, the Kingio, and it was typical of the way he did things. The manner of his losing this enterprise was characteristic. He had a partner who was a German and who wanted to open the Aquarium on Sunday. Mr. Coup objected, because he said that the Americans did not like to patronise Sunday amusements, but the German was stubborn. One Monday morning Mr. Coup said to him:

"See here, we can never get together on this Sunday business. I'll tell you what I will do. I will flip a penny to see

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which one of us takes that job lot of elephants and camels that we own and walks out of the place, leaving the other in full possession of the Aquarium."

The coin was tossed and Mr. Coup lost, and with it his fortune. With the nucleus of elephants and camels, however, he built up a new circus and made a million dollars. He dissipated the greater part of this, however, in various road enterprises, and had comparatively little when he died. But he left a real impress, for it was he who built, with Barnum, the famous Hippodrome on the present site of Madison Square Garden, and he was the first man to haul a circus by railroad.

THE GREAT CLOWN ERA

Although the rider and the leaper were circus stars practically from the start and earned big salaries, they were forced at all times to yield to the clown in interest and importance. Every man's first memory of the circus is bound up in some way with the clown, and although many changes have come to the big shows, he alone of all the people of the tented world has maintained the integrity of his art and his make-up. In him are combined the heart and humour of the circus, and it is not surprising, therefore, that as the circus developed, the clown had big part. The period of thirty years ago has been acclaimed as the golden age of our clowning. The clowns then were "talking and singing clowns," and they kept up a running fire of quip and jest with the spectators. Many were accomplished riders and acrobats, and the leaders were men who might have achieved successes in the theatres had they so chosen.

The greatest of all clowns, and one of the most picturesque of all circus personages, was Dan Rice, who had the distinction of having received the highest wage ever received by a white-faced comedian in this country. He is said to have been, with the possible exception of James Robinson, the most daring man that ever appeared in the tented arena. It was not so much that he did hazardous feats, but he could face howling mobs single handed and hurl them back by his courage and iron nerve. Curiously enough, he began his career with a trained pig; later he took up riding with the Robinson show. He would have won fame as a bareback rider alone. He was one of the most versatile of men, for he was a good singer, a master mimic, a born minstrel and a resourceful comedian. He worked for most of the great showmen of his time and then started his own enterprise, which was a river show. It travelled by boat up and down the Mississippi River. Out of this experience he got the title of "The River God." Then he had a One-Horse Show, the star being a famous blind horse, Excelsior. In the heyday of his clowning he had an historic interview with Adam Forepaugh. The circus proprietor sent for him one day and said:

"Dan, I'll give you a thousand dollars a week all this season if you will let whiskey alone."

"Thanks, Mr. Forepaugh, but I prefer the whiskey," was the clown's reply.

Despite this repulse, Mr. Forepaugh did pay him $27,000 for one season's work, and he received from $500 to $700 a week from other showmen. He probably made more money than any circus performer of his time and almost any other time in this country. But he loved liquor too well. He made and unmade half a dozen fortunes. At one time he owned the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia. Yet he died almost in poverty in a little hall bedroom in New York. Thus passed pitiably the man who had made millions laugh and who might have been a circus czar had he been practical and temperate.

Rice had many eminent contemporaries. First among them was George L. Fox, who was called "The Grimaldi of America." Grimaldi was the great English clown. Fox was the original Humpty Dumpty and got from $400 to $600 a week. He played Humpty Dumpty in New York for two thousand nights, and among those who came to applaud him was Edwin Booth. Among his colleagues of that day were Joe Pentland, Peter Conklin, Billy Wallet, Billie Burke, father of the charming actress of the same name, John Lalow, Whimsical Walker, John Gossin, Al Miaco, Dan Gardner and many more. Many of these clowns, especially Miaco, were Shakesperian jesters. The average man who goes to the circus

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now probably does not realise that in those days the clowns often took the part and costume of the jester of gentle Will's day. They hurled real jests at the crowds; some of them were accomplished Shakesperian scholars, and most of them took their profession seriously. In fact the clown salaries then were much larger than to-day. The average good-talking clown thirty years ago got $75 a week, which is a high price for the best clowns to-day.

The clowns then, as now, were always full of surprises. Al Miaco once told me that twenty years ago his white-faced colleagues knew more English literature than most college professors. Once while travelling with the Ringling circus, I happened on Miaco one sunny morning after the parade. He was lying on the ground under a tent flap. I noticed that he was reading a book, and on investigation I found it to be a volume of Byron. He knew hundreds of the lines by heart. Yet two hours later, I saw him cavorting around in the sawdust making a spectacle of himself. My old friend, Jules Turnour, head clown of the Ringling show, goes back to the golden era. He is one of the most serious and dignified of men; his whole outlook on life is clean and chastened. Like many of his craft, he has been thrifty and has a competency for his old age.

Of course, there are no more thousand dollar clown salaries. They died with Dan Rice and incidentally there perished with him a large part of American clowning genius. The circuses have grown so large, that instead of having one or two clowns, as was the case with the old circuses, there must be fifty or sixty. As a result the general clown salary has declined. No clown salary to-day exceeds $100. Marceline, the New York Hippodrome clown, is not really a clown. He is what the European circus owners call an "august." He, by the way, receives $10,000 a year, but his case is an exceptional one. He could not get one-fourth of that with a tented circus. As the circuses grew, the talking business was cut out, because it was impossible to reach the crowds, so varied were the circus programme, and so vast the distances. Hence the clown went back to pantomime and the group acts, scenes and tricks that tell a definite story.

FREAKS AND FAKES

But all the earnings of the circus do not come from the "big tent." For many years the time-honoured "side show" has contributed its share and likewise a picturesque interest. In fact, some of the circus fortunes were made from a clever exploitation of freaks and fakes. Barnum, who always said that the people liked to be humbugged, was past-master of fake manipulation. He made deception a real first aid to circus profits.

Although the side show will last as long as the circus itself. I regret to say, that some of the traditional features are losing interest. The fat lady, for instance, is ceasing to interest the public. In the old days no show was complete without her. Thirty years ago, there was a famous rivalry between two famous fat women. They were Kate Keathley and Hannah Battersby. Each weighed four hundred pounds, and each got a dollar a week for every pound they carried. Once they got into such heated conversation, that it led to a fight, but there was so much body space between the combatants, that they could not reach each other with their arms. Besides, the exertions threatened them with heart seizure, and their managers were loath to lose such a profitable asset. Most freaks make equally freakish marriages, and it followed that Hannah married a living skeleton, who weighed sixty-five pounds. The alliance was happy and for years they occupied adjoining platforms in the Barnum side show. The average fat woman got only $75 or $100 a week.

One of the highest priced side-show freaks was Millie Christine, the "two-headed nightingale," who got $1,000 a week. The celebrated Siamese Twins were really museum freaks, and were said to have received $2,500 a week.

To return to the women of the side show for a moment: the bearded lady used to have great vogue, and sometimes get as much as $100 a week. A famous side-show story relates to one of this variety. A giant once took a friend home with him. He had forgotten his latchkey, and had to pound on the door. Finally

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a window was raised upstairs, and a whiskered face was poked out cautiously. The stranger began to swear at it, when he was stopped by the giant, who said: "Don't swear at that person. She's my wife. I married the bearded lady."

Curiously enough, some of the largest returns have been made on fakes. There were forty fake "Jojo's" He was the original dog-faced boy. All that was needed to make a rival was a fine wig that spread over the head and shoulders. Krao, the first of the "Missing Links," was simply a hairy child, whose father was paid $50 a week, and who acted as nurse and attendant. The proverbial "Wild Men of Borneo" were usually back country negroes who got $25 a week and board and lodging. One of the most successful of these wild men was a Russian hairy man, who allowed his skin to be dyed vellow. Then he was chained to a post and ate ravenously at the huge chunks of raw meat that were thrown at him.

The two extremes of size have always been great side-show attractions. The highest priced giant ever brought over here was Chang, the Chinaman, imported by Barnum. He got $500 a week. The celebrated Dahomey giant, advertised so extensively by Coup, was simply a huge North Carolina negro. Hassan, the Turkish giant, got $400 a week. Joe Dortel was a giant and a strong man, and he got $400 a week from Forepaugh. Once he went for a ride in Cincinnati and he was so heavy that the bottom of the carriage broke down. He had the presence of mind to land on his feet, and thus walked along, practically carrying the carriage. The shock of this jolt, however, injured his heart and he died soon after. There were two rival giants in the Coup show who had a bitter enmity. They were Captain Benheim, a Frenchman, and Colonel Goshin, an Arabian. Goshin, although long advertised as an Arabian, was really a Kentucky negro. It took an exceptional giant, however, to get more than $100 a week, and this rule still holds. It is a curious fact that giants are always short lived. Dwarfs live much longer.

When you come to midgets you touch some of the side-show stars. Tom Thumb got $1,000 a week for a long time, and so did his wife. Admiral Dot, who was a famous midget, got $700. Chemaha, the Chinese dwarf, received $250 a week. The interest in these little people is as keen to-day as ever before. Little Coretta, the midget of the Ringling show this year, gets $350, and her diminutive contemporary, Weeny, who is with the Barnum and Bailey circus, gets about the same. The ordinary museum or small show midget gets only from $50 to $75 a week.

Such side-show staples as the ossified man, the living skeleton, the armless man, the tattooed man, the man with the rubber skin, and the snake charmer have declined in price during the past ten years, and their wages range from $30 to $50 a week.

Their place has been taken by real freaks. One of the most successful attractions to-day is Francisco Lentino, the three-legged boy, who gets $350 a week from the Ringlings. A two-headed boy could get nearly a thousand dollars a week. The big demand among circus men is for this kind of attraction.

Despite the inevitable jealousies (for the artistic temperament is not lacking even among freaks), there has always been a rude democracy among the inhabitants of the side-show tent. There was a notable example of this once when W. C. Coup gave a dinner to his freaks at the close of a very successful season. Never did a more varied company sit down to a banquet board. At one end sat an eight-foot giant and at the other was a thirty-six-inch midget. They were a living lecture in anthropology. The jests were really funny, as one will show. As the armless man helped himself to potatoes by the adroit use of his toes, the living skeleton, who had a sense of humour, yelled: "Hands off," and everybody joined in the laughter.

"JUMBO" AS AN ASSET

Human beings are not the only successful money-makers in the circus business. The animals are strong rivals. One of them in particular was the greatest and most profitable asset that any American circus ever had. This was Jumbo, the elephant. Jumbo contributes a chapter of circus history well worth

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telling, for it was with him that Barnum made his greatest circus strike, and for many years that prince of showmen guarded the mighty pachyderm almost as he would have cherished a child of his bosom. On one occasion Barnum refused a certified cheque for $100,000 for him. This was probably the highest price ever offered for a beast of the jungle. A few race horses have brought more, but only in very rare instances.

Jumbo was obtained by a piece of characteristic Barnum enterprise. He had been for a long time the pet of the London Zoo, but the wily showman, who had coveted him, sent a trusted emissary over, who paid $10,000 for him. When the time came for his removal to the steamer, the elephant laid down and refused to budge. Whether this was natural or forced, the result was a great uproar throughout England. Jumbo's hold on the affection of the British children was such that a great hue and cry was raised against his exile to a strange land. The newspapers started subscriptions, and more than fifteeen thousand pounds were raised. But as Barnum had the bill of sale carefully preserved, he remained obdurate, and this mighty protest was the best advertising he could possibly get. The English papers sizzled with indignation and the cables to the American journals were filled with the news. Barnum made every bit of capital out of the episode, and by the time Jumbo reached our shores he was the most famous institution of the hour. He was probably more extensively exploited than any other animal. Mr. Barnum often said that Jumbo was worth a million dollars to him.

Jumbo naturally recalls the famous episode of the white elephant war. For years there had been a bitter rivalry between Barnum and Forepaugh. The former determined to get an attraction that no one could possibly duplicate, so he announced with a great flourish, just before the season of 1884 began, that he had secured a sacred white elephant from the King of Siam. Hardly had the season opened than the news came forth that Forepaugh had a white elephant, "The Light of Asia," which was billed as the only "original and genuine" article of this kind. The feeling developed between the two shows on account of the white elephant war was intense. Fortunes were spent on advertising. There were many rumours concerning the beasts. One was that the Barnum elephant was simply a leprous beast with a blaze of cream colour down the trunk. Another was that the Forepaugh prize was chalk whitened. Both animals were shown with great care partly covered with black velvet hangings, and the keepers kept careful watch on the persons who touched them. Years later it developed that Barnum had really bought a white elephant in Siam, but that he had been poisoned by native priests, who repented of the bargain. Meanwhile he had ordered all his advertising paper and he was determined to use it. Despite the great sums spent in the exploitation of the white elephants, they proved valuable and paying assets to the circuses. Both were fakes.

It is only fair to the unsightly hippopotamus to say in this connection, that he was perhaps the first of the great animal money-makers. Long before Jumbo was dreamed of, a hippo was exhibited by George K. Bailey, who invented the tank on wheels now used so generally in the circuses. The beast was advertised as "the blood-sweating Behemoth of Holy Writ," and he made several men rich.

THE PAY FOR BIG ACTS

Most people have a very natural curiosity about the compensation for the "thrillers" in the circus. As I remarked earlier in this article, the pay is not always in proportion with the danger. The first of the so-called "modern sensational acts" perhaps was the feat performed by Zuella, who began the "death-defying" practice by riding an old-fashioned high bicycle on a rope. She got $700 a week from Barnum and other circus men. Zazel, the woman who was shot out of the mouth of a cannon, got $500 a week. Juan Caicedo, the greatest of all slack-wire performers, got $400 a week. Little Allright, the greatest Japanese acrobat to be seen here, got $500 a week.

The tendency in the present day circus is to get some really hair-raising act, and as a result of this ambition, men and women toy with death more than ever before.

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The "loop the loop" performance was originated by a bicyclist, Chiro, who was also a Barnum importation and first shown in this country at Madison Square Garden. He turned a somersault on a bicycle and got $750 a week for it. The natural development from this act was the "dive to death" in an automobile, which was also a Barnum importation. The first somersaulting automobile apparatus brought to this country cost $20,000, and the lady rider who smiled so sweetly on the audience from mid air got $500. This feat became so scientifically simple and danger proof, that it got quite common, and women were known to ride in the "death car" for $75 a week.

The latest producer of shivers up and down the spinal cord is Desperado, who dives from the top of the tent onto a runway, landing on his chest. He gets $500 a week. His feat is practically the limit of daring and danger.

One of the best of the common sense acts of the present day circus is the "strong man" act by the Saxon Brothers, who get $800 a week from the Ringlings fifty-two weeks of the year. This means that the circus proprietors must find them a winter engagement.

In connection with modern high-priced circus acts, it is worth while mentioning the fact that Lockhart's elephants received $1,000 a week, fifty-two weeks of the year. There were only four elephants in the act, but they had appeared before all the kings and queens of the Continent, and were a very remarkable quartet.

Now for a word about circus "families." When you read the programmes, you see that most of the acrobatic feats are performed by families. It may be the Lorch family or the Blitz family. They represent a distinct institution. In few cases are more than two of the members of these families really related. They are organised just as a man forms a theatrical company. The foundation (literally) is called the understander, for in ground feats he stands at the bottom and holds up all the rest. Likewise, he is the walking delegate and business agent, for he hires boys when they are eight or nine years of age, takes them on as apprentices and makes great acrobats of them. These boys all take the family name, and in this way a family is built up. Some of these families get as much as $1,000 a week. The average weekly pay of a good acrobatic family now ranges from $300 to $700. Aerialists build up families, the same way, and the groups of eight or nine men and women who do a thrilling trapeze act get from $600 to $800 a week. When you consider that there are often eight members in the family, this only means about $100 a week for each performer. Yet they are content with this income, and many save money on it. Individual acrobats, tumblers and wire walkers get from $50 to $200 a week.

The salaries of riders to-day are really not as large as they were in the older days. A good and fearless bareback rider can get $150 a week now, but, as in the case of acrobats and aerialists, there are many equestrian families. Some of them are real families, however, and descendants of the old kings of the ring. It is an interesting fact, that when the circus germ once gets into the system of a family, it always stays there with the same tenacity that grease paint sticks to the actor's face or printer's ink to the writer's fingers. In all the big circuses to-day you will find men and women bearing names that were on some of the first circus bills.

The average circus performer of the present day is thriftier than you would imagine, and much more temperate too. In the first place, the habit of life out in the clean open air makes for robust health. Besides, the women of the circus have no time for frivolity. Their life is work, travel and sleep. What do the circus people do in winter? Most of the star performers get engagements in vaudeville halls, where there is always a big demand for the kind of work they do, and thus they have a salary all the year around.

THE FORTUNES OF THE CIRCUS KINGS

It remains only to tell briefly just how the circus kings have fared with fortune. The richest of all showmen was P. T. Barnum, whose estate was worth more than $3,000,000. He had good investments in real estate in Bridgeport and in New York, in addition to his circus interests. The right to use his name in connection with "The Greatest Show on Earth"

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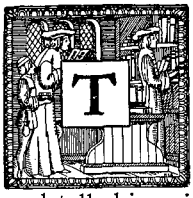
alone was worth a small fortune. His partner, James A. Bailey, left more than a million dollars; likewise, James L. Hutchinson, who completed the famous trio, whose names have flashed from bill boards the world over. Adam Forepaugh died very rich. W. W. Cole, who was a great circus man in his day, and who is now a resident of New York, is a millionaire. The Sells Brothers (Louis, Al, Peter and Ephraim) built up a fortune of several millions and left their families with big estates. These successes are in contrast with the poverty-stricken end of some of the circus leaders of other days, notably Dan Costello and "Yankee" Robinson.

But the wonder chapter in modern circus annals is the record of the Ringlings. Thirty years ago these five brothers (Al, Charles, John, Otto and Alfred T.) were "trouping" with a few horses, a few dens of animals and providing the music themselves. To-day, they own the three greatest circuses, the one which bears their name, the Barnum and Bailey show and the Sells-Forepaugh circus, and dominate the business. These three circuses represent a total investment of approximately $8,000,000. They have brought the commercial and artistic organisation of the circus up to its highest and cleanest efficiency. And, incidentally, they have proved that a goodly quantity of gold dust can cling to the sawdust.

Isaac F. Marcosson.

EUROPEAN DRAMATISTS ON THE AMERICAN STAGE



THE superficial traveller, after a Cook's tour of a hundred days through Europe, comes home with an affected preference for unsalted butter and compartment cars, and tells his neighbours how much better life is lived abroad. He prides himself upon remarking that New York is an ugly city, and he regrets that his fellow-countrymen are merely commercial in their interests and have no sense of art. And if, perchance, he has attended a performance at the Théatre Français or visited one or another of the State theatres in Germany and Austria, he will endeavour to impress the stay-at-homes by denouncing the American stage.

Among the stay-at-homes themselves it is fashionable to complain of the theatre in America and to compare it unfavourably with the theatre in England, France, and Germany. Their attitude, being that of the uninformed, is identical with that of the superficial traveller. For to the mind of the uninformed that familiar line of Thomas Campbell's is usually pertinent—'tis distance lends enchantment to the view. The constitutionally unobservant look at most matters through a telescope. They pride themselves naïvely on the clarity with which they see things far away; and they fail to notice that the telescope narrowly circumscribes the circle of their vision and renders totally invisible all objects that are near. The majority of the people who condemn the theatre in America are either uninformed or constitutionally unobservant. Their view of the matter may be studied in the columns of many popular publications, whose writers aim to agree with the mind of the majority. In these columns you will frequently find it said that the theatre in America is merely commercial in its aims and undertakings, that neither managers nor producers show any regard for what is glorious in art, that great plays are seldom produced and usually fail, that our stage is un-American, and that its interest is provincial. The implied corollary may be expressed in the language of the superficial traveller—"Ah, but you should see the plays they act abroad!"

The charge that our stage is un-American may be answered by statistics. For several seasons, a majority of the plays that have been presented in New York have been written by American authors and have dealt with American life. But

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the counter-charge that our theatre is provincial in its interest is equally without foundation. As a matter of fact, the American theatre at the present day is the most cosmopolitan in the world. While maintaining our annual majority of American offerings, we habitually import the best plays of nearly every European nation. The pieces to be reviewed in the present article were all produced in New York within a period of six weeks; and they were drawn from four different languages and represent pretty nearly the best dramatic authorship of no less than six different European nations. Almost never is it possible in London to see so many important plays from so many foreign countries set forth for comparative study side by side; and far less is it possible to enjoy such a cosmopolitan experience of dramatic art in either Paris or Berlin. The French have never been particularly hospitable to other plays than their own; and although the Germans produce a somewhat larger proportion of foreign plays, they still restrict their attention almost entirely to their native dramatists. The comparative student of contemporary dramaturgy would do better to spend a year in New York than in any of the European capitals. It is true that he might see a higher general standard of acting in France, a higher general standard of production in Germany; but he could not derive so broad and general a view of the current drama of the world.

During the course of a year, a much larger number of really important plays are produced in New York than are produced in London; and among these there is a far steadier proportion of successes. In America we succeed with Ibsen: even in *The Master Builder,* Mme. Nazimova made money for many weeks. That masterpiece of the contemporary British drama, *Mid-Channel,* although it failed in London, has enjoyed a long and profitable season in New York. It is hardly necessary to recall that we were the first to recognise the actual value in the theatre of the plays of Mr. Bernard Shaw, and that his subsequent success in England and in Germany is a mere echo of his recognition in America.

The constant cry that the American manager is merely commercial in his undertakings and does not care for what is best in art is also manifestly unfair. Of the eminent plays to be reviewed in the present paper, that one which is the most beautiful of all was presented by the New Theatre—an institution avowedly uncommercial; but nearly all the others were produced by the commercial managers, who might perhaps have made more money with less worthy and more popular attractions. The Messrs. Shubert are confessedly engaged in the theatre business for the purpose of making money; but it is unfair to accuse them of an utter disregard for art when they produce in quick succession plays by Ibsen, Bernstein, and Brieux. Mr. Charles Frohman, who is also a commercial manager, having shown us the contemporary British drama at its best in *Mid-Channel,* proceeds to show us the mid-Victorian drama at its best in *Caste.* Mr. and Mrs. Fiske, having made money in a long season with an American play, proceeded to spend it on a short season of Ibsen, Hauptmann, and Schnitzler. Whatever may be the defects of the commercial organisation of the theatre in America—and it would be unfair to deny that these are many and grave—it is also unfair to shut our eyes to the fact that many of our managers show a very high regard for art in the plays that they select for presentation and often sacrifice large sums of money for the sake of doing something that is intrinsically fine.

It is by no means my present purpose to argue that the American theatre-goer has nothing to complain of; neither is it my desire to spread the eagle and wave aloft the Stars and Stripes; but it must be emphatically stated that, from the point of view of art, the American theatre is at present in a far more healthy state than ever before in its history, and that, at least in its aims and undertakings, it may be compared not unfavourably with the contemporary theatre of England, France, and Germany. And perhaps the one thing that it stands most in need of at the present time is unprejudiced appreciation and regard.

In the Venetian Index appended to *The Stones of Venice,* Ruskin, after devoting half a hundred pages of critical analysis to Tintoretto's decorations in the

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Scuola di San Rocco, dismisses the last and greatest of them with the following single sentence:

62. *The Crucifixion.* I must leave this picture to work its will on the spectator; for it is beyond all analysis, and above all praise.

It is in much the same mood that the critic comes away from any adequate presentation of a play by Maurice Maeterlinck. Critical comment can only—like Shelley's dome of many-coloured glass—stain the white radiance of that beauty which he has looked on face to face. Silence would be a more befitting tribute to this poet of the sentience of silence; or if not that, at least some genuflexion of the spirit in the presence of the master-soul.

"Sister Beatrice"

For surely M. Maeterlinck is the master-soul of this present age of ours. In *The Blue Bird,* which the New Theatre has promised for production in the fall, the little boy who is the hero discovers the secret of seeing the souls of things, and wanders through the present, past, and future, seeing all things not as they seem to actual eyes, but as they really are in their essential nature. This is the secret of M. Maeterlinck as a poet: he sees the souls of things. He removes veil after veil of the enveloping actual, to reveal at last the palpitant and vivid real. His characters are not people, but the souls of people; his fables do not represent life, but the soul of life. As Angelico was a painter of angels, so is M. Maeterlinck a painter of the human spirit. Because his mind quintessentialises all that it contemplates, his artistic productions exhibit a sublimated simplicity. Language with him has become again the speech of little children. It is so simple that the ear feels tender toward it. His sayings are like little birds that flutter home to fold their wings within our hearts. To enter the sanctuary of his mind is to withdraw from the sound and fury of the actual world into a vasty silence that seems evermore eloquent with echoes; it is to be reminded of all the beauty that we have ever known and all the latent spirituality that we seemed to have forgotten; it is to bathe in Dante's Eunoè—the river of remembrance; it is to attain that mood when happiness and sadness are as one—the mood of Botticelli's *Primavera,* whereon whoever looks must smile through tears.

To the New Theatre we have been indebted for the great gift of *Sister Beatrice.* The essential note of this exquisite and gentle work might be indicated in Italian by the single word *pietà*—a word which means both "piety" and "pity"; for its tenderness is at once piteous and pious, and its theme is the ineffable compassion of the mother-mind of God.

Sister Beatrice is tremulously young. She has lived for four years in a convent—ever since she was a child—and the abbess has told her nothing of the world. She knows only that the Prince Bellidor, who played with her in her father's garden when he was but a little boy, has hands that tremble when he looks upon her and eyes more gentle than those of a child at prayer. In the dark before the dawn, Sister Beatrice kneels before the statue of the Virgin and asks if it would be a sin for her to go away with the Prince Bellidor into the unknown world, with love that answers to his longing. The Virgin makes no sign. Out of a wonderful clear night of stars the Prince Bellidor comes to Sister Beatrice, clothes her in pearls and cloth of gold, and lures her forth to his caparisoned and champing steeds. Piteously again the maiden appeals to the Holy Mother for some sign to guide her; but the statue remains silent as before. Upon the grating which surrounds the pedestal, Sister Beatrice hangs her conventual garments. Then she goes away with her lover into the dawn.

As the day breaks, the statue of the Virgin miraculously comes to life, descends from the pedestal, and dons the garments of the departed Sister. The Holy Mother sings a little song which says, "There is no sin that lives when love hath prayed; there is no soul that dies when love hath wept." When the poor come to the convent for their customary alms, the Virgin apportions among them certain vestments which glow suddenly resplendent as she handles them with the gladness of divinity. The abbess and her attendant nuns, coming processional to

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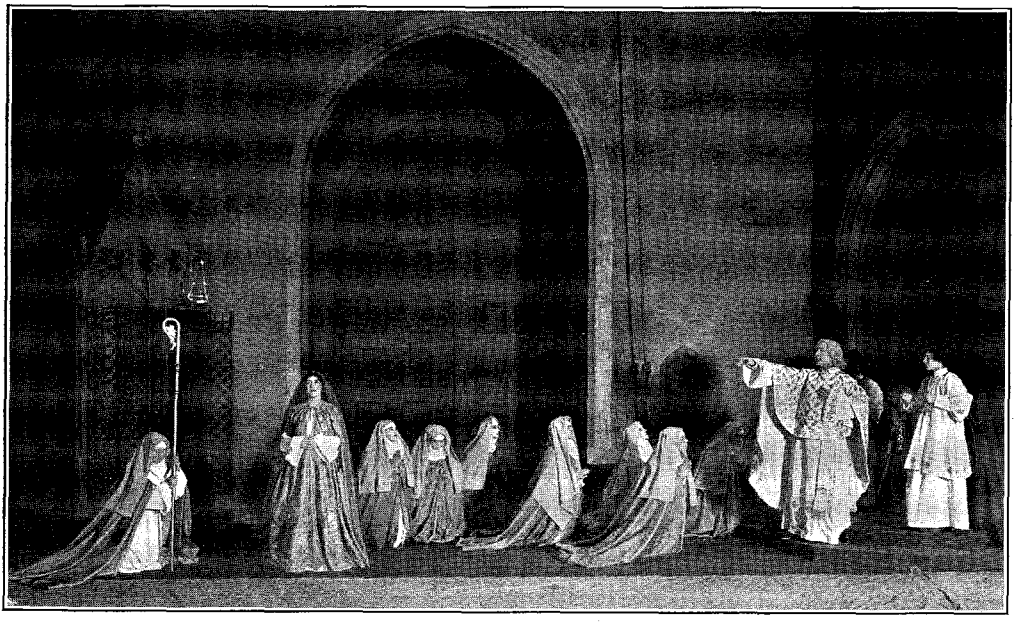
morning prayer, discover with consternation that the statue has disappeared from its place, and, finding the supposed Beatrice wearing beneath her cloak of grey the rich robes of the Virgin, recoil in horror from the apparent sacrilege. Acting in accordance with the advice of their priest, they hail the sister to the adjoining chapel to strip her of the holy vestments. But suddenly, amid a delirious chant of alleluias, a cloud of light foams forth from the chapel, through which is sprinkled upward a blinding dazzle of innumerable sparks; the nuns are scattered forth



"SISTER BEATRICE." ACT II

"The abbess and . . . nuns, coming processional to morning prayer . . . and finding the supposed Beatrice wearing beneath her cloak of grey the rich robes of the Virgin, recoil in horror from the apparent sacrilege."

amazed; the rods in their hands have bloomed into wands and garlands; and out of a shower of flowers the Virgin reappears to them divine. They feel this as a sign that Sister Beatrice is sainted.

For over twenty years the Holy Virgin fulfils the daily duties of the nun. Meanwhile, out in the rude world, the vanished Sister has sunk from sin to sin until she has reached the deep despair of degradation. She crawls back to the convent to die; and upon her return the Virgin resumes the rigidity of silence. The nuns regard the reappearance of the statue as a further miracle, and listen with unbelieving ears to the account which Sister Beatrice rehearses of the horror of her life of sin. They consider her confession as the death-raving of a holy mind; and when she dies, they feel that they have witnessed the passing of a saint.

Whistler might have called this miracle play a harmony of blue and silver. It has somehow the colour of the sky before the dawn, in that moment when the deep blue grows aware and waiting and the morning-star trembles with imagining of day. It was in this mood that the scenic investiture was conceived by that subtle and exquisite artist, Mr. Hamilton Bell. Nothing more tenderly pictorial has ever been revealed upon the American stage than the glimpse out of the doorway in the first act, when Bellidor appeared to Beatrice. Through a tracery of half-imagined trees we looked afar to a sky of blue awakening to grey and palpitant with a single throbbing star. A grey old man was leading a dark steed with gleaming harness. And Bellidor himself, black-

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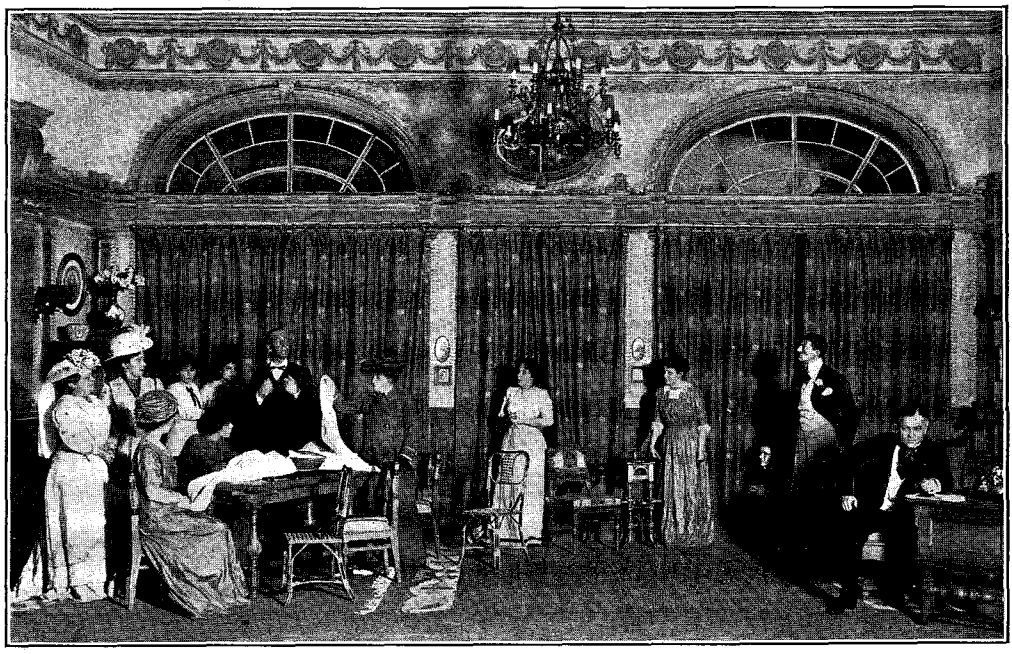
haired and glittering with armour, came trailing from his shoulders a flowing cloak in which the blue of the sky had caught and tangled all the silver of the stars. Throughout the present season, Mr. Hamilton Bell has revealed repeatedly his very remarkable talents as an interpretative artist; but this fine moment of collaboration with Maurice Maeterlinck must be regarded as his masterpiece. Scarcely less worthy of commendation was the stage-direction of Mr. George Foster Platt, which was beautifully and subtly simple. The only adverse criticism which may be urged against an otherwise admirable production is an objection to the obliteration which was made of the lapse of time between the first act and the second. M. Maeterlinck intended that the second act should be played in the bright light of early morning, as a contrast to the dark of night which shrouds the first act and the third. Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, whose reading of the part of Sister Beatrice in the first act was perfect in its lyric loveliness, also missed the intended note of gladness in the second act. In this bright and glowing second act, the Virgin should appear, as M. Maeterlinck himself explains, *"comme enivrée de son propre miracle."* The production, therefore, lacked the needed note of contrast and variety. But it was, on the whole, so beautiful and fitting that it seems ungrateful to object to it at all. *Sister Beatrice* is in itself sufficient to make us glad that the New Theatre came into existence. This one production was great enough to cover a multitude of sins. For it is good to feel ourselves alive in a world that looks so lovely to the clear eyes of the great Belgian poet, whose work—to quote that ineffable simile of Rossetti's—is like a hand laid softly on the soul.



"PILLARS OF SOCIETY." ACT I.

"The outcome of the play is predestined logically from the moment when Lona enters to let in the fresh air upon the stuffy and self-sufficient household of Karsten Bernick."

"Brand"

As a curtain-raiser for *Sister Beatrice*, the New Theatre presented a little more than one-half of the fourth act of Ibsen's *Brand*. Professor Herford has informed us that this fragment "has repeatedly been played in Christiania"; but on the basis of the American production no justifiable

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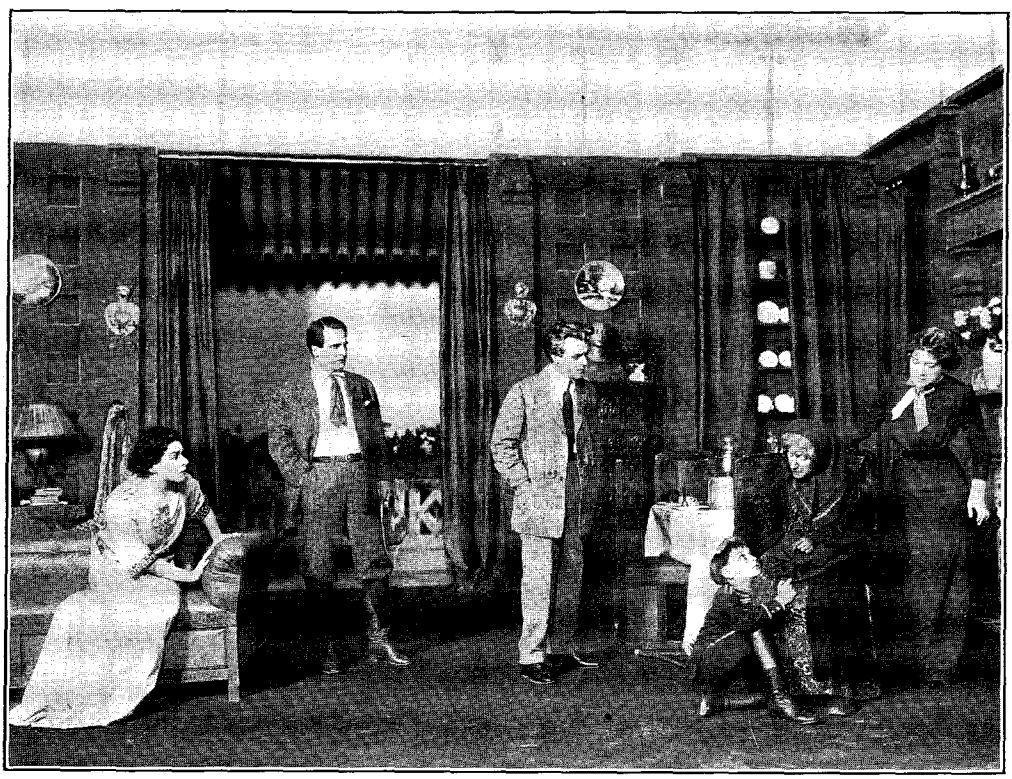
reason for its presentation is apparent. *Brand,* of course, is not a play. It constitutes the first section of an epic in dialogue, which is completed with *Peer Gynt.* Brand is an idealised embodiment of the positive quality of the Norwegian character, and Peer Gynt is an idealised embodiment of its negative quality. Peer Gynt has no will, and drifts through life along the line of least resistance. Brand is the human will incarnate. His philosophy is "All or nothing," and his motto is "No compromise." He undertakes a great work in a particular locality, and when it becomes apparent that the climate of the place will prove fatal to his little boy, he chooses to sacrifice his child rather than to sacrifice his work, and by declining to move elsewhere condemns his son to die. After the death of the child, Brand refuses to permit his wife to ponder with sorrow on their sacrifice. She treasures the baby-clothes of her little murdered boy; but when a vagrant gypsy-woman enters with a ragged baby in her arms, Brand forces his wife to give away the full complement of her treasures, and breaks her spirit so that she too finally succumbs. One of the many meanings of this fourth act is to represent the cruelty of the idealist, who for the sake of a lofty aim on which his mind is fixed will sacrifice the sensibilities of those who are nearest and dearest to him —a cruelty of which the world might learn from the wives of many of its greatest men. But amputated from its context, this fragment seems empty of all larger meaning. It appears merely as an episode of maundering sentimentality about a dead and buried child, followed by an episode of inexplicable and, therefore, unforgivable brutality. And since the passage was abominably acted, the presentation of it was entirely unfair to the great poet of the North.



"LITTLE EYOLF." ACT I

"The Rat-wife exercises her allurement upon Little Eyolf, and troubles everybody with a vague foreboding"

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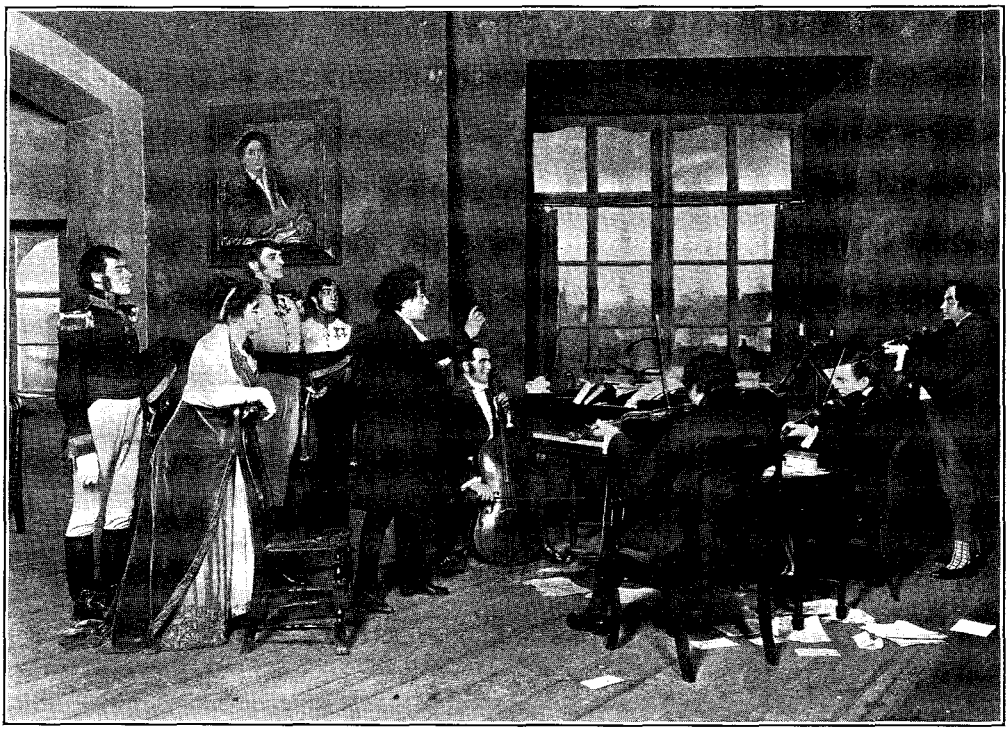
"Pillars of Society" and "Little Eyolf"

The work of the greatest modern dramatist was shown to far better advantage in two really remarkable productions from his social series—Mrs. Fiske's presentation of *Pillars of Society* and Mme. Nazimova's presentation of *Little Eyolf*. The former of these dramas appeared in 1877, and is the first but one of Ibsen's social plays; and the latter appeared in 1894, and is the last but two of the entire series. Because of the long lapse of time between these two masterly compositions, it was very interesting to study them side by side. The later work seemed by far the more profound, but the earlier piece seemed much the more serviceable for the theatre. When Ibsen wrote the *Pillars* he had not yet cast off the tradition of "the well-made play" which he had inherited from his predecessors in France. The piece has the most intricate plot of all his social dramas; it is vivid with exciting action and enthralling suspense; it is objective and concrete. In *Little Eyolf*, on the other hand, he has grown subjective and abstract; he no longer composes a play of plot and of people, but develops a drama of human relations and of states of mind. The earlier piece happens on the stage; the later happens within the souls of the participants. *Little Eyolf* reveals a deeper and a fuller mind, but the *Pillars* shows a more practical adjustment of ideas to the exigencies of the actual theatre. In the later acts of *Little Eyolf*, the New York audience seemed frequently to wonder what the talk was all about; the stage remained too static, the suggestions of the lines were too elusive. But the *Pillars* was quite evidently clear to the auditors at every moment, and they were never troubled by a sense of missing something.



"BEETHOVEN." ACT II.

"The deaf Beethoven strives to conduct a quartette in the rendering of his latest composition and is overwhelmed with tragic despair upon perceiving that he cannot hear a note."

The majority of the newspaper reviewers, having looked up the period of

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the *Pillars,* dismissed it as old-fashioned and out of date. As a matter of fact, it is, for the average American audience, the most effective of all of Ibsen's social dramas, with the possible exception of *An Enemy of the People,* which has not yet been presented regularly in New York. In form it is the sort of play that we are used to, and it discusses a subject peculiarly pertinent to Americans to-day. The reputations of many of our Pillars of Society are built upon the sand, and of late we have grown amazedly aware of many of our social masks and lies. Several of the reviewers took exception to the "happy ending" of this play and objected to it as illogical; but on the score of truth—which is the touchstone of all criticism—it may merely be argued that this ending is accomplished within a startlingly brief period of time. The outcome of the play is predestined logically from the moment when Lona enters to let in the fresh air upon the stuffy and self-sufficient household of Karsten Bernick. In actual life it might have taken Lona a month or a year to accomplish the regeneration of the liar whom in her large way she loves; but the convention of compression in time is the one convention of the drama that has always been respected from the days of Æschylus to 1910; and if the ultimate end of the dramatist be logically acceptable, it is uncritical to complain of any brevity of time within which he may choose to compress the outcome. This play is not untrue; and though at a glance it may seem to be parochial, it shows itself, upon a clearer view, to be both cosmopolitan and human in its content and intention.

Little Eyolf, which reveals how a husband who has married for expediency and his wife who has married for sexual desire, arrive through bereavement and spiritual anguish at a larger love which makes them brotherly toward humanity at large, is a more intensive and poetic work, and is, therefore, more baffling to the average theatre-goer, who sees life only on the surface. But it is a supreme representation of the subtle degrees by which human beings may mount from their desires and their ambitions, their longings and their loves, to that Love which is superior to the law of change and which is the soul of all human activity at its highest. It is a great work, and should be seen and studied by all who care for what is noblest in art.

"Hannele" and "Lonely Lives"

The fame of Gerhart Hauptmann has echoed round the world, and by many who have never even studied his work he is regarded as a great poet and a great dramatist. A few years ago it was considered unfashionable to be bored by *The Sunken Bell.* I am conscious, therefore, of ranking myself with the minority when I express my belief that he is neither a great dramatist nor a great poet. He seems to me endowed with a great ambition to create, which has lured him restlessly to attempt one after another of the recognised types of dramatic composition and even to venture into fields of art that have lain hitherto untilled; but in every mode he seems to me to have failed of utter and absolute achievement. That he has revealed a great creative impulse I am willing to admit; but I cannot feel that he has proved himself a great creative artist.

Hauptmann's dream-drama of Hannele's assumption into heaven, which has been highly praised by his admirers, has lately been revived by Mrs. Fiske. Hannele, a girl of fourteen, who has been driven to suicidal despair by the cruelty of her step-father and has cast herself into a pond, is fished out by a wood-cutter and carried by a schoolmaster named Gottwald to a wretched almshouse in the mountains. As she lies in bed and drifts through the delirium of approaching death, she dreams childishly that she is ascending to the heaven of which she has been told in church. The nurse at her bedside seems to her imagination to be the figure of her dead mother; she hears the choiring of white-robed angels and sees the sinister visage of the black angel of death; and the schoolmaster, Gottwald, appears to her as the Saviour and leads her up a golden stairway to the sky. When her dilirium is ended, the doctor and the nurse pronounce her dead.

This curious composition is certainly not a play, and we need consider it, therefore, only as a poem. So considered, its very subject appears basically unimpor-

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tant. What passes through the delirious mind of a German peasant aged fourteen, who has been educated only in the symbolism of a very primitive religion, can hardly enfold any meanings of profound philosophic and poetic import. Granted that such a child had such a dream, what does it matter to the world? To dwell upon the naïve details of her delirium is merely sentimental. Furthermore, the play is very crude in form. The realistic opening in the almshouse is fumbling and uncertain in art, and is discordant with the reverie that follows; and in the dream passages, the author fails to life us sufficiently aloft upon the wings of poetry to make us oblivious to the humour of the crystal coffin and the rose-wreathed angels and the golden stairway.

Hauptmann's earlier play, called *Lonely Lives* [*Einsame Menschen*], which was shown in two special performances at the Hackett Theatre given by the American Dramatic Guild, is a much bigger work than *Hannele*. It tells the now familiar story of an idealist husband living with a merely domestic wife in the midst of a conventional family and a narrow-minded circle of friends, who experiences a large and unexpected spiritual companionship with an enlightened woman of lofty mind, but who—although his relations with this woman remain, in the conventional phrase, purely platonic—so disrupts the atmosphere of his environment and wrecks the peace of mind of his family and friends by the maintenance of this idealistic friendship that he is driven finally, in despair of being rightly and simply understood, to kill himself. The characters of this drama are very true to life and many of the dialogues are vivid and illuminative; but the play is extremely crude in structure. The author cannot even easily succeed in getting his people on and off the stage in a plausible manner; he shows no technical mastery of his craft. The piece is an earnest and sincere representation of life; but it is faulty and fumbling as a work of art. It is wise, but it is not crafty; and it indicates that although Hauptmann, twenty years ago, had something to say, he had not learned to say it firmly in the terms of the dramatic art.

"The Green Cockatoo"

Arthur Schnitzler is the cleverest dramatist writing in Austria to-day. His powers were fully revealed to American playgoers a couple of seasons ago by the production of his *Liebelei* under the title of *The Reckoning*. His dominant quality is a sinister and somewhat cynical worldly-wisdom, incisive, experienced, discomforting. The Fiskes have recently presented his one-act *grotesquerie* entitled *The Green Cockatoo*. It is merely a theatric *tour de force*. The Green Cockatoo is a *cabaret* of revolutionary Paris conducted by a former theatrical manager. It is frequented by slumming parties of aristocrats who come to be thrilled by rehearsals of imagined crimes repeated by professional actors who enact the parts of thugs and murderers. Henri, the star actor, so convincingly narrates his murder of a duke who has seduced his wife, that even the proprietor supposes the narrative to be actual and reveals to Henri a knowledge that the latter's wife has really been unfaithful. Thereupon the duke enters, alive and smiling, and is stabbed by Henri, just as a crowd surges in from the street with the tidings that the Bastille has fallen and reminds the audience that a great drama has really been occurring while the *pagliacci* were playing their petty parts within the *cabaret*. In this fantasy, Schnitzler deliberately violates the accepted axiom that a dramatist must never mystify his audience, for he allows the spectator no opportunity for deciding whether the long initial narrative of Henri is actual or feigned. The net result of this scene in the theatre leads us to respect the ancient rule rather than the clever Austrian's violation of it; for it is impossible for the auditors to feel anything while they are wondering what it is that they should feel. But the little piece is spirited, and is brilliant in detail.

"The Whirlwind"

On the American stage, we have already seen a sufficient number of the works of M. Henri Bernstein to be convinced that he is not a dramatist of the highest order. He is a master-mechanician; but his temperament is cold and hard. He

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does not really care about life, and he fails to make his audience really care about his characters. What he lacks is the milk of human-kindness. His plays awaken no response of sympathy; we watch them merely with that aloof and utterly unhuman interest with which we watch the engines of a ship. Admirable mechanism, to be sure; but in the theatre we prefer to be reminded of humanity.

La Rafale, which has lately been presented under the title of *The Whirlwind,* is an early work of M. Bernstein's; and, seen after a trio of his later productions, it curiously—as the phrase is—gives him away. It demonstrates that he is a playwright with a single formula, to which he forcibly conforms whatever theme he chooses to discuss. His pattern is ready-made; all that he has to do to make a new play is to cut another piece of narrative in conformity with the old measurements. *The Whirlwind,* like its successors, opens with an entirely obvious and thoroughly careful act of exposition, in which all of the essential points of the plot are pounded in at least three times. Then follows the usual long act between two characters, in which one breaks the other down and forces forth a terrible confession—an act which seems once or twice about to end, but is resumed at the next moment on a higher level of excitement. The first act is in the manner of Scribe, and the second act is in the manner of Sardou—except for the expedient of the sudden unexpected afterthought, which is M. Bernstein's own invention. The third act offers nothing that is noteworthy.

The story that is made to fit this formula is, in this instance, unsavoury and inhuman. A countess has a lover who exhibits a weakness for gambling away large amounts of money. To get him out of his financial difficulties, the countess tries to borrow a large sum from her father. The father turns upon her and forces her to confess her illicit relation with the gambler. Reduced to despair, she sells herself to a degenerate cousin who desires her; but before she can save her lover with the money she has gained by this sacrifice, the latter has committed suicide. Critical comment on this story reduces itself to the brief question—"Who cares?" The piece is merely a fabrication; it does not create the illusion of life. For life, even at its worst, has something kindly in it—something to which the heart of the observer may go out with tenderness or tears.

"The Three Daughters of M. Dupont"

If M. Bernstein is the contemporary Scribe—*le Scribe de nos jours*—it is no less true that M. Eugène Brieux is the legitimate successor of the most profound and searching dramatist of the nineteenth century in France, the great Émile Augier. M. Brieux has nearly always taken as his subject some social proposition of profound importance to the French nation of to-day, has built up a definite body of belief about this proposition, and has striven to inculcate this belief by means of his dramatic art. His work is always as solid as it is sound. The deftness of his dramaturgy is no less remarkable than the maturity of his philosophic mind. His plots are well-articulated, his characters are vivid and real, and his dialogue is aglow with humanity and agleam with humour. In every sense he is a great dramatist—probably the greatest of all that brilliant company who are writing for the stage in France to-day. But since his themes are indigenous to French society, his plays are rarely appreciated beyond the borders of his own country. His work, like that of his illustrious predecessor, can hardly be successfully exported. It is necessary to know France in order to appreciate Augier and M. Brieux; and of the intimate details of the French social system the people of other nations have remained curiously ignorant. We of America find it difficult to feel a sympathetic interest in a daily round of life that is basically difficult from our own; we seem unable to imagine other people. Because of this, M. Brieux will never make money in America, whereas his shallower contemporaries, like M. Bernstein, will reap a fortune in our theatres.

For this reason, those who care for what is best in art are all the more indebted to the zeal of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving and the active interest of the Messrs. Shubert for their thoroughly worthy presentation of *The Three*

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Daughters of M. Dupont. The theme of this great play is the hopelessness of life for women in middle-class provincial French society, restricted as they are at present by a social system which ties them tightly and prevents them from experiencing a natural and free development of personality and character. Of the three daughters of M. Dupont, one has followed the lure of free love, and has experienced degradation and despair; the second has been forced by her family into a life of frustrate and embittered celibacy; and the third has been married mechanically by a contract of convenience between her parents and those of a man she does not love, and suffers the disillusionment of a wedded life that is not real and is, therefore, insufferable. Since the courses followed by the three daughters of M. Dupont are the only three courses open to the average young girl in a French provincial town, and since all three paths lead to disaster, what is the young girl to do? M. Brieux indicates that the only possible alleviation of this dilemma lies in a reform of the conditions of matrimony—an abolition of the *mariage de convenance* arranged selfishly by the parents of the contracting parties, and a substitution of the marriage of love arranged directly by the two people who want to wed each other. This being the theme and the teaching of the play, it is easy to understand why it could not succeed in America. Since M. Brieux was advocating a system of matrimony which is the only system that we ourselves approve of, his teaching seemed superfluous to the average American auditor; and the auditor found himself incapable of imagining clearly the existence of that other tragic system which the author was analysing and combatting. But the piece is a great arraignment of a social evil which has not yet been eradicated from the constitution of provincial life in France. It is, furthermore, a great comedy of character, written with a rich humour and the gusto of reality. It is a play that will be read and studied long after the noisy melodramas of M. Bernstein lie buried beneath the snows of yester-year.

M. René Fauchois is an actor about thirty years of age who has made two or three attempts at the poetic drama. His verse is obviously imitated from that of M. Rostand: it shows the same leaning toward rhetorical *tirades* and pointed couplets. It is not without eloquence, though the eloquence is elaborate, and it is not devoid of wit and fancy: what it lacks is that deftness and daintiness of touch which distinguish the verse of the author of *Chantecler*. *Beethoven* is rather interesting to read in the original; but its merits as a composition are merely verbal and are of a nature that precludes translation. There is a wit of rhyme which demands the preciosity of the Alexandrine and cannot be rendered in our dignified unrhymed pentameter. As a piece to be performed, *Beethoven* is immitigably dull. It sets forth a succession of unrelated scenes culled from various periods in the life of the great composer, and hardly any of these scenes are dramatic. There is one effective moment at the end of the second act when the deaf Beethoven strives to conduct a quartet in the rendering of his latest composition and is overwhelmed with tragic despair upon perceiving that he cannot hear a note that is being played; but for the most part the piece is but a dreary succession of merely narrative episodes. M. Adolphe Brisson, the brilliant dramatic critic of *Le Temps*, summed up the situation in a single clever sentence—"There is something in the old rules after all." A play should have a plot; it should show a beginning, a middle, and an end; it should cast emphasis on action rather than on words; it should exhibit at all points a struggle of human wills; it should have unity:—but why go on? *Beethoven* was endowed with none of these time-honoured characteristics. As a consequence, it bored the audience.

"Beethoven"

Mr. Charles Frohman has done a really fine thing in reviving T. W. Robertson's comedy of *Caste* forty-three years after its first appearance. Playgoers of to-day may study it in comparison with contemporary comedy, and may learn at a glance exactly what has been gained and what has been lost in a half century of evolution. It becomes

"Caste"

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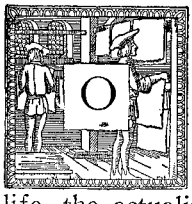
evident, for instance, that in mid-Victorian times more emphasis was cast upon the actor and less upon the play itself than is the case at present. *Caste* is essentially an assemblage of acting parts. Every one of its seven figures affords what actors call a "fat" opportunity for the performer; and the story is halted at this moment and that to allow each figure in turn to take the centre of the stage and display his histrionic specialty. The story is amiably rambling: there is no firmness of structure nor tightness of composition in the fabric as a whole. Furthermore the play is not a first hand representation of life; it is a thing of the theatre and smells of the footlights. During the last half-century, our dramatists have effected a return to nature. The best of them now set before us criticisms of life rather than conversations of comedians. The technique of dramatic composition has also been immeasurably improved. But in one thing at least our playwrights of the present day seem to be surpassed by Robertson and his contemporaries—namely, a skilled efficiency in devising acting parts which any one can play easily and in which no one can fail to make an effect upon the audience. *The Liars* is a much better play than *Caste*, but it contains no character part so rich as Eccles. The difference is that our grandfathers went to the theatre to see actors and acting; nowadays we are learning to go to the theatre to see life.

Clayton Hamilton.

THE TRICK OF COMPROMISE AND SOME RECENT NOVELS



NE of the commonest of truisms which critical comment has directed against fiction of the realistic type is that it aims to accomplish an impossibility; that real life, the actualities of human existence as they occur, day by day, cannot be transferred without modification to the printed page in such a way as to produce anything even remotely approaching a well-constructed story. In realism, as in any other school of fiction, they argue, it is not the more or less literal transcript of actual events that makes a novel—it is that part of the book which the novelist quite independently of his creed must supply out of himself, the part which is truly creative. Now, of course, all this is quite right and reasonable, so far as it goes. It is a fact that no novelist has ever attempted to copy nature with the slavish fidelity of a machine. It is not a violent hyperbole to speak of an author's photographic accuracy of description, for no one is misled into thinking he has emulated the slavish exactness of a sensitised plate. And no matter how natural and colloquial a written dialogue may be, it still remains something very far removed from the stenographic report of an actual conversation; and it is not only true that no writer copies life precisely as it is, but no writer even wishes to do so. The complex strands of life, the actual work-a-day life that we are all living, are slowly forming, perhaps, a vast and wonderful pattern—but it is a pattern which only the mind of Omniscience could embrace. In the petty sections of life which we call novels, even in those which are most ambitious, we must be content with a pattern on a greatly reduced scale, if we are to see that pattern at all. And accordingly, in a novel the strands composing a group of lives must be constantly turned back upon themselves and interwoven closely with one another, instead of stretching away as they do so often in the great loom of actuality across the strands of countless alien lives, continuing beyond our ken their task of pattern weaving but becoming to us merely so many more unfinished ends of broken thread.

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These facts seem so obvious that it is rather surprising there should ever be any misunderstanding about them. The question really has nothing to do with any particular school of fiction; the difficulties which it raises are shared alike by realism and romance. In all the fiction ever written, there has come a point at which the writer has deliberately taken liberties with actuality—a point at which he has felt the compelling need of compromise. All fiction, even the best of it, is a series of compromises, ranging all the way from the keystone of the plot structure to the brogue of an Irish servant girl. The purpose of fiction is not to deceive you into mistaking it for reality, any more than the purpose of a painting is to make you think that you are really out in the country, gazing at an apple orchard. A novelist is not trying to produce a clever forgery of contemporary history; he is simply trying to produce for the passing hour an agreeable illusion of reality that harms no one because it deceives no one. And one of his biggest problems is to find the best way in which to create that illusion. He cannot do it, of course, by utterly disregarding the actualities of the world around him. Still less can he do it by turning himself into a phonograph and camera. His path lies somewhere between these two extremes, and it varies according to his individual creed—but in any case it is necessarily the path of compromise.

Take, for instance, the structure of the author's plot, the whole series of imagined incidents that he has chosen to bring together into a logical and strongly developed story. Now, if he is a romanticist, this series of incidents may be of the stuff that dreams are made of; if he is a realist, of a rather slavish type, he may have evolved every one of them from newspaper clippings of actual events reported from Washington, San Francisco, Oklahoma and Pawtucket. In either case, the principle of compromise remains the same. Both authors have taken the same sort of liberty with actuality in crowding together an unusual number of striking and exceptional occurrences, and pretending that they all took place within the limits of a single village within the span of a single life. The adventures of Ulysses are a series of extravagant myths. The incidents in any one volume of the Rougon-Macquart series are based, we are told, on incidents every one of which happened somewhere and at some time in France. But in each case, the compromise is the same. It consists in crowding all these scattered events, actual or legendary, on to a single canvas, within the limits of a narrow frame. And in a varying degree this is always true of fiction. Its heroes and heroines always live more intensely, hope and rejoice and sorrow far beyond the limits of the ordinary mortal. Or, to take another type of compromise in fiction, consider the whole question of colloquial speech. No novelist attempts to record literally the ordinary run of human conversation. It would be intolerably boresome with its repetitions, its vapidness, its broken sentences, its careless grammar. And on the other hand, too much of the literary touch will spoil it. To represent a group of modern men and women of average culture laboriously saying, "Did he not?" and "Can I not?" in place of the permitted vernacular, "Can't I?" and "Didn't he?" is to falsify life, and remind us rather painfully of what we suffered in those remote days when our minds were fed upon the priggish platitudes of *Sanford and Merton*. Here again compromise is a question of degree. Too much colloquialism is quite as bad as not enough. The modern tendency is toward much greater freedom than was considered good form half a century ago—partly, no doubt, on account of the increased carelessness to-day in the every-day speech of the educated class; but also because of the modern tendency toward a closer transcript from life. Any one can satisfy himself of the truth of this by a five minutes' comparison between the conversations in Thackeray and in Henry James. The latter mirrors back admirably that easy freedom of refined men and women when speaking familiarly and without self-consciousness; while in Thackeray, the frequent avoidance of the ordinary permitted elisions gives the conversations, when you pause to think of it, a slightly stilted, if not pedantic effect.

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Now, the trick of compromise in small matters and in great consists in escaping notice. It is analogous to the trick of high lights in painting. The highest light you can possibly get is the whiteness of white lead, which fades into obscurity in comparison with the whiteness of even a cloudy sky. The artist's trick then lies not in trying to catch the brilliance of actual daylight on his canvas, but in not letting the spectator realise how dingy his canvas actually is. It is the same way with the novelist. He knows, of course, the physical limitations of his art; and he knows, also, that it is only by keeping discreetly away from the outer limit in either direction that he can secure that semblance of truth which is the vitalising spirit of all fiction.

"Poppy"

It is peculiarly difficult to explain in a brief space just what it is that stamps certain stories with an unmistakable imprint of importance, and that makes other stories dealing with much the same material and situations seem thin and poor and lacking in vitality. *Poppy: The Story of a South African Girl,* by Cynthia Stockley, serves aptly as an illustration of the former class. It is just the life history of a certain Poppy Destin, from the time she was a lank and scrawny child of nine, the overworked drudge of her uncle's bad-tempered Dutch wife, Aunt Lena; down through the years that bring many changes of home and fortune; through rash love that turns to shame, and motherhood that brings bereavement; until at last the matured woman, grown fine through suffering, achieves fame and fortune and a belated happiness. There are scores of novels built upon this formula. From the days of *Jane Eyre* downward, the ugly, neglected, unhappy child who later develops an unlooked-for beauty that sets men on fire is so common a type of heroine as to be almost hackneyed. And the life history of a young woman, who is so placed in the world that there is no one but herself to shield her from the dangers of life, nothing but her own instincts to teach her what those dangers are, has been written over and over again—sometimes ending in tragedy, sometimes in victory, sometimes leaving only an impression of sordidness and repulsion, sometimes, as in the present case, compelling instant recognition of power and artistic value. Just how an author manages to convey the impression that he is showing you, not merely a transcript from life, but life itself, vibrant and glowing, is something that refuses to be reduced to thumb-rules. It is part of that creative faculty which eludes a direct interpretation. But perhaps the phrase, Trick of Compromise, will serve as well as any other term to define the mechanical portion, so far as there is any, in a type of work which is largely inspiration. That fine sense of relative values, that careful avoidance of extremes, that discreet adherence to the middle course, goes a long way toward making us forget, for the time being, that any life exists other than the life within the pages of the novel before us. And that is quite literally the spell which a book like *Poppy* puts upon us. Poppy's world, the world of Southern Africa, with its rolling spaces of veldt, its sweeping, boiling rivers, its scarlet flowers and purple shadows, its "rain-soaked, sun-bitten days," looms so large, so near, so all important before us that we become part and parcel of that life, forgetting, as one forgets in a dream that it is a dream, which everyday actuality is about to snatch from us. Frankly, *Poppy* is a strong, fine, consistent piece of artistry, of which the author, whether it is her first book or her second or her tenth, may well be proud. Nowhere is the canvas overcrowded, yet nowhere does it reveal spots which are thin or bare. One hasty, adverse comment, made by a woman reader who recoiled from its unsavoury truth, was to the effect that it contained not one honourable man and only one respectable woman, and that one a subordinate character. The fact about this aspect of the book is that it shows, as convincingly as any novel of British colonial life in the tropics, how the isolation, the idleness, the enervation from the heat inevitably react upon the Anglo-Saxon, lowering the moral standards, encouraging a laxity of speech and thought and conduct. But if this were all the book contained, no matter however well done, it would not have deserved the

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praise here given. But it does more than that: it shows the bravery of self-conquest, the courage of mother love that fights the world single-handed, stubbornly living down the world's neglect and scorn, and winning victory through the love and the loss of a little child. And back of the tenderness and the pathos, never intruding, yet never forgotten, is the wonderful, luminous atmosphere of Africa, with its mysterious colours and shadows and scents, and the ever present suggestion of flowering bushes, "redolent with a fragrance, like the fragrance of a beautiful woman's hair."

"Ragna"

Ragna, by Madame Anna Constantini, serves admirably to emphasise still further the points already made in regard to *Poppy*—to emphasise them, that is, because of its own deficiencies. *Ragna* is one more book constructed in accordance with the above defined formula. But its faults are too wide a canvas, an interest too much scattered, and a central purpose far too vague to serve as an excuse for the unsavoury frankness of its episodes. To begin with, the book is a veritable potpourri of cosmopolitanism. Ragna is a Scandanavian, born and reared among the fjords of the far North; she is educated at a convent school in Paris; and on her homeward journey has her first romance on the steamer, and is kissed by a Montenegrin prince, heir apparent to one of the petty Balkan Peninsula thrones. "The timid, untried girl of yesterday had vanished, a new, passionate Ragna had taken her place." She knows, of course, that Prince Mirko will not be allowed to marry her; indeed, she is clever enough to realise that such a purpose would never occur to him. Nevertheless, when some years later, her aunt takes her to Rome for the winter, and she again runs across the prince, she sees no harm, no danger, in meeting him secretly day after day, and letting him make passionate love to her, which they both know and admit cannot continue. And then comes the day when they dine together in a private room of a secluded *trattoria* outside the walls of Rome, and the inevitable happens. The girl guards her secret well. There are just two men who know it, the Prince's aide-de-camp and an Italian artist—and they both promptly offer her the refuge of marriage. Ragna refuses the aide-de-camp, because she is not quite sure about her feelings for him; and marries the Italian, to whom she knows that she is indifferent. The Italian proves to be a bully, with a vile temper and the instinct of a miser. He never forgets and never lets Ragna forget that he is not the father of her first child; and in one unpleasant and unnecessary scene, he very nearly beats to death both her children with the stinging blade of a fencing sword. Ragna is on the point of eloping; but those helpless children, who are a mass of bruises, teach her somewhat tardily that her duty lies with them and with her repentant husband—whose repentance the reader may well look upon askance. And that is literally all there is to the book. Regarded merely as a bit of structural technique, the disastrous dinner episode at the *trattoria* leaves the reader saddened and repelled by its needless crudity. One involuntarily recalls the master skill of similar episodes in Bourget's *L'Irréparable* and Zola's *La Curée*. Considered in its bearing upon the author's purpose, this turning point in the story is still more inexcusable An hour's frailty which results, as with Bourget's Noémie, in an agony of despair so deep and hopeless as to lead eventually to suicide, teaches a lesson that has its value. Or again, as in the case of *Poppy*, discussed above, where a woman rises above conventions and for her child's sake refuses to let the world's scorn crush her, here again is a theme that is its own excuse. But in *Ragna* we have only a picture of a woman who does not learn any useful lesson from experience; a woman who follows her passions rather than her reason, and has not the courage to bear in patience the penalty brought by her own folly. It is not a study in the development of character, for Ragna does not develop. One doubts at the book's close whether her sudden access of mother-love is not merely a passing wave of hysteria.

It is a comfort to escape from the hothouse passions of this type of book into the clean, sweet atmosphere of such a delightful little comedy of youth and health

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and out-door happiness as Grace Sartwell Mason has given us in *The Godparents*.

"The Godparents"

Imagine a young woman in the early thirties who for years has been in the habit of answering to no one for her conduct, or of thinking of anybody's comfort save her own; imagine further that she is on the point of sailing for Europe, with her trunks and satchels, her books and her French maid; the signal for visitors to leave has sounded, in a few minutes the vessel will be gliding from the dock—and suddenly a man, a stranger so far as she can, for the moment, recall, springs aboard, confronts her, and tells her that she is not to sail, that a half-grown boy, at whose baptism these two had stood sponsors twelve years earlier, has fallen into bad hands, and is being ruined for lack of the care that they had solemnly vowed to give. And because he is the type of man who usually has his way; because, in her heart, the woman knows he is right; and also perhaps because she is rather tired of having no interest in life but her own sweet will, and enjoys the novelty of being mastered, she meekly follows him off the steamer and onto the train that is to take them to an obscure little village where the boy lives. Now the conditions that confront them when they arrive are rather disheartening. The boy's grandmother—the one person who could have helped them—has died; the boy is dominated by the housekeeper, a shrewish, scheming woman, who is working to ruin him, because by the terms of a curious will the family property will be lost to him if, before he comes of age, he has done anything to disgrace the family name. She has poisoned the boy's mind against his Godparents, with the result that, upon learning that they have come, he runs away, hides in the woods and lives a life half animal, half gypsy. If these Godparents had been a less determined, less adventurous type, they would probably have abandoned the boy to his fate; but instead they decide to play his own game and play it better. So we have the pretty sylvan picture of a man, a maid and a much perturbed French servant, camping out in the heart of a Northern forest, apparently with no other purpose than the joy of the passing hour—and a puzzled and distrustful small boy, prowling daily around the camp, lured strongly both by curiosity and by hunger—for woodland berries are not sustaining food, and frying bacon diffuses a redolence that is hard to resist. And while the conquest of the small boy is going on, the young woman, who has for years aimlessly sought to please herself and has succeeded only in being bored, learns the valuable lesson that it is rather pleasant to be dictated to, provided the right man does the dictating, and does it in the right way. The whole book has a daintiness, a wholesomeness and a deftness of treatment that give it a genuine and pervading charm.

"The Sky-Man"

The situation of a young man and woman, forced by circumstances to spend some weeks alone together in unconventional intimacy, is always cropping out in some new guise, refurbished so cleverly that for the moment it almost tricks us into thinking it a brand-new idea. The latest version of this old familiar tale is *The Sky-Man*, by Henry Kitchell Webster—and in spite of one or two rather glaring structural faults, candour demands that we express our gratitude for it—because as an example of its kind it is exceedingly well conceived and well sustained. The significance of the title lies in this: that the hero has mastered the trick of flying with artificial wings. His wings are no new development of aeroplanes, no complicated mechanism of fans and motors—they are actual wings; his motion is not the impulsion of gasoline or electricity—it is like that of the birds themselves, a matter of skill and equilibrium, a sort of sixth sense that makes possible that infinitely delicate poise, that instantaneous shift of balance, that sends him gliding almost without effort athwart the upper air currents, or into the teeth of a gale. This man, who has won the mastery of the air, is a social outcast, a man who has been forced to resign from the United States army, under a cloud of unmerited disgrace. And because he hates his fellow-beings for their treatment of him, he spends more and more of his time in the air, visiting the remote inaccessible

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regions of the earth, soaring for hours over sea and desert and drifting ice packs of the frozen North. It is on one of his flights to the region far north of Greenland that the Sky-Man comes upon uncharted land, discovers a group of stranded sailors, and witnesses the brutal murder of one of their number. At a safe distance he alights to reconnoitre, and discovers a woman, young, beautiful and alone. Just how the young woman happened to have come there, how in the chapters that follow she learns that she is separated from her companions and stranded beyond hope of rescue through an Arctic winter, and what relation the girl's people and the murdered sailor bore to the Sky-Man and the cloud upon his honour—all these are questions that need not be taken up in a brief critical estimate. What interests us is not the carpenter work of the plot, the mechanics of the how and why, but rather the audacious swing and sweep of the narrative, the sense that we get of actual physical passage through the air, the exhilaration of soaring, eagle-like, and seeing the world open out, in an endless panorama far below. The life of the man and woman together, through tedious winter months of darkness, is a distinctly good bit of Robinson Crusoe adventure, and the various casualties of illness, accident, and attacks of unseen enemies are managed with a keen eye to good stage effects. There are, however, two distinct weaknesses that must not be passed over. First, after we have been carefully told that a flight of only a few hours would have taken the Sky-Man the length and breadth of the American continent, there really was need of some adequate explanation why it never occurred to him to leave his companion for a single day, to bear to her family the news of her safety and to bring back a few necessities of life for want of which they are actually suffering. And secondly, although they are many degrees within the arctic circle, there is no point in the narrative at which the reader feels a sympathetic shiver of real cold. There they are, stranded, without even a change of clothing—yet there is no hint that they suffer on that account. In and out of their cave they go, in the bitterest weather, yet their bodies seem to bear a charmed existence, impervious to the bite of frost. It seems strange that so common and well-recognised a form of physical discomfort and danger should have been missing from a book in which the physical sensations of aerial flight are so tinglingly and so wonderfully imagined.

"Routledge Rides Alone"

The man who suffers himself to become a social outcast, in order to keep the stigma of treason from the father of the girl he loves, gives the underlying motive of Will Levington Comfort's latest book, *Routledge Rides Alone*. The setting of the story, excepting for a few dramatic chapters in London, are India, China and Japan; the theme is the newspaper war-correspondent and the life he leads. Now it happens that Routledge, cleverest and most far-sighted of the correspondents, loves Noreen, daughter of Jerry Cardinegh, "dean of the British word-painters of war." And so, when some one betrayed to Russia a British military crime committed years earlier in Afghanistan, and Russia in turn used it to her advantage, all England arose in wrath against the suspected traitor, and Jerry, to shield himself, threw the suspicion on Routledge. That is the starting point of the story of Routledge's long banishment. There is much that is grim and unsavoury in the bypaths and black depths of native India, a good deal of mystery and occultism; and in the later portions, when Routledge, still riding alone, gets the first and only complete newspaper story over the wires, from the seat of war, during the Russian-Japanese campaign, there are a number of scenes that set the blood to tingling. The book leaves the impression that it just misses having been something a good deal bigger than it is. It suffers rather unfairly from the fact that India and the Far East has already been treated by a number of writers of rather large calibre.

"Bianca's Daughter"

Mr. Justus Miles Forman has written some books that have been both entertaining and wholesome, and one or two that it is a pleasure to look back upon. But *Bianca's Daughter* is not to be numbered in this

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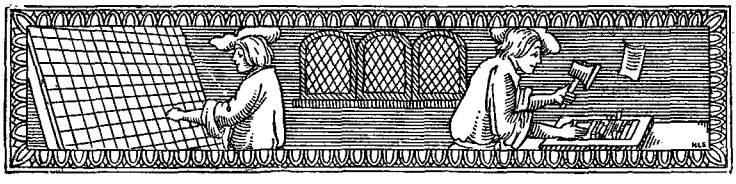
list. If you had the misfortune to have your wife run away with another man, leaving a six-months' daughter behind her, the chances are that you would take pretty good care, as your daughter grew to womanhood, that she should have no opportunity to meet and fall in love with the son of the man who had ruined your married life. That is just where Bianca's husband made his big mistake, and that is why Bianca's daughter realised the meaning of the adage about true love failing to run smooth. Of course, there is no legal impediment to a marriage between an unrelated man and girl, even though their respective parents once upon a time outraged social customs. Yet the situation somehow gives offence, and is not made any more savoury by an attempt to alienate the sympathy from the wronged husband and to brand him as a coward and a tyrant.

"Just Between Themselves"

Just Between Themselves, by Anne Warner, has only one fault: the compromise between actual conversation and the kind that is acceptable in a book is not quite cleverly enough managed. It chronicles the adventures of a party of six Americans, whom the mistaken zeal of one of their number has gathered together in a German jumping-off place, on the outermost edge of the Harz Mountains. Picture the effect of placing in circumstances of enforced intimacy a placid, long-suffering, motherly little woman, of great physical plainness, her commonplace middle-aged husband, another married woman, who knows that she is beautiful and cannot resist her two great joys in life—making her husband jealous, and subjugating every other man who comes near her; a simple, unaffected young girl, and one unattached bachelor, whom the married flirt chooses to consider her personal private property. Add a small boy, who has sharp eyes and an ungovernable tongue, and it is easy to see that there are abundant possibilities for comedy. Anne Warner, however, has chosen to record the daily happenings, down to the most trivial and wearisome conversations, with the fidelity of a talking machine; and the situations, which begin by being extremely funny, end by becoming boresome. The best effect may be secured by reading the book aloud, a chapter at a time. It deserves to be read in this way, because it really has some extremely clever touches, which are quite lost if one tries to labour straight ahead at a single sitting.

Frederic Taber Cooper.



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FIVE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

JOHN R. SPEARS'S "THE STORY OF THE AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE"*

A book to make the blood run faster is *The Story of the American Merchant Marine.* It is unfortunate that Mr. Spears did not hit upon a title that does greater justice to the colourful contents. But the account presents far more than an orderly and complete panorama of stirring accomplishment — achievements, by the way, quite as picturesquely narrated in the later as in the earlier periods. It lays before you, with insight and human philosophy, the causes which went to the making and the unmaking of our merchant marine. Concerning the latter phase, it submits all the contributory and collateral conditions and traces the workings of each toward the regrettable conclusion, the decline of sea trade in American bottoms. This ample discussion occupies a long last chapter and obtains its breadth of treatment only at some forfeiture of the audience to which the rest of the book has been directed. For, though still in popular vein and very readable, it is rather over-compendious and scientific for those who are ill-prepared for so minute an analysis by the vividness and briskness of the earlier chapters, chapters which evince equally well, though in another mood, the thorough documentary research of which the whole work is the outcome. This is, however, only saying perhaps that there were more causes and their interrelation was more intricate for the decline of our shipping than for its growth, and that they obviously would manifest themselves otherwise than by achievements. At any rate, any one who is not desirous of being thoroughly informed on the matter can easily close the book as he reaches this last chapter. To any one who does so desire, it will not disturb the impression earlier derived of a subject handled with singular attractiveness of design and of expression, with an artful variety of narrative, and often with an eloquence which satisfies the reason while it warms the heart; and it will but heighten his opinion of Mr. Spears's winning and persuasive manner.

The first vessel, "a pretty pinnace thirty feet long," built within the limits of the United States for commercial uses, was put together off the mouth of the Kennebec in 1607 by fishermen who got their living off the Banks. It was intended not only for the fishery and the coasting trade with the Indians, but for over-sea trade as well. The Virginia colonists had little interest in shipping, for the London merchants were so eager for their sole crop—tobacco—that they sent over ships months before harvest in order to have the first chance to secure it. Not until 1624 did the Pilgrims begin ship-building, and then only in a slight way, since it was seven years later that Governor John Winthrop launched their first sea-going ship, to open trade with the Dutch on Manhattan Island. But in 1635 the colonies, all told, had in the over-sea trade as many as "six sail of ships." One could cross the ocean then for five pounds, almost a half year's wages for a labouring man, and take his horse for ten pounds extra.

It was a long time before the New Englanders, through whom the great growth was to come, found out that their future prosperity could lie not in the fur trade, as with the Dutch and Canadians, but only in the fisheries. But when they saw it fully, they got the sea habit in a very short while. They fished for cod off the Banks, for in the earlier years the whale fishery was of small importance. The sailor had a direct interest in the voyage, receiving a third of the catch; and thus the custom made merchants of the men, made them self-respecting, resourceful, and ambitious.

When in those days ships were built, hardly a shilling changed hands; the workmen were all paid in goods or in shares in the vessel. The economy enforced by the scarcity of capital really led to an advance in the art of ship-building —it was then discovered for the first time that the enormous poops strained rather than strengthened the hulls. Soon

*The Story of the American Merchant Marine. By John R. Spears. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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the proprietors saw that if the fish business were to be handled in the most profitable way, they must carry the cargo in their own ship direct to the foreign consumer. Thus they became traders also and learned to compete with the keenest merchants of the world. The physical problems of their peculiar waters would not allow them always to do their work by methods already in use, and thus they became inventors also. It was not long before the Mother Country, awaking to the enormous profit in the business, passed navigation acts by which—to increase the "correspondence and kindness between the colonists and home subjects"—the colonial producer was robbed by an artificial reduction of the selling price of his products and an artificial increase of the price he paid for his European goods. Yet in spite of this hampering of colonial trade the colonial shipping went on increasing so vigorously as to alarm the English owner, who could not help seeing that a colonial ship manned by a colonial crew was more efficient than his own. The colonist, in response to the manifold unjust restrictions on his trade, rapidly developed a habit of doing what he believed to be right regardless of the law and—winked at by native officials—began to indulge on a large scale in smuggling. Meanwhile, the whale and slave trade had taken a start and by the middle of the seventeenth century were growing to large proportions. Those engaged in the former pursuit little by little extended their territory until in 1767 there is mention of no less than fifty whalers that crossed the equator "by way of experiment." Thus the Americans became discoverers also. In communities like Nantucket every man went whaling, and a "greasy" voyage made the crew rich enough to buy shares in a whale ship. As for the slave trade, thrift was the first reason for that. Long before the end of the century the Colonial ships trading to the Madeiras and Canaries were making use of the vacant spaces between cargo and deck by storing them with negro slaves. Rhode Island merchants soon secured the lion's share of this traffic, because Newport was nearer than Boston to the one-crop colonies of Barbados and Virginia, where slaves were most needed. Besides, Newport had already gained ascendency over Boston in distilling rum, and nothing proved more serviceable in stupefying the heathen of Africa. The profit of the Colonial slaver captain was enormous, in spite of active English competition, of assaults of armed privateers under the English flag, and of a Court of Admiralty anxious to keep the lucrative trade to itself and with increasing jealousy of American shipping.

This hostility grew worse until in 1764 ships of the royal navy were stationed as revenue cutters all along the American coast, and whenever a valuable prize was in question they disregarded not only justice, but the very law they pleaded. So it was inevitable that the American, like all the rest of the world, should go a-privateering, especially as the love of adventure and the eagerness to get on in life at all hazards had been generated in him by the conditions of his birth. Men who were at once woodsmen, ship-builders, fishermen, and sailors could also fight; and, fighting, they proved conspicuously able to think calmly and swiftly in emergencies. But for all the stirring service of the privateers it was seen when the Revolution ended that in only two ways had they served the American merchant marine—they had trained seamen to handle ships under difficult conditions and they had improved the speed of the whole fleet. For the rest, the losses of the ship merchants as a class and the loss of the country far outweighed their picturesque gains in the eventual driving from the sea most of the American ships—though the few that remained were literally the best merchantmen in the world.

At the close of the war so great was the depression of the seafaring part of the population that many of them planned to remove their industry to France. Yet it was in this period of greatest gloom that the American merchant marine first reached out for trade in the Far East. When it was found that the profits on coffee, tea, and pepper were larger than any made before, excitement in Boston and Salem ran high. People went mad for the Eastern trade, young men worked their way to the command of ships before they were old

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enough to vote and, through unexplored seas to wild and uncharted coasts, at a time when the American people were financially prostrate and the American flag powerless in the face of the open enmity of the world, they flung boyishly their Stars and Stripes to the breeze on the far side of the earth—a picture, eloquently painted by the author, which portrays better than anything else the spirit of America.

During the entire period between the Revolution and the second war for liberty, American shipping was subjected to ruthless spoliation. In international affairs the sole criterion for right was might; and it was a time when all the civilised nations but Portugal were paying subsidies to the Algerine pirates to encourage them to ravage the shipping of the rest. England egged them on to check American shipping by harrying the Atlantic, so fearful was she of Yankee trade in the Mediterranean; but France and Spain and the rest of the nations in proportion to their power and opportunity took scores of American ships outright. The French spoliations were ended by a few well-fought actions of our tiny navy; but the English, in order to maintain supremacy of the sea, resorted to more systematic measures to hamper American ships and compel them to abide by English laws made to protect English shipping. Since they could not exclude Americans altogether from the seas, they hit upon the neat scheme of forcing them to carry British goods to ports which then—in war-time—they themselves could not enter, and of forcing them to land their cargoes in English ports and then reload. In the war brought on by this state of things the American merchant loss was greater than the British, for the number of ships they took was only thirteen more, while their own ships were on an average much more valuable. A curious minor result of the war was that many American privateers were loth to give up their predatory career and became pirates in the Spanish Main, where their depredations on ships of their own country was considerable until 1832. By this time most of the pirates had turned into slavers, which, indeed, an act of 1820 had already declared piratical. The slave trade was thus in the popular mind held responsible for some of the horrors of piracy, and in consequence a wave of sentiment against it was rising in America. But the prohibition of the trade had succeeded only in increasing its profits and the atrocious inhumanity in the handling and crowding of the slaves in the narrow speedy ships, especially as the American flag was the only one that could now protect the slaver from inspection on the African coast. For—as a main result of the war—the American ship was now unmolested by any power on earth. And the seafaring people had become aggressive to a degree that was little short of bumptious.

Their first step toward sea supremacy was the establishment of packet lines to Liverpool and Havre, and of coastwise lines. "We recollect that thirty years ago, when the *Manhattan* was launched," said the New York *Express* in 1838, "it was believed that she was not only the largest and finest that had been built but that ever could be built. From that day to this they have gone on improving until now they can hardly be excelled." In July, 1836, twelve packets sailed from New York on the same day and raced across under heavy betting. The record was a little over seventeen days. The number of cabin passengers varied from thirty to eighty, and the price of passage from one hundred dollars to one hundred and forty dollars. The proudest man in the world at that period was the master of a Liverpool packet; and even a report to the House of Commons conceded that the ships were better and the men more efficient than English ships and sailors. In twenty-one years their chief competitor announced their unquestioned supremacy. But a little later a prouder potentate strutted in "lustrous, straw-coloured, raw silk" along the New York water-front. He was the captain of the lean sharp clipper ship of the Chinese trade. Her speed was faster than anything yet devised, and she made more money a year than the packets had ever dreamed of—two hundred thousand dollars one of them earned in her first eleven months. Yet her splendid sailing record was by no means due to her new model,

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but to the man on the quarterdeck, the master mariner evolved by two hundred years of resourceful struggle with the sea.

In the period before the Civil War the fleet enjoyed the golden era of its prosperity. The success of the whalers was particularly due to the character of the whalemen as developed by their environment. The share in the oil instead of set wages had made them enterprising; "no oil, no pay" drove them through all the oceans of the world. In looking for whales they discovered more than four hundred islands in the Pacific alone. "What will my august master say," cried an astounded Russian commodore, "and what will he think of my two years' cruising in search of land that has been discovered by a boy in a sloop but little larger than the launch of my frigate!" A well-handled whaler was a most profitable ship until after the petroleum industry was developed. The seal industry, however, was almost exhausted as early as 1825 by wholesale extermination, though it dragged on with fluctuations until 1880. It was with such eagerness that young America was scouring the seas.

Yet even while all the world hailed the American flag supreme, the work that was to banish her from the waterways had already begun. It was the American sailor who had achieved the supremacy, and when steam navigation had become an assured success his splendid skill was no longer needed. On the other hand, the British had been building efficient engines for twenty years before Fulton had to import one from England for the *Clermont,* and in every application of steam power the British were—as is still the case—much in advance. They were anxious to learn all about the new power in order to preserve their vitally necessary sea-supremacy, and the government with that end in view set about subsidising its transatlantic lines as a military and diplomatic measure. No one supposed at the time that subsidising a single mail line from Liverpool to Boston would eventually drive sails from the packet routes. The chief superiority of steam at first was only that the merchant could calculate within a day the time of the passage, while the packets had compensating advantages and for a number of years made as much money as ever. But when the Americans woke up to the necessity of a steam line of their own, it was found that they had not learned how to build ocean-going steamships, their engines devised hitherto for inland waters were not strong or stiff enough. Our transatlantic sailing ships lost their trade not because the Cunard line received a subsidy, but because before we learned to build seagoing steamships the British ship-builders had perfected themselves in the art and British merchants had established themselves firmly in the trades from which the distractions of the Civil War drove the Americans. The difficulty of interesting American capital in the new iron screw propeller, the inability of the American ship-builder to obtain iron at home for a living price by reason of the tariff, the transference after the war of American capital from sea to shore either in the wildcat speculations attendant upon depreciated currency or in honester investments and government contracts, and, finally, the gradual change in the social conditions of sea-life which repelled self-respecting American youth—all these were contributory causes. The nation was steadily losing the sea habit.

At present there is a decided congestion on the high seas, and it may well be that to regain the supremacy would not be worth the cost. Nothing adequate to the situation has been done since the Civil War, but, aside from needed reforms in old-fashioned navigation laws and new governmental measures, our merchant marine can never retake its old position until it has once more evolved a nautical unit of ship plus sailor as efficient for the modern day as was the ship of the sail a little more than a half century ago.

Algernon Tassin.

II

James Moffatt's "Primer to George Meredith"*

It may seem a fatal criticism of any novelist that a "primer" should be necessary; it implies his product is not self-re-

*George Meredith: a Primer to the Novels. By James Moffatt. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

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vealing and hence fails as a work of art. But there are occasions when casual comment on manner has aroused an attitude of antagonism to matter which a careful searching for one's self would dispel. George Meredith has suffered most in this respect and his name, as Mark Pattison says, was and is "a label warning novel readers not to touch." The author of this present volume has been prompted to dispel this antagonism and to invite the interest of the prejudiced by a skilful introduction to the general philosophy of Meredith and an elaborate analysis of the novels, merely exposing from new facets, as each does, the reflections of a great soul. Granting, then, the sincerity of Mr. Moffatt's aim, his "primer" takes its place as a valuable contribution to growing Meredithiana.

With admirable brevity he traces the facts of Meredith's reticent life, his cosmopolitan temperament, and the variety of literary influences from which his philosophy and art grew. To do Meredith justice, one must keep in mind, as Mr. Moffatt points out, that his novels should be approached from the side of ethics as well as art. His brilliant bizarre style, frequently forbidding in its euphuism and over-subtlety, is the best medium for his persistent attacks on pride and sentimentalism—"the two scourges of our refined civilisation." After showing how, with Meredith, character is destiny, "that some inward twist of the soul explains the mischief done by a man to himself and others," the author carefully analyses these two passions "which spin the plot" of most of the novels: false pride or egoism—so often, especially in men, mistaken for love and nobility—and sentimentalism—an emotional self-indulgence or a feminine enjoyment of experience and sensation without incurring obligation and responsibility. The corrective force of the Comic Spirit—"an attitude of thoughtful laughter"—is clearly presented, and from this Mr. Moffatt illustrates the general attitude of sanity which Meredith claims is only possible for those who will face the facts of life and seek the normal in Nature. The scope of his introduction offers little opportunity for comment on Meredith's poetry or *Essay on Comedy*, in which his philosophy is most elaborately enunciated; but Mr. Moffatt succeeds admirably in indicating the wealth of mind and spirit waiting those who care for stimulus in novel reading.

The fourteen novels and four short stories are then taken chronologically, some criticism of Meredith's contemporaries is presented and a clear outline, with helpful footnotes, of the plot follows. He observes accurately enough that Meredith's first novel, *The Shaving of Shagpat*, contained the same attitude toward life as his last, *The Amazing Marriage*—the "same integral calculus of motives, the fatal endowment of fertility, the diverting and ingenious whimsicalities and showery audacious epigrams." The art of *The Egoist*, he says, resides in that Meredith "analyses motives of which often the actors no less than the onlookers are almost unconscious." And *Beauchamp's Career* is ennobling, too, because "a large part of its attractiveness lies in the delineation of human nature in contact with the surge and spray of deep elemental forces in the modern world"—a favourite theme of the novelist as witnessed in *One of Our Conquerors*, which Mr. Moffatt, with Sturge Henderson, believes one of the greatest of the series. The real interest of this latter little-read book though, like *Lord Ormont and His Aminta* and *The Amazing Marriage* rests in the "deft studies of character and in the analysis of the marriage problem." *Sandra Belloni* and *Vittoria* owe their chief charm to "the wonderful figure of Emilia." And Mr. Moffatt, like all critics of Meredith from Stevenson on, pays great tribute to Meredith's gallery of women.

In spite of frequent resentment at some of Mr. Moffatt's values—placing *The Amazing Marriage* among the best, for example—the total impression of the book shows that his deep love for the novelist has not blinded him to the deficiencies, yet has warmed him to write with a contagious enthusiasm. It is appropriately dedicated "to any who desire to join that acute and honourable minority which consents to be thwacked with aphorisms and sentences and a fantastic delivery of the verities."

George Middleton.

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III

Judge Lindsey's "The Beast"*

Judge Lindsey, of Denver, is one of our most luxurious citizens—certainly there is no one more luxurious than he. It is only exceptional men who have exceptional pleasures. Judge Lindsey has indulged himself to the full in doing an exceptional work. He has exposed and hunted the Beast—the Beast of Big Business greed that corrupts our public life—all his adult existence. Your big business man thinks, perhaps, that he (the business man) is working for luxury. But how can money-luxury compare with the deep, exciting luxury of the spirit and the temperament, the luxury of the mind and heart that want the best, and are strong enough to see the best clearly and to fight for it constantly and vigorously? The difficulties in so doing—the contumely, the ostracism from the society of the "best people," as Lincoln Steffens would put it, these are only exciting irritants, stimuli to the æsthetic appetite of the truly luxurious citizen.

This book, *The Beast,* is the life-story of Judge Ben B. Lindsey, put together with remarkable skill by Harvey J. O'Higgins. It is, in several respects, a uniquely important book. All the other important "graft" exposures, muck-raking documents, of the last ten years—exceptionally able and useful as many of them have been—have, in comparison with this book, lacked intimacy. They have been written by men more or less on the outside, about subjects and conditions specially investigated—now one city, now another, now one set of conditions, now another set.

But Judge Lindsey tells a detailed story of his total experience for years in one city—Denver. It is not the result of any special investigations. It is the result of a life struggle, practically, made by a remarkable citizen of Denver, against the "system." His information came gradually, step by step, as a result of his active public life. Wherever he turns he finds the Beast in his way—which is the most convincing manner of discovering what the Beast is like.

The habits of the Beast have been described, from one angle or another, by many able journalists. In this book we have the Beast, not so much described as presented, shown from all angles. That is what makes this book a piece of literature as well as of journalism. It gives a complete picture of a whole social, economic, political and ethical situation. And it does so not by mere circumambulant description, not by "covering the subject" in the dull pseudo-scientific way, but by the direct and dramatic method of autobiography.

The relation of the book to literature is also shown by the fact that the personal note is as well defined as the public note. The temperament point of view, habit of mind and æsthetic angle of an individual is a delightful part of this volume. In this case, the individual's characteristics have not obscured, but have illuminated the facts. If Judge Lindsey had not had a devouring passion for a peculiar luxury—the deep luxury of truth and of public service—he would never have been able so clearly to see the Beast and to picture him in a hundred ways, manifesting itself in a thousand unexpected situations. As literature it is as interesting as it is as muck-raking.

And as muck-raking it is unprecedentedly specific. Concrete instances of the way the Beast works abound. The facts force the reader to make the same conclusions as to the nature of the Beast and its function in our society as those made by Judge Lindsey. Sometimes, indeed, he goes beyond the actual evidence—but this rarely—and even then we follow him with sympathy and with a belief that he is right. The founder of the Children's Court is sometimes impelled by his emotion to go far, as, for instance: "I soon realised that not only our laws but our whole system of criminal procedure was wrong. . . . The criminal law is founded on vengeance. . . . It is designed to save property, not to save men; and it does neither: it makes more criminals than it crushes."

At the base of all organised vice, of low and high corruption, Judge Lindsey finds the Beast—the powerful "system"

*The Beast. By Ben Lindsey and Harvey J. O'Higgins. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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which, for its "profits," will make any human sacrifice. And note that he comes to this without any radical social philosophy—just by observing and fighting the facts. In connection with his discussion of crime he said: "The rule of the plutocracy in Denver was the cause of three-quarters of the crime in Denver," and he elaborated as follows: "The conditions (which bred crime) were made hopeless by the remorseless tyranny of wealthy men who used their lawless power to enslave and brutalise and kill their workmen. Legislatures, corrupted by corporate wealth, refused to pass the eight-hour law that would give the child's home a parent able to fulfil his parental duties—refused to pass the employer's liability law, that would save the widows from starvation and the children from the streets. . . . The saloons, protected by the political power of the corporations, debauched the parents and destroyed the homes of our children, and the protected gambler hunted and preyed with the protected saloon. I could not do my duty toward the children without attacking the conditions that deformed the lives of the children. And when I tried to do this, the Beast replied: 'Then you will not be allowed to save even the little children.'"

No one can read this book—full of convincing truth, full of drama, full of feeling, without seeing more clearly the beauty so clearly seen by Judge Lindsey—without appreciating more fully his peculiar kind of luxury. His career has been far more exciting than if he had hunted lions in South Africa all his life.

Hutchins Hapgood.

IV

Harry Franck's "A Vagabond Journey"*

In this day of the tourist and the guide-book, not infrequent experiments have been made to get away from the conventional paths and the conventional methods, and to taste of travel in the raw. More often than not, however, the impelling motive has been compromised by scientific or journalistic considerations. The journey has been really a hunt for data or for copy. Such amusements as it offered were incidental. By means of such enterprises, we have added much to our knowledge of tramps and thieves and natives in general, and have found not a little entertainment by the way. But it takes a very young and buoyant and disinterested and energetic person to wrest enjoyment out of the actual hardships and squalors of picaresque adventure. The writer of this narrative possessed these qualifications and reaped the reward. The journey in question ended some five years ago, but he still has a quaint notion that the object of his adventure was "the study of social conditions." "What surer way," he cries, "of gaining vital knowledge of modern society than to live and work among the world's workmen in every clime?" It is writ plain on every page of his story that he went for a certain kind of fun, and got it. As it chanced, most of his adventures were made, most of his living done, not among the world's workmen, but among the world's loafers and deadbeats of every clime. Not that Mr. Franck allowed himself to be brought down to their level. He would eat with them, sleep with them, talk with them, walk with them, but not steal or even borrow with them. But he evidently enjoyed them far more than the workmen he came in contact with. They shared his most venturesome experiences—and his cash when cash there was.

The scheme of his travels accounts, no doubt, for the association. The idea of it had occurred to him in the course of an undergraduate conversation. He had uttered offhand the conviction that "a man with a bit of energy and good health could start without money and make a journey round the globe." For all that we gather, the remark came out of his own head and not out of his reading. Most of us are familiar with the gentleman in fiction who makes that remark, is challenged, and at once bets fifty thousand dollars that he can do it in a year. Mr. Franck was inspired by no wager, and several years passed before he determined to put the thing through. The

*A Vagabond Journey Around the World. By Harry A. Franck. New York: The Century Company.

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only article he wore or bore with him from beginning to end of his ensuing adventures was a Kodak. He started with a hundred and four dollars to buy films with, and spent the money in Europe, before the really difficult part of his travels began. "But," he says, with pardonable pride, "the conditions of the self-imposed test were not thereby materially altered; for before the journey ended I had spent in photography, from my earnings, more than the original amount, to be exact again, one hundred and thirteen dollars."

He crossed the Atlantic in a cattle-steamer, and did some preliminary tramping through Scotland, Ireland and England; was content with one day in London, and proceeded by steerage to Rotterdam. Thence his wanderings, mostly afoot, took him through France and Italy, his nights chiefly spent in tramp lodgings, charitable or otherwise. Presently he founded himself stranded as a "beachcomber" in Marseilles, without money or work. Finally, he made his way to Port Said on an English vessel in the rôle of A.B.; and so presently to Beirut and rambles on foot through Arabia and Palestine. At Cairo he found "the loafer's Paradise," and forgathered with some of the most eminent among his collection of rascals. To escape from Egypt, he had to stow away on a British ship, and so made his way to Ceylon. In Colombo he was reduced, with three other white vagabonds, to becoming utility man to a travelling circus, and finally the part of clown was awarded to the athletic American. This brought money enough to enable him, with two of his companions, to set out in earnest upon a tramp through India. In Calcutta, at the inevitable "Sailors' Home," he met an Australian named James; and the pair presently agreed to start off together, "somewhere to the east," with Hong Kong as their goal. The journey on foot that followed, through Burma and across the Malay Peninsula, entailed an amount of physical danger and suffering which the narrator dwells upon with a certain gusto, as upon capital well spent. His jungle experiences, indeed, make rather stirring than pleasant reading. But the fact with which one is impressed is that every bit of the exploit, starvation, pain, and all, came as grist to the insatiable mill of the young adventurer. There may be a certain amount of self-consciousness and even complacency about this account; but it is in reality a sort of Odyssey—no person capable of carrying through such an adventure could be well distinguished for shrinking modesty. In view of the extreme patness and picturesqueness of many of the dialogues and scenes set down, it is a bit difficult to believe, in spite of the author's asseveration, that every word is a literal record. But it would be more difficult to disbelieve the essential truth of the story as a whole—a narrative that takes one back, without specifically resembling either, to *Lavengro,* and to *Innocents Abroad.* It is a kind of epic of youth and health and imperturbability. To travel around the world in fifteen months without money or baggage or arms, is a feat which we must believe would be impossible for any honest man who was not also an educated man, as well as an athlete. Hence there is something clearly fitting in Mr. Franck's dedication of his book to the university "without whose training this undertaking had been impossible."

H. W. Boynton.

V

Elizabeth Dejeans's "The Heart of Desire"*

Beginning with a prologue that occurs on a trans-continental train on its way to California, *The Heart of Desire* tells a love-story sufficiently crowded with incident and mystery to make the reader impatient of interruption until he reaches the end. All the important personages of the main narrative are introduced in the first few pages of this prologue in a manner both easy and convincing; when they meet again it is under very different circumstances, half a generation later.

There is a good deal of skill and charm manifest in the character drawing, while the progress of the various men and

*The Heart of Desire. By Elizabeth Dejeans. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

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women along the paths already marked in their youth is cleverly indicated. The strong are stronger and more efficient, the weak have sunk a little under the stress of temptation and the hazard of their fortunes; the characteristics in each are more marked.

Kate, the heroine, who at first annoys the reader with her melodramatic actions and the unaccountable silence she maintains under all sorts of misunderstandings, for one suspects a ruse of the author's to enhance the suspense, proves to have had ample reason for behaving as she did. This is certainly none too common in books. Moreover, the more one sees of her, the more one grows to like her, and the fact that the hero never wavers in his passion for her during the entire fifteen years of their separation, albeit he knows no more of her than the slight information he secured aboard the limited, does not, finally, seem preposterous; on the contrary, one is distinctly inclined to admire his good sense.

Paquita, the little dancing flame of a girl, is portrayed with colour and comprehension. The setting of the story is Southern California, being for the most part in and near Los Angeles, and Paquita belongs to it, while her ruined old house and rascal of a father give an added sharpness to the impression of Spanish antecedents in both land and people. Mrs. Dejeans knows her environment and loves it, and furthermore succeeds in making the reader do the same.

Aunt Silence is, so to speak, the comedy old woman of the piece, for the book, although showing originality and vital force, is nevertheless constructed according to the conventional design and supplied with the conventional array of characters. But there Mrs. Dejeans's conventionality ends, for she draws her personages with relish and humour and with a pleasing freedom. Aunt Silence, her pet goats and Hop, her Chinese factotum, are well worth meeting; and if the old lady proves useful in straightening out the last kinks of the plot, it is precisely what she would have done in real life.

There is a cheerful philosophy in the book, not too insistently shining, but lending the pages a certain glow—a sunniness belonging to the State in which its story is laid. The frailties of human nature are neither slurred nor denied; but the equally sure nobility and fineness inherent in it are never lost sight of, and remain the major note in an entertaining book that has more than mere entertainment to recommend it.

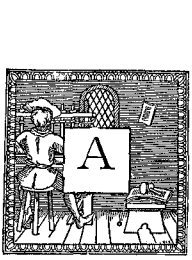
A colloquial use of the verb, as in the sentence "We *would* better let good enough alone," strikes the ear unpleasantly, and is much too frequently employed.

Hildegarde Hawthorne.

INSIDE VIEWS OF FICTION

V—Stories of Sport

BY W. W. AULICK



AT this time of the year, when outdoor sports are getting into their full stride and when, coincidentally, novels dealing with outdoor sports are coming out of the closed studios into the open market by the score, an analytic view of the latter is opportune. The sport that figures most largely in the stories of the day is, obviously, baseball. Baseball is the national game of springtime literature. It is to the present short-story writer what the automobile is to the three hundred and fifty page Williamsons the year 'round. As a writer on baseball in many of its phases, as a baseball "fiction ist," as well as a baseball statistician, I have always felt keen pleasure—and

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curiosity—in reading these numerous baseball stories as they appeared in the springtime prints, and in figuring out to myself just where they were good and just where, in the language of the game, they "struck out."

When Christopher Mathewson, the well-known New York pitcher, and I were talking over the plans for the baseball novel *Won in the Ninth,* which I recently helped him edit, we decided that the baseball story of widest appeal would be the baseball story that breathed the game itself, rather than love romance with the game as a background. To make myself clearer, we figured that the baseball story could not succeed if it were like the average football story, the sort, you know, where nothing of an actual sport nature happens except the hero's last-page dash down the field to fame. The thoroughly satisfactory story of baseball, we believed, would have to mould the story of *the* game, rather than *one* game, into an interesting whole during the development of the story.

An "inside" view of baseball fiction reveals one general fault above all others. Baseball fiction is not baseball fiction at all in many cases. Rather is it what we may call "comic opera baseball fiction"—the sort of story that is laid in Baseball-land and inhabited by the Grandstand Queen, the Home Run King and the United States Navy, in the final picture, in the form of bleachers. I am not arguing, mind you, for "fiction with a purpose," but I do believe in baseball fiction that will assist the reader in comprehending the sport, if he does not understand it already. And no "comic opera baseball story" can do this. The latter fights against the conservation of our national game. Stories dealing with the outdoor sports, whether they deal with baseball or not, should treat those sports fairly. The brand of story in which the batsman sees the love twinkle in his sweetheart's eyes, although his back is necessarily turned to the grandstand, is as "cruel" to the lover of baseball as the substitute half-back who, 'though suffering from a sprained ankle, makes a hundred-yard dash for a touchdown in the last minute of play is to the lover of the great autumn game of the gridiron.

The greatest need of the sport novels of the present is originality. The tales all bear a tiresome similarity to one another. Without the home run, the final strike-out or the unassisted triple play, there would be few writers who could evolve a baseball story. Without the substitute half-back or the last-minute-of-play, the writers of football fiction would have to go back to the unadorned old love story. Without the stroke oar who gets his chance half an hour before the race, and who pulls the shell subsequently to victory, the regatta fiction writers would have to cast about for psychological themes to serve as story backgrounds. I have exaggerated a bit, to be sure, but just a bit. The trouble, it seems to me at least, with the sport stories of fiction is the Spectacular Moment. Instead of possessing a uniform, well-graded interest, they are heavily padded and allowed to plod along until it is time for the Spectacular Moment. The latter may be the home run; it may be the winning touchdown in the dim twilight; it may be the fainting yet heroic stroke oar. The fiction race is never to the swift. It is always to the hero. And it is against this cut and dried "Spectacular Moment" in our novels of sport that I protest.

There are exceptions here as everywhere. In his stories of sport, Ralph Paine accomplishes considerable in the right direction. He shows the reader the sport itself, and not only the final-moment peep at it. He preaches subtly, too, for cleanness in athletics, and I doubt not that his books have done a great deal toward imbuing young men with a proper conception of the honest, red-blooded world of muscle.

It is a pity that not more of our abler novelists have chosen the typical American sports as backgrounds. As a matter of record, there is to-day scarcely one baseball or one football story that stands out among its fiction fellows. They are uniformly regarded by the reading public as hardly worth even passing notice. "Cheap stories," they are characterised, "and good only for small boys." Whereupon the person who has described them thus picks up a yachting story, an automobile romance or a story of the hunt, buries himself in it, and decides that he

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has really found something worth reading.

You may say, in answer to and in justification of this latter reader's attitude, that the novel must deal only with sports containing romance, and that there is little of the moon-quality in our field sports. Romance is merely imagination. The person who can see it in a rickety rocking canoe should be able to discover it on the green diamond, or the gray gridiron. I should like to see Richard Harding Davis "novelise" the baseball; I should like to read the Robert Chambers version of the drama of the pigskin; I should be delighted to hear the McCutcheon idea of the Varsity eights race. There is romance, I am perfectly sure, in these sports. And it is waiting, crying, to be put into black and white.

Tradition has caused the reading public to become impressed with the belief that any story that deals with outdoor sport must be listed under the "juvenile" head. As a result of this tradition—that is all it really is, and baseless tradition, too—fiction writers have written stories of sport merely for juveniles. A "man's size" baseball story is a rarity. A "man's size" football story occurs only at infrequent intervals. Why? Does it not seem fair to presume that a good novel of sport would find a big, welcoming audience?

A stranger, being escorted up Broadway at night by his New York friend, was asked recently what he thought of it all. "Wonderful," he replied, "I never saw such magnificent electric advertising signs in my life." "Yes, yes, man," said his friend impatiently, "but don't you think the great, tall buildings are wonderful?" The stranger hesitated a moment. "I suppose they are wonderful," he answered, "but I can't see them." So, too, have the big, strong fiction ideas in sport been hidden from the strangers among the writers by the cheap displays of clap-trap fiction.

In speaking of this general subject, a short while ago with several writers, one of the latter assured me that nothing would be quite so difficult as the development of a good baseball novel. "It would not have a sufficiently wide appeal," he argued. "But," I contended, "the tremendous popularity of baseball in America does not reconcile one to your way of thinking." "That is all very well," he said, "but you must remember that people often do not care to read in fiction about things they themselves see and do." And yet, although I thoroughly appreciate that this is frequently true, I cannot convince myself that the comparatively small appeal of the sport novels has been due to anything else than the small appeal in the novels themselves. One cannot expect a novel to find favour with thousands of readers if that novel in itself possesses little intrinsic merit. Its subject may be appealing, but the very appeal of that subject may be killed by improper and ineffective handling. To say that a novel of sport cannot find wide favour is as foolish as to hold that a novel dealing with the Bread Line could not. It all depends on how the subject is treated.

There is another flaw in sport novels that comes to notice under the acquainted eye. In only sporadic instances will you find a hero who has a brain. Most of the fiction heroes in stories of the kind under discussion are well uniformed, hair-plastered, muscular automatons. "I love you," "We will win or die," and similar tedious juvenilities emanate incessantly from their mouths. Give your reader an athletic hero who has something to say and the power to say it, and the appeal of the story will not be confined to small boys alone. I am making a plea for a new brand of sport novel—a sport novel in trousers, rather than kilts, a sport novel with a brain rather than a milk bottle. When novels of this kind are given us, we will come to know the result of every "inside" view of the sport fiction of the day, to wit, that the fiction is not sport fiction at all. It is fiction—just plain, weak, mollycoddle fiction. And, I doubt, whether even "juveniles" ought to be permitted to read the bulk of it.

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READERS' GUIDE TO NEW BOOKS

VERSE

The Baker and Taylor Company:

In Praise of Gardens. Compiled by Temple Scott.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Verses and Sonnets. By Julia Stockton Dinsmore.

Duffield and Company:

The Frozen Grail and Other Poems. By Elsa Barker.

Russian Lyrics. Songs of Cossack, Lover, Patriot and Peasant. Done Into English Verse by Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi.

Harper and Brothers:

Flower o' the Grass. By Ada Foster Murray.

Moods Publishing Company:

The Younger Choir. With an Introduction by Edwin Markham.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Enchanted Island and Other Poems. By Alfred Noyes.

The Tandy-Thomas Company:

The Poems of James Ryder Randall. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Matthew Page Andrews, M.A.

ART, MUSIC, DRAMA

Mitchell Kennerley:

Orestes. A Tragedy. By Richard Le Gallienne.

A drama on the story of Orestes to the accompaniment of Massenet's music. Written for Mr. William Faversham.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Some Musical Recollections of Fifty Years. By Richard Hoffman. With a Biographical Sketch by his Wife.

Mr. Hoffman begins his story with the account of how as a boy of fourteen he made the journey from Manchester, England, his native city, to Birmingham to hear Felix Mendelssohn conduct the "Elijah." When sixteen years old he came to this country, and from that time on he gives entertaining and interesting accounts of all the musical celebrities who came here and gave concerts or toured the country.

Six Greek Sculptors. By Ernest A. Gardner, M.A.

The six sculptors considered are Myron, Phidias, Polyclitus, Praxiteles, Scopas, and Lysippus. There are also chapters on "Characteristics of Greek Sculpture," "Early Masterpieces," and "Hellenistic Sculpture."

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

Duffield and Company:

Diary of a Daly Débutante.

Passages from the journal of a young woman who was a member of Augustin Daly's famous company of players some thirty years ago. It is illustrated by contemporary portraits of John Drew, Ada Rehan, Catherine Lewis and many other celebrities of that day and generation.

John Lane Company:

Robert Herrick. A Biographical and Critical Study. By F. W. Moorman, B.A., Ph.D.

The biographer has had access to the Herrick Papers at Beaumanor Park, and through his researches there and at the Record Office, he has succeeded in gaining fresh information as to the poet's career. Further light is thrown also upon Herrick's friendships, his foreign travel, etc. Part II is critical, and deals with the relation of Herrick as a lyric poet to the Roman lyrists and to the English lyrists of the Elizabethan and Stuart periods.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

An Old-Fashioned Senator. Orville H. Platt of Connecticut. The Story of a Life Unselfishly Devoted to the Public Service. By Louis A. Coolidge.

The author, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was closely associated with Senator Platt during the later years of the Senator's life, and has known intimately most of the men who have been influential in American politics during the past decade.

Sturgis and Walton Company:

During the Reign of Terror. Journal of My Life During the French Revolution. By Grace Dalrymple Elliott.

Recently added to the Court Series of French Memoirs. These memoirs record the experiences of Grace Dalrymple Elliott, a famous London belle, the close friend of Philippe Egalité, Duc d'Orleans, in the awful scenes of the Terror. Among other matters of interest it gives pictures of the prisons during that period; and it is interesting as well in making clear the course of Philippe Egalité during the Revolution.

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RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

The Winning of Immortality. By Frederic Palmer.

A study of the doctrine of immortality, beginning with its origin in Hebrew thought, and thence followed through its treatment by New Testament writers to the position it holds at the present time; including a consideration of the difficulties which cause many thoughtful minds to reject the idea of immortality.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Nervous States. Their Nature and Causes. By Dr. Paul DuBois. Authorised Translation by Edward G. Richards.

Issued as a companion volume to Dr. DuBois's "Influence of the Mind on the Body." In this new work Dr. DuBois points out that neurasthenia, contrary to general impressions, is not a new disease created entirely by the conditions of modern life.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Influence of Darwin on Philosophy and Other Essays in Contemporary Thought. By John Dewey.

A collection of eleven essays in contemporary thought. The volume takes its title from the first essay. The others are: "Nature and Its Good, A Conversation"; "Intelligence and Morals"; "The Experimental Theory of Knowledge"; "The Intellectual Criterion for Truth"; "A Short Catechism Concerning Truth"; "Beliefs and Existences"; "Experience and Objective Idealism"; "The Postulate of Immediate Empiricism"; "Consciousness and Experience"; and "The Problem of the Significance of Knowledge."

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

A Search After Ultimate Truth. The Divine Perfection Inherent in Man and in All Creation. By Aaron Martin Crane.

The work begins with an attempt to find a sure and enduring foundation for all reality, and finds that foundation in God. Next, the search is for a clear understanding of God's indisputable qualities. Following this is a discussion of propositions which the author calls essentials. On these is based a discussion of the non-existence of materiality and error, followed by a discussion of creation from the standpoint of the accounts in Genesis and John.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Hypnotism. By Edward B. Warman, A.M. No. IV. Psychic Science Series. The author's purpose is "to remove the fear and false conceptions that have been engendered regarding hypnotism, and to show instead that beneficial results may be derived from its legitimate application in the hands of those qualified to use it for its therapeutical value."

The Science of Living or the Art of Keeping Well. By William S. Sadler, M.D.

His purpose in writing this book is, Dr. Sadler writes, "to present to the lay reader, the teacher, the student, and the health-seeker a concise outline of Modern Hygiene as developed in the great research laboratories of the world, free from scientific technicalities and medical terms—to tell the Story of Health in plain, everyday English."

Small, Maynard and Company:

Self Help and Self Cure. A Primer of Psychotherapy. By Elizabeth Wilder and Edith Mendall Taylor.

The authors have embodied there the latest scientific thought on the subject of Mental Healing. The book opens with an argument for the existence of the Body, citing authorities, giving illustrations, and pointing to the different conceptions held in different ages. Passing then to the Mind, the authors consider the nerves and the relation of mind to body. Finally, as the rounding out of the complete man, they consider the Spirit, from the latest scientific standpoint.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Spiritual Unrest. By Ray Stannard Baker.

The work is based on articles which appeared in the *American Magazine*. The author presents facts about Trinity Church in New York, a slum mission, a large institutional church, a "settlement" house, the Jewish synagogues, and the Emmanuel Church in Boston, all typical American religious institutions. Of each he asks the questions, What part is it taking in the spiritual life of the community? What is it doing to meet the changed conditions of modern life? Does it manifest the wave of religious activity? If not, where is this activity manifested?

The Young Churchman Company:

History, Authority and Theology. By the Rev. Arthur C. Headlam, D.D.

Seven essays, which were written at various dates during the last twenty years. "They represent the results," the author writes, "of investigations undertaken to satisfy my own mind on many questions arising at the present day as to the truth and the form of the Christian Religion." The subjects are: "The Sources and Authority of Dogmatic Theology"; "The

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New Theology"; "The Athanasian Creed"; "The Church of England and the Eastern Churches"; "The Teaching of the Russian Church"; "Methods of Early Church History"; and "The Church of the Apostolic Fathers."

The Historians and the English Reformation. By the Rev. John Stockton Littell, M.A.

In a foreword the author states that he has made a collection and reprint of some results in American historical work which he asks English people to examine, and of some English scholarship which he wishes to introduce to a large class of his American fellow-citizens.

The Church of Sweden and The Anglican Communion. By G. Mott Williams, D.D.

A series of papers "submitted to the Episcopate and others, as evidence bearing upon the Form, Intention and Continuance of Holy Orders in the Swedish National Church."

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of April and the 1st of May.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

Fiction

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The History of Mr. Polly. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.50.
3. Why Did He Do It? Capes. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. The City of Beautiful Nonsense. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) $1.40.
6. Eternal Fires. Cross. (Kennerley.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. In Closed Territory. Bronson. (McClurg.) $1.75.
3. Gilded Beauties of Second Empire. Lobie. (Brentano.) $4.00.
4. An Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.

Juveniles

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

Fiction

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Green Mouse. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) $1.50.
4. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Fiction

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Religion of the Future. Eliot. (Stokes.) 50 cents.
3. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
4. Nerves and Common Sense. Call. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. Motor Boys in Clouds. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.
3. The Owls of St. Ursula's. Reid. (Baker, Taylor.) $1.25.

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BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday.) Page.) $1.50.
5. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Day of Souls. Jackson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Cavanagh, Forest Ranger. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
3. Imagination in Business. Deland. (Harper.) 50 cents.
4. Passion Play of Oberammergau. (Duffield.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Just Between Themselves. Warner. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Country Neighbors. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. Mr. Carteret. Gray. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Biography of a Boy. Bacon. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
2. My Friend the Indian. Laughlin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.
3. Hunting in East Africa. Madeira. (Lippincott.) $5.00.
4. With the Professor. Showerman. (Holt.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. Harper's Handy Book for Girls. Adams. (Harper.) $1.75.
3. Tilda Jane. Saunders. (Page.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Gloria. Turner. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Gloria. Turner. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Dan Merrithew. Perry. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Cavanagh, Forest Ranger. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. In Closed Territory. Bronson. (McClurg.) $1.75.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. Utility of Higher Education. Crane. (Crane.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Short-Stop. Grey. (McClurg.) $1.25.
2. The Head Coach. Paine. (Scribner) $1.50.
3. Flutterfly. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

4. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) $1.40.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Voice in the Rice. Morris. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Imagination in Business. Deland. (Harper.) 50 cents.
2. Poets of Ohio. Venerable. (Clarke.) $1.50.
3. The Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.
4. Essays on Modern Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Grimm's Fairy Tales. (Doubleday, Page.) $6.00.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. Wonderful Adventures of Nils. Lagerlöf. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Game of the Golden Ball. Johnson. (Macaulay.) $1.50.
3. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Cavanagh, Forest Ranger. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Personal Conduct of Belinda. Brainerd. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) $1.50.
2. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Adventures of Pinochio. Collodi. (Ginn.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

FICTION

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. R. E. Lee. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (FitzGerald.) $1.20.
2. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) $1.50.
3. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Danger Trail. Curwood. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The Green Mouse. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd Mead.) $1.20.
3. My Friend the Indian. McLaughlin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.
4. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Airship Boys Due North. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Glenlock Girls. Remick. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. The Head Coach. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

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3. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) $1.40.
4. Old Wives' Tales. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.50.
5. The History of Mr. Polly. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.50.
6. The Day of Souls. Jackson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
2. The Promise of American Life. Croly. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. The New Word. Upward. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
4. Their Day in Court. Pollard. (Neale.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peeps in Many Lands. (Macmillan.) 75c.
2. Little Colonel Books. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Child's Guide Series. (Baker-Taylor.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Taming of Red Butte Western. Lynde. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Green Mouse. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Chantecler. Rostand. (Brentano.) 95 cents.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Imagination in Business. Deland. (Harper.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales & Co. Ward. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Short Stop. Gray. (McClurg.) $1.25.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Strictly Business. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. Happy Hawkins. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.
6. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. An Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.
2. The Promise of American Life. Croly. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
3. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The New Word. Upward. (Kennerley.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Gloria. Turner. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Cavanagh, Forest Ranger. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Taming Red Butte Western. Lynde. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Vigilante Girl. Hart. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. In the Service of the Princess. Rowland. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Astronomy with the Naked Eye. Serviss. (Harper.) $1.40.
2. Essays on Modern Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Promenades of an Impressionist. Huneker. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Beyond the Mexican Sierras. Wallace. (McClurg.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Head Coach. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Little Miss Fales. Knipe. Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Motor Boy Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 50 cents.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
2. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.

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5. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
2. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. John the Unafraid. Anon. (McClurg.) $1.00.
4. The Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Crossways. Martin. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. The Green Mouse. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Fascinating Mrs. Halton. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
2. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Spell of Italy. Mason. (Page.) $2.50.
4. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) $1.50.
4. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
3. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Guide to Modern Opera. Singleton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. Wits End. Blanchard. (Estes.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Eleventh Hour. Potter. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Cab. No. 44. Foster. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Kings in Exile. Roberts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Green Mouse. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Life and Art of Richard Mansfield. Winter. (Moffat, Yard.) $6.00.
2. Snow Fire. Anonymous. (Harper.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Tom Sawyer. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.
2. Huckleberry Finn. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. Cab No. 44. Foster. (Stokes.) $1.25.
6. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Fenno.) 50c.
2. Self-Control. Jordan. (Revell.) $1.00.
3. Saints and Sinners. Ross. (Huebsch.) 50c.
4. Higgins: A Man's Christian. Duncan. (Harper.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Flutterfly. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.
2. The Little Folks' Handy Book. Beard. (Scribner.) $1.00.
3. The Airship Boys Due North. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. Cavanagh, Forest Ranger. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

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NON-FICTION

1. Life of Mary Baker S. Eddy. Milmine. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.00.
2. An Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.
3. Conquest of Consumption. Hutchinson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
4. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys in the Clouds. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 75 cents.
2. High School Freshman. Hancock. (Altemus.) $1.00.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.00.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. Tess of Storm Country. White. (Watt.) $1.50.
2. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (Fitz-Gerald.) $1.20.
6. The Scar. Dawson. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. History of the Confederate War. Eggleston. (Sturgis & Walton.) $4.00.
2. An Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.
3. Self-Propelled Vehicles. Homans. (Andel.) $2.00.
4. Corporation Accounting. Keister. (Burrows Bros.) $4.00.

JUVENILES

1. In Texas with Davy Crockett. McNeil. (Dutton.) $1.50.
2. For the Admiral. Marx. (Jacobs.) $1.50.
3. From Keel to Kite. Hornibrook. Lothrop.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The History of Mr. Polly. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.50.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Cavanagh, Forest Ranger. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. An Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.
2. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Last American Frontier. Paxon. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Gloria. Turner. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Cavanagh, Forest Ranger. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Early Rhode Island. Weeden. (Grafton.) $2.50.
2. Fresh Air Book. Müller. (Stokes.) 85 cents.
3. Won in the Ninth. Mathewson. (Bodmer.) 75 cents.
4. Fishing Kits, etc. Camp. (Outing.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Green Mouse. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Personal Conduct of Belinda. Brainerd. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

5. Cavanagh, Forest Ranger. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
2. The New Word. Upward. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
3. Promenades of an Impressionist. Huneker. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Bright Side. Skinner. (Beatty.) 50c.

JUVENILES

1. Lookout Island Campers. Eldred. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. Flutterfly. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.
3. Princess and Curdie. MacDonald. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Old Wives' Tales. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.50.
3. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) $1.40.
4. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Personal Conduct of Belinda. Brainerd. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
2. A Study of the Drama. Mathews. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Famous Operas. Guerber. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. Standard Operas. Upton. (McClurg.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys. (Cupples & Leon.) 45 cents.
2. Rover Boys. (Grosset & Dunlop.) 45 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Cavanagh, Forest Ranger. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
5. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Gloria. Turner. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) $1.40.
3. The Day of Souls. Jackson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Strictly Business. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.
2. Idols of Education. Gayley. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. In After Days. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) $3.75.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Pioneers. Beard. (Scribner.) $2.00.
2. Blue Goops and Red. Burgess. (Stokes.) $1.30.
3. On the Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Son of the Immortals. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
3. The Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (FitzGerald.) $1.20.
4. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.
2. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. My Recollections. Cardigan. (Lane.) $3.50.
4. The Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.

JUVENILES

1. Jack Hall at Yale. Camp. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Kite Book. Kilvert. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. The Danger Trail. Curwood. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

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NON-FICTION

1. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. An Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.
3. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. Heart Throbs. (Chapple Pub. Co.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. When Mother Lets Us Cook. Johnson. (Moffat Yard.) 75 cents.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Cavanagh, Forest Ranger. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Just Between Themselves. Warner. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Green Mouse. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
2. White Magic. Phillips. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Musson.) $1.25.
5. Son of the Immortals. Tracy. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Musson.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Green Mouse. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell.) $1.00.
2. Lessons in Truth. Cady. (Unity Tract Society.) 50 cents.
3. Science of Breath. Ramacharaka. (Yogi Pub. Co.) 50 cents.
4. Song of Our Syrian Guest. Knight. (Pilgrim Press.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Boys of Liberty Series. (McKay.) 25 cents.
2. Aeroplane Boys. Lamar. (Reilly & Britton.) 50 cents.
3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
6. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Bird Guide. Reed. (Reed.) $1.00.
2. Letters from a Father to His Son. Swain. (Yale Pub. Assoc.) 35 cents.
3. Life of Mary Lyon. Gilchrist. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Flutterfly. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.
2. Flowers. Gerry. (Harper.) 50 cents.
3. Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" "	2d	" "		8
" "	3d	" "		7
" "	4th	" "		6
" "	5th	" "		5
" "	6th	" "		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

		POINTS
1.	A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	382
2.	White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50	95
3.	The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35	89
4.	Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50	80
5 and 6.	By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50 The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	66

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